Joni Mitchell Songbook

omplete volume number 1 (1966-1970)

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Complete volume number 1 (1966-1970)

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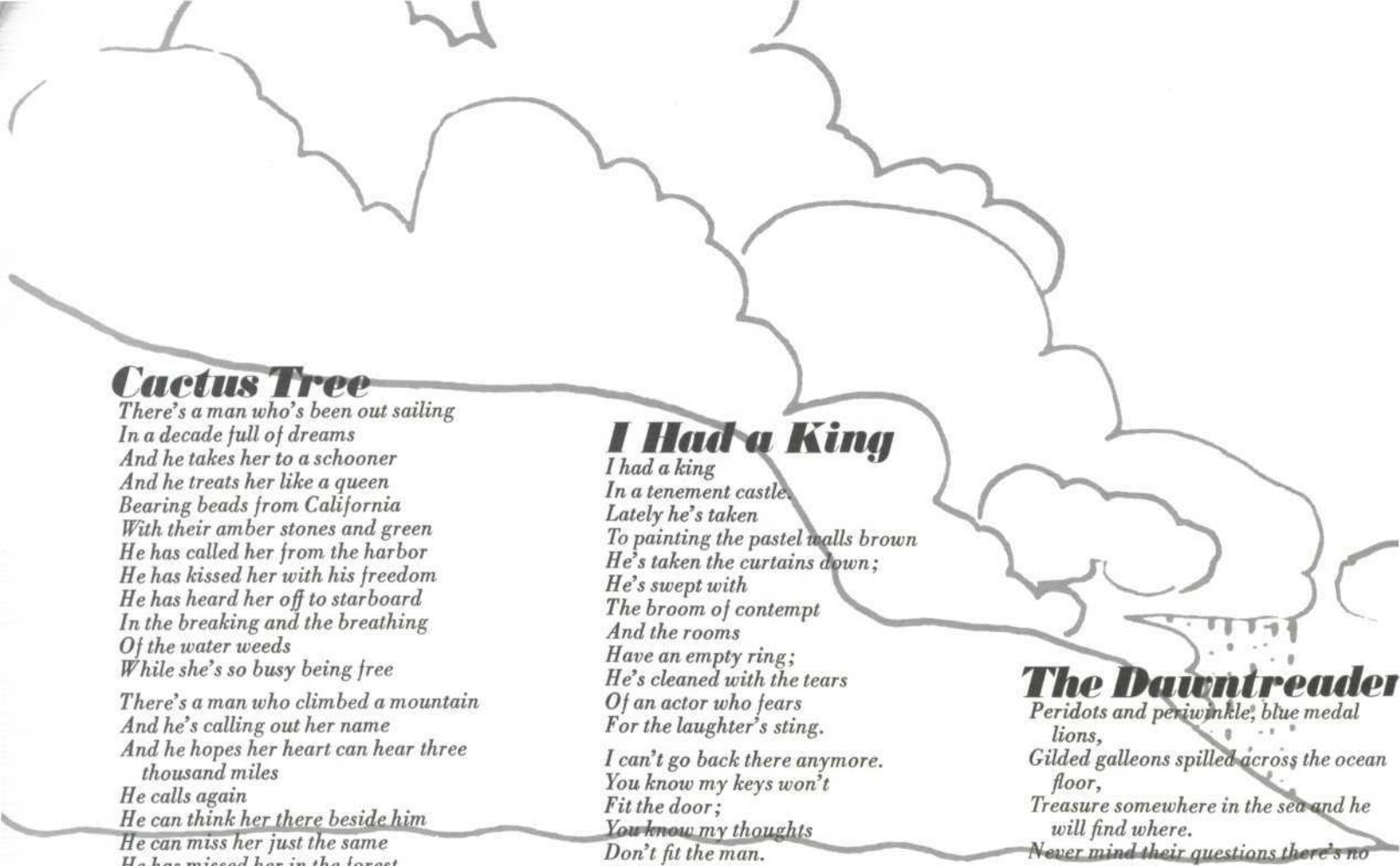

Cactus Tree

There's a man who's been out sailing
In a decade full of dreams
And he takes her to a schooner
And he treats her like a queen
Bearing beads from California
With their amber stones and green
He has called her from the harbor
He has kissed her with his freedom
He has heard her off to starboard
In the breaking and the breathing
Of the water weeds
While she's so busy being free

There's a man who climbed a mountain
And he's calling out her name
And he hopes her heart can hear three thousand miles
He calls again
He can think her there beside him
He can miss her just the same
He has missed her in the forest
While he showed her all the flowers
And the branches sang the chorus
As he climbed the scaley towers
Of a forest tree
While she was somewhere being free

There's a man who's sent a letter
And he's waiting for reply
He has asked her of her travels
Since the day they said goodbye
He writes "Wish you were beside me
We can make it if we try"
He has seen her at the office
With her name on all his papers
Thru the sharing of the profits
He will find it hard to shake her
From his memory
And she's so busy being free

There's a lady in the city
And she thinks she loves them all
There's the one who's thinking of her
There's the one who sometimes calls
There's the one who writes her letters
With his facts and figures scrawl
She has brought them to her senses
They have laughed inside her laughter
Now she rallies her defences
For she fears that one will ask her
For eternity
And she's so busy being free

There's a man who sends her medals
He is bleeding from the war
There's a jouster and a jester and a man who owns a store
There's a drummer and a dreamer
And you know there may be more
She will love them when she sees them
They will lose her if they follow
And she only means to please them
And her heart is full and hollow
Like a cactus tree
While she's so busy being free.

by Joni Mitchell

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I Had a King

I had a king
In a tenement castle.
Lately he's taken
To painting the pastel walls brown
He's taken the curtains down;
He's swept with
The broom of contempt
And the rooms
Have an empty ring;
He's cleaned with the tears
Of an actor who fears
For the laughter's sting.

I can't go back there anymore.
You know my keys won't
Fit the door;
You know my thoughts
Don't fit the man.
They never can,
They never can.

I had a king
Dressed in drip-dry paisley.
Lately he's taken to saying
I'm crazy and blind.
He lives in another time.
Ladies in gingham
Still blush when sings them
Of wars
But I, in my leather and lace,
I can never
Become that kind.

I can't go back there anymore.
You know my keys won't
Fit the door;
You know my thoughts
Don't fit the man.
They never can,
They never can.

I had a king
In a salt-rusted carriage
Who carried me off
To his country for marriage
Too soon.
Beware of the pow'r of moons.
There's no one to blame,
No, there's no one to name
As a traitor here.
The queen's in the groove
And the king's on the road
Till the end of the year.

I can't go back there anymore.
You know my keys won't
Fit the door;
You know my thoughts
Don't fit the man.
They never can,
They never can.
They never can,
They never can.

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The Dawntreader

Peridots and periwinkle, blue medal lions,
Gilded galleons spilled across the ocean floor,
Treasure somewhere in the sea and he will find where.
Never mind their questions there's no answer for.
The roll of the harbor wake,
The songs that the rigging makes;
The taste of the spray he takes and he learns to give.
He aches and he learns to live;
He stakes all his silver on a promise to be free.
Mermaids live in colonies;
All his seadreams come to me.

City satins left at home; I will not need them.
I believe him when he tells of loving me.
Something truthful in the sea your lies will find you.
"Leave behind your streets," he said, And come to me.
Come down from the neon lights;
Come down from the tourist sights;
Run down till the rain delights you; you do not hide.
Sunlight will renew your pride."
Skin white by skin golden,
Like a promise to be free;
Dolphins playing in the sea;
All his seadreams come to me.

Seabird, I have seen you fly above the pilings.
I am smiling at your circles in the air.
I will come and sit by you while he lies sleeping.
Fold your fleet wings; I have brought some dreams to share:
A dream that you love someone;
A dream that the wars are done;
A dream that you tell no one but the gray sea.
They'll say that you're crazy
And dream of a baby.
Like a promise to be free;
Children laughing out to sea;
All his seadreams come to me.

by Joni Mitchell

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Marcie

Marcie in a coat of flowers
Steps inside a candy store.
Reds are sweet and greens are sour;
Still no letter at her door.
So she'll wash her flower curtains,
Hang them in the wind to dry,
Dust her tables with his shirt
And wave another day goodbye.

Marcie's faucet needs a plumber,
Marcie's sorrow needs a man.
Red is autumn, green is summer.
Greens are turning and the sand,
All along the ocean beaches
Stares up empty at the sky.

Marcie buys a bag of peaches.
Stops a postman passing by.
And summer goes, falls to the sidewalk
Like string and brown paper;
Winter blows up from the river.
There's no one to take her to the sea.

Marcie dresses warm; it's snowing,
Takes a yellow cab uptown.
Red is stop and green's for going.
Sees a show and rides back down,
Down along the Hudson River,
Past the shipyards in the cold.

Still no letter's been delivered,
Still the winter days unfold.
Like magazines fading
In dusty grey attics and cellars,
Make a dream, dream back to summer
And hear how he tells her "Wait for me."

Marcie leaves and doesn't tell us
Where or why she moved away.
"Red is angry, green is jealous,"
That was all she had to say.
Someone thought they saw her Sunday,
Window shopping in the rain.
Someone heard she bought a one-way ticket
And went west again.

by Joni Mitchell

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Michael from Mountains

Michael wakes you up with sweets,
He takes you up streets
And the rain comes down;
Sidewalk markets locked up tight
And umbrellas bright
On a gray background.
There's oil on the puddles in taffeta patterns
That run down the drain
In colored arrangements that Michael will change
With a stick that he found.
Michael from mountains,
Go where you will go to.
Know that I will know you,
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.

Michael brings you to a park,
He sings and it's dark
When the clouds come by;
Yellow slickers up on swings
Like puppets on strings,
Hanging in the sky.
They'll splash home to suppers in wall-papered kitchens;
Their mothers will scold,
But Michael will hold you to keep away cold
Till the sidewalks are dry.
Michael from mountains,
Go where you will go to.
Know that I will know you,
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.

Michael leads you up the stairs,
He needs you to care
And you know you do;
Cats come crying to the key
And dry you will be
In a tow'l or two.

There's rain in the window, there's sun in the painting
That smiles on the wall.
You want to know all, but his mountains have called,
So you never do.
Michael from mountains,
Go where you will go to.
Know that I will know you,
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.
Someday I will know you very well.

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Nathan La Franeer

I hired a coach to take me from
confusion to the plane
And though we shared a common space,
I know we'll never meet again.
The driver with his eyebrows furrowed
in the rear view mirror,
I read his name and it was plainly
written,
Nathan La Franeer.
I asked him would he hurry, but we
crawled the canyons slowly,
Thru the buyers and the sellers, thru the
burglar bells
And the wishing wells.
With gangs and girly shows
The ghostly garden grows.
He asked me for a dollar more, he cursed
me to my face;
He hated everyone who paid to the ride
and share his common space.
I picked my bags up from the curb and
stumbled to the door.
Another man reached out his hand,
another hand reached out for more.

The cars and buses bustled thru the
bedlam of the day.
I looked thru window glass at streets and
Nathan grumbled at the grey.
I saw an aging cripple selling Superman
balloons;
The city grated thru chrome-plate, the
clock struck slowly half past noon.
Thru the tunnel, tiled and turning into
daylight once again;
I am escaping
Once again goodbye to symphonies.
And dirty trees.
With parks and plastic clothes
The ghostly garden grows.
He asked me for a dollar more, he cursed
me to my face;
He hated everyone who paid to the ride
and share his common space.
I picked my bags up from the curb and
stumbled to the door.
Another man reached out his hand,
another hand reached out for more.

And I filled it full of silver and I left the
fingers counting
And the sky goes on forever without
meter maids
And peace parades.
You feed it all your woes,
The ghostly garden grows.
He asked me for a dollar more, he cursed
me to my face;
He hated everyone who paid to the ride
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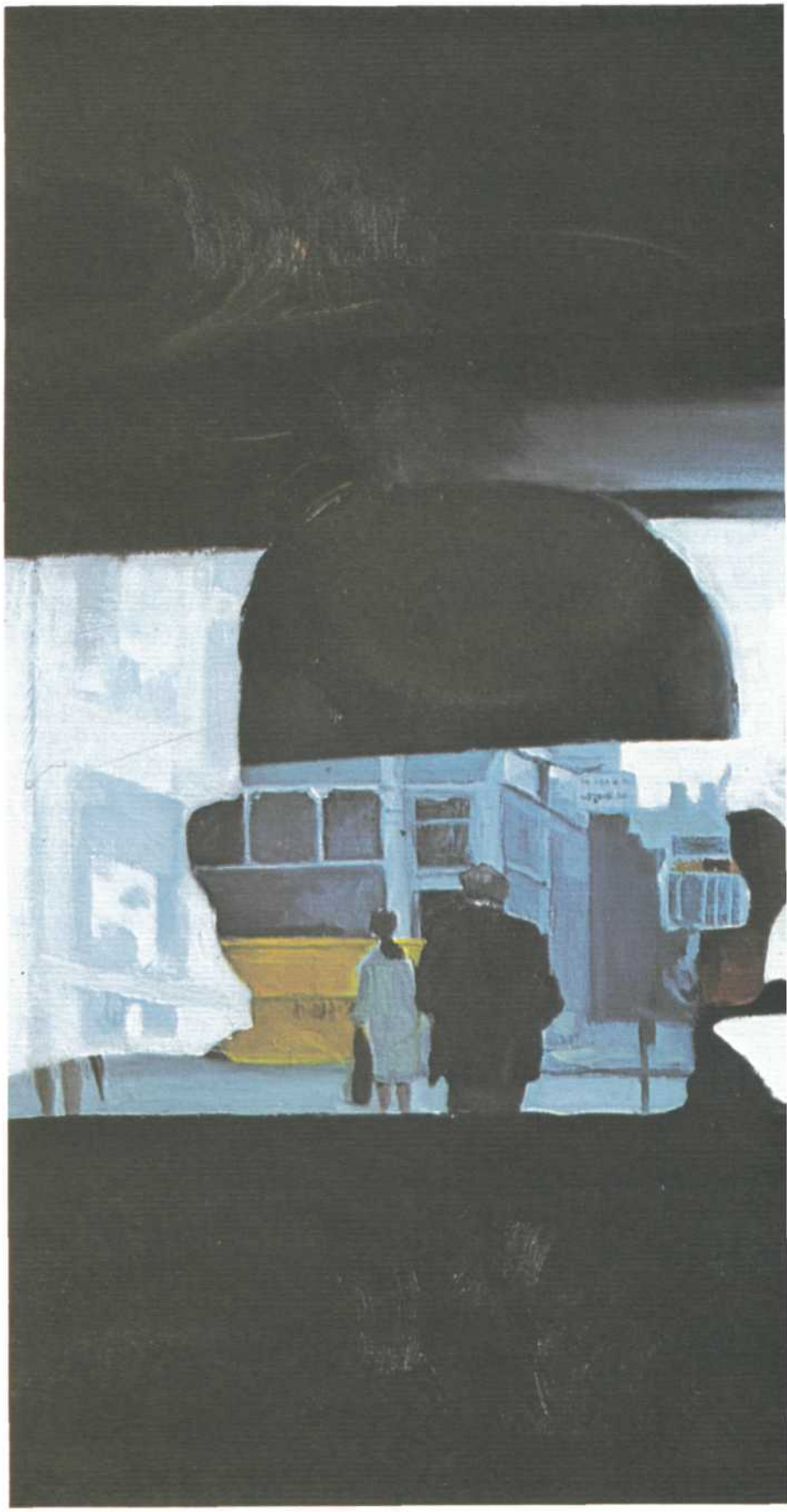

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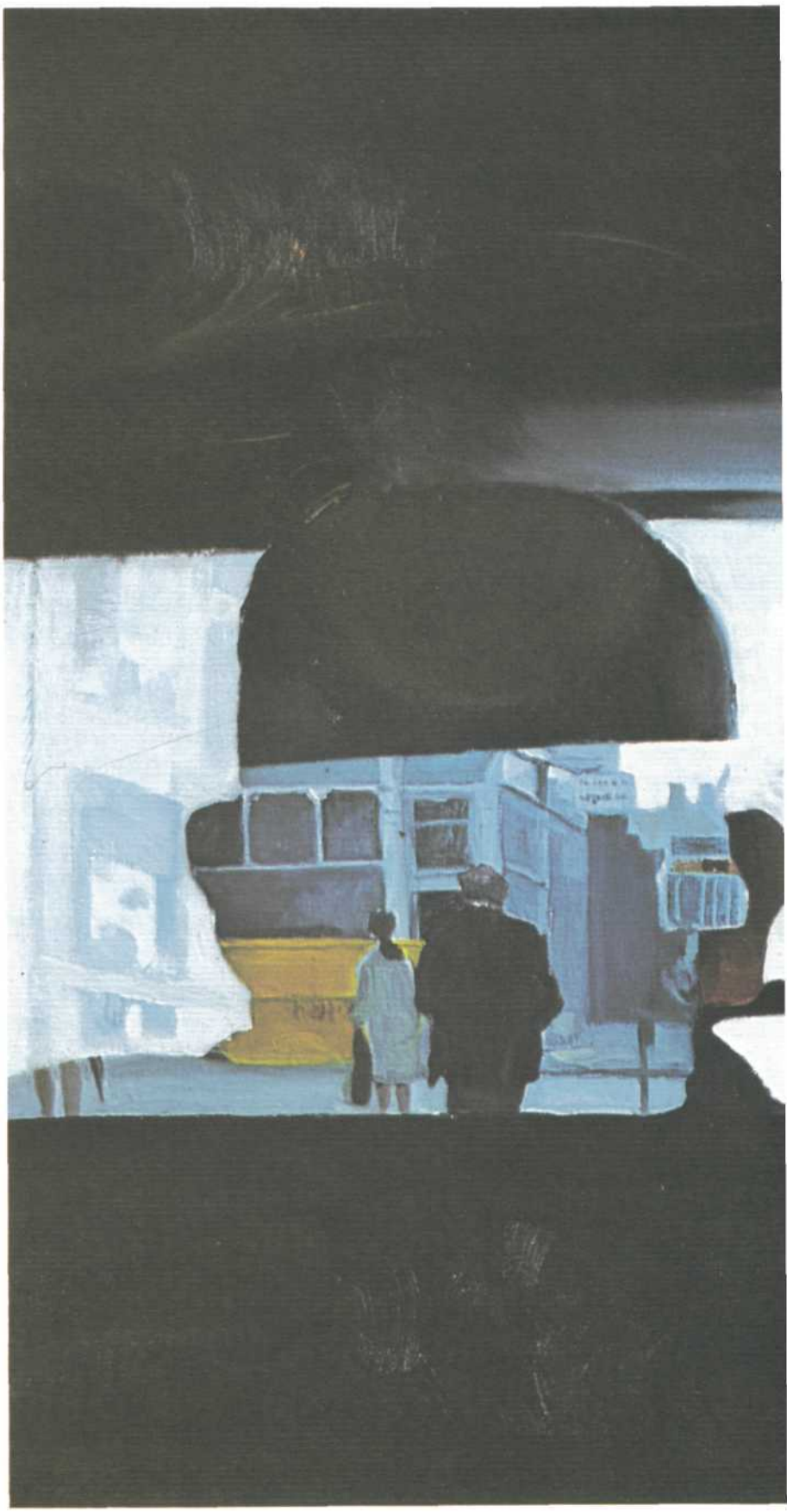

Night in the City

Light up, light up,
Light up your lazy blue eyes.
Moon's up, night's up,
Taking the town by surprise.
Night time, night time;
Day left an hour ago.
City light time,
Must you get ready so slow?
There are places to come from
And places to go.
Night in the city
Looks pretty to me,
Night in the city looks fine.
Music comes spilling out
Into the street,
Colors go flashing in time.
Take off, take off,
Take off your stay-at-home shoes.
Break off, shake off,
Chase off those stay-at-home blues.
Stairway, stairway
Down to the crowds in the street.
They go their way,
Looking for faces to greet,
While we go on laughing
With no one to meet.
Night in the city
Looks pretty to me,
Night in the city looks fine.
Music comes spilling out
Into the street,
Colors go flashing in time.

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The Pirate of Penance

The pirate anchored on a Wednesday
And why he came to port I wonder.
To see a lady, so my friends say.
She dances for the sailors in a smoky cabaret far underground,
Down in a cellar in a harbor town.
I know he told her love was treasure
And they would reap the fullest bounty.
He only comes to port for pleasure,
So when the winds of morning blew the curtains in, she woke and found he'd gone.
I saw his sails unfurling Thursday dawn
The pirate, he will sink you with a kiss,
he'll steal your heart and sail away;
He'll leave you drowning in the flotsam of a broken promise in the bay.
He came again to see her; yes, I think they told me it was Saturday.
I was at sea then; I didn't see them.

I don't believe what you are saying.
It isn't true; I hardly knew him.
Is this some game that you are playing?
Go ask the dancer;
She's the one who saw him last, the one who drew him here.
He hasn't come to me since spring last year.
There was a time when he would bring me silks and sandalwood and Persian lace
And he would hold me close and tell me sailing stories by the fireplace.
I was at sea, I tell you; I was nowhere near the mentioned murder place.
Go ask the dancer; she knows the answer,
She knows the answer, she knows the answer.

by Joni Mitchell

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Sisotowbell Lane

Sisotowbell Lane.
Noah is fixing the pump in the rain.
He brings us no shame.
We always knew that he always knew.
Up over the hill
Jovial neighbors come down when they will.
With stories to tell.
Sometimes they do, yes, sometimes we do.
We have a rocking chair.
Each of us rocks his share,
Eating muffin buns and berries
By the steamy kitchen window.
Sometimes we do; our tongues turn blue.

Sisotowbell Lane.
Anywhere else now would seem very strange.
The season's are changing ev'ry day in ev'ry way.
Sometimes it is spring;
Sometimes it is not anything.
A poet can sing
Sometimes we try, yes, we always try.
We have a rocking chair.
Somedays we rock and stare
At the woodlands and the grasslands
And the badlands 'cross the river.
Sometimes we do; we like the view.

Sisotowbell Lane.
Go to the city, you'll come back again
To wade thru the grain.
You always do, yes, we always do.
Come back to the stars,
Sweet well water and pickleing jars.
We'll lend you the car.
We always do, yes, sometimes we do.
We have a rocking chair.
Someone is always there,
Rocking rhythms while they're waiting
With the candle in the window.
Sometimes we do, we wait for you.

by Joni Mitchell

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Song to a Seagull

Fly, silly seabirds; no dreams can possess you;
No voices can blame you for sun on your wings.
My gentle relations have names they must call me
For loving the freedom of all flying things.
My dreams with seagulls fly out of reach, out of cry.
I came to the city and lived like old Crusoe on an island of noise in a cobblestone sea
And the beaches were concrete and the stars paid the light bill
And the blossoms hung false on their store window trees.
My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach, out of cry.

Out of the city and down to the seaside
To sun on my shoulders and wind in my hair,
But sand castles crumble and hunger is human
And humans are hungry for worlds they can't share.
My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach, out of cry.
I call to a seagull who dives to the waters and catches his silver fine dinner alone,
Crying, "Where are the footprints that danced on the beaches
And hand that cast wishes that sunk like a stone?"
My dreams with the seagulls fly out of reach, out of cry.

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Both Sides Now

Bows and flows of angel hair,
And ice-cream castles in the air,
And feather canyons ev'rywhere,
I've looked at clouds that way.
But now they only block the sun,
They rain and snow on ev'ryone.
So many things I would have done,
But clouds got in my way
I've looked at clouds from both sides now,
From up and down and still somehow
It's cloud illusions I recall;
I really don't know clouds
At all.

Moons and Junes and ferris wheels,
The dizzy dancing way you feel
As ev'ry fairy tale comes real,
I've looked at love that way.
But now it's just another show,
You leave 'em laughing when you go.
And if you care, don't let them know,
Don't give yourself away.
I've looked at love from both sides now,
From give and take and still somehow
It's love's illusions I recall;
I really don't know love
At all.

Tears and fears and feeling proud,
To say "I love you" right out loud,
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,
I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange,
They shake their heads, they say I've changed.
But something's lost but something's gained,
In living ev'ry day.
I've looked at life from both sides now,
From win and lose and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall;
I really don't know life
At all.

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Chelsea Morning

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I heard
Was the song outside my window
And the traffic wrote the words.
It came ringing up like Christmas bells
And rapping up like pipes and drums.
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day
And we'll wear it till the night comes.

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning.
And the first thing that I saw
Was the sun thru yellow curtains
And a rainbow on my wall,
Red, green and gold to welcome you,
Crimson crystal beads to beckon.
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day.
There's a sun show ev'ry second.

Now the curtain opens
On a portrait of today
And the streets are paved with passers by
And pigeons fly
And paper's lie,
Waiting to blow away.

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I knew
There was milk and toast and honey
And a bowl of oranges, too.
And the light poured in like butterscotch
And stuck to all my senses.
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day.
And we'll talk in present tenses.

When the curtain closes
And the rainbow runs away,
I will bring you incense owls at night
By candle light,
By jewel light
If only you will stay.
Pretty baby won't you,
Woke up, it is a Chelsea morning.

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The Fiddle and the Drum

And so once again,
My dear, Johnny, my dear friend,
And so, once again,
You are fighting us all.
And when I ask you why,
You raise your sticks and cry,
And I fall.
Oh, my friend, how did you come
To trade the fiddle for the drum?

You say I have turned.
Like the enemies you've earned.
But, I can remember
All the good things you are.
And so I ask you why?
Can I help you find the peace and the star?
Oh, my friend.
What time is this
To trade the handshake for the fist?

And so once again,
O America my friend,
And so, once again,
You are fighting us all.
And when we ask you why,
You raise your sticks and cry,
And we fall.
Oh, my friend, how did you come
To trade the fiddle for the drum?

You say we have turned.
Like the enemies you've earned
But, we can remember
All the good things you are.
And so we ask you, please,
Can we help you find the peace and the star?
Oh, my friend.
We have all come
To fear the beating of your drum.

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The Gallery

When I first saw your gallery
I liked the ones of ladies
Then you began to hang up me
You studied to portray me
In ice and greens
And old blue jeans
And naked in the roses
Then you got into funny scenes
That all your work discloses.

"Lady, don't love me now, I am dead
I am a saint, turn down your bed
I have no heart," that's what you said
You said, "I can be cruel
But let me be gentle with you."

Somewhere in a magazine
I found a page about you
I see that now it's Josephine
Who cannot be without you
I keep your house in fit repair
I dust the portraits daily
Your mail comes here from everywhere
The writing looks like ladies'.

"Lady, please love me now, I am dead
I am a saint, turn down your bed
I have no heart," that's what you said
You said, "I can be cruel
But let me be gentle with you."

I gave you all my pretty years
Then we began to weather
And I was left to winter here
While you went west for pleasure
And now you're flying back this way
Like some lost homing pigeon
They've monitored your brain, you say
And changed you with religion.

"Lady, please love me now, I was dead
I am no saint, turn down your bed
Lady, have you no heart," that's what you said
Well, I can be cruel
But let me be gentle with you.

When I first saw your gallery
I liked the ones of ladies
But now their faces follow me
And all their eyes look shady.

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I Don't Know Where I Stand

Funny day, looking for laughter
And finding it there
Sunny day, braiding wild flowers
And leaves in my hair
Picked up a pencil and wrote
"I love you" in my finest hand
Wanted to send it,
But I don't know where I stand.

Telephone, even the sound
Of your voice is still new
All alone in California
And talking to you
And feeling too foolish and strange
To say the words that I had planned
I guess it's too early,
'Cause I don't know where I stand.

Crickets call, courting their ladies
In star-dappled green
Thickets tall, until the morning
Comes up like a dream
All muted and misty, so drowsy now
I'll take what sleep I can
I know that I miss you,
But I don't know where I stand
I know that I miss you,
But I don't know where I stand.

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I Think I Understand

Daylight falls upon the path,
The forest falls behind
Today I am not prey
To dark uncertainty
The shadow trembles
In its wrath,
I've robbed its blackness blind
And tasted sunlight
As my fear came clear to me
I think I understand
Fear is like a wilderland
Stepping stones or sinking sand.

Now the way leads to the hills,
Above the steeple's chime
Below me sleepy rooftops
Round the harbor
It's there
I'll take my thirsty fill
Of friendship over wine
Forgetting fear
But never disregarding her.
Oh, I think I understand
Fear is like a wilderland
Stepping stones or sinking sand.

Sometimes voices in the night
Will call me back again
Back along the pahway
Of a troubled mind
When forests rise
To block the light
That keeps a traveler sane
I'll challenge them
With flashes from a brighter time.
Oh, I think I understand
Fear is like a wilderland
Stepping stones or sinking sand.

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Roses Blue

I think of tears,
I think of rain on shingles
I think of roses blue
I think of Rose,
My heart begins to tremble
To see the place she's lately gotten to
Gotten to, gotten to.

She's gotten to mysterious devotions
She's gotten to the zodiac and zen
She's gotten into tarot cards and potions
She's laying her religion on her friends
On her friends, on her friends.

Friends who come to ask her
For their future
Friends who come to find
They can't be friends
Because of signs and seasons
That don't suit her
She'll prophesy your death,
She won't say when
Won't say when, won't say when

When all the black cards come
You cannot barter
No, when all your stars are stacked
You cannot win
She'll shake her head
And treat you like a martyr
It is her blackest spell she puts you in
Puts you in, puts you in.

In sorrow she can lure you
Where she wants you
Inside your own self-pity
There you swim
In sinking down to drown
Her voice still haunts you
And only with your laughter can you win
Can you win, can you win.

You win the lasting laurels
With your laughter
It reaches like an arm
Before you sink
To win the solitary truth
You're after
You dare not ask the priestess how to think
How to think, how to think.

I think of tears,
I think of rain on shingles
I think of rain,
I think of roses blue
I think of Rose,
My heart begins to tremble
To see the place she's lately gotten to
Gotten to, gotten to.

by Joni Mitchell

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Songs to Aging Children Come

Through the windless ells of wonder
By the throbbing light machine
In a tea leaf trance or under
Orders from the king and queen.

Songs to aging children come
Aging children, I am one

People hurry by so quickly
Don't they hear the melodies
In the chiming and the clicking
And the laughing harmonies

Songs to aging children come
Aging children, I am one

Some come dark and strange
Like dying crows and ravens whistling
Lines of weeping, strings or crying
So much said in listening

Songs to aging children come
Aging children, I am one.

Does the moon play only silver
When it strums the galaxy
Dying roses will they will their
Perfumed rhapsodies to me

Songs to aging children come
This is one

by Joni Mitchell

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That Song About the Midway

I met you on a midway
At a fair last year
And you stood out like a ruby
In a black man's ear
You were playing on the horses,
You were playing on the guitar strings
You were playing like a devil
Wearing wings, wearing wings.

You looked so grand wearing wings
Do you tape them to your shoulders
Just to sing
Can you fly
I heard you can! Can you fly
Like an eagle doin' your hunting
From the sky.

I followed with the sideshows
To another town
And I found you in a trailer
On the camping grounds.
You were betting on some lover,
You were shaking up the dice
And I thought I saw you cheating
Once or twice, once or twice

I heard your bid once or twice
Were you wondering was the gamble
Worth the price
Pack it in. I heard you did;
Pack it in
Was it hard to fold a hand
You knew could win.

So lately you've been hiding
It was somewhere in the news
And I'm still at these races
With my ticket stubs and my blues
And a voice calls out the numbers,
And it sometimes mentions mine
And I feel like I've been
Working overtime, overtime.

I've lost my fire overtime
Always playin' one more hand
For one more dime
Slowin' down
I'm gettin' tired! Slowin' down
And I envy you the valley
That you've found
'Cause I'm midway down the midway
Slowin' down, down, down, down.

by Joni Mitchell

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Tin Angel

Varnished weeds in window jars
Tarnished beads on tapestries
Kept in satin boxes are
Reflections of love's memories.

Letters from across the seas
Roses dipped in sealing wax
Valentines and maple leaves
Tucked into a paperback.

Guess I'll throw them all away
Found someone to love today.

Dark with darker moods is he
Not a golden Prince who's come
Through columbines and wizardry
To talk of castles in the sun.

Still I'll take a chance and see
I found someone to love today.

There's a sorrow in his eyes
Like the angel made of tin
What will happen if I try
To place another heart in him

In a Bleeker Street cafe
I found someone to love today
I found someone to love today.

by Joni Mitchell

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The Arrangement

You could have been more
Than a name on the door
On the thirty-third floor in the air
More than a credit card
Swimming pool in the backyard

While you still have the time
You could get away and find
A better life, you know the grind
Is so ungrateful
Racing cars, whisky bars
No one cares who you really are
You're the keeper of the cards
Yes I know it gets hard
Keeping the wheels turning
And the wife she keeps the keys
She is so pleased to be
A part of the arrangement

You could have been more
Than a name on the door
On the thirty-third floor in the air
More than a consumer
Lying in some room trying to die
More than a credit card
Swimming pool in the backyard

You could have been more
You could have been more
You could have been more.

by Joni Mitchell

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Big Yellow Taxi

They paved paradise and put up a parking lot,
With a pink hotel, a boutique and a swinging hot spot.
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
[illegible] all the trees and put them in a tree museum
And they charged all the people a dollar and a half just to see 'em. Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
Hey farmer, farmer, put away that D.D.T. now,
Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds
And the bees. Please! Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
Late last night I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi took away my old man.
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.

by Joni Mitchell

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Blue Boy

Lady called the Blue Boy love, she took him home
Make herself an idol, yes, so he turned to stone
Like a pilgrim, she traveled to place some flowers
Before his granite grave, then she prayed aloud for love
To waken in his face, in his face oh.
Sometimes in the evening he would read to her,
Roll her in his arms and give his seed to her.
She would wake in the morning—without him—
And go to the window, and look out through the pane.
But the statue in her garden always looked the same
He looked the same oh.
Bring her boots of leather, she will dance for him;
Shyly, from a feather fan, she'll glance for him.
Here he comes, after midnight, to find her again.
He will come a few times—or more—
Till he finds a lady statue standing in a door, in a door oh.

by Joni Mitchell

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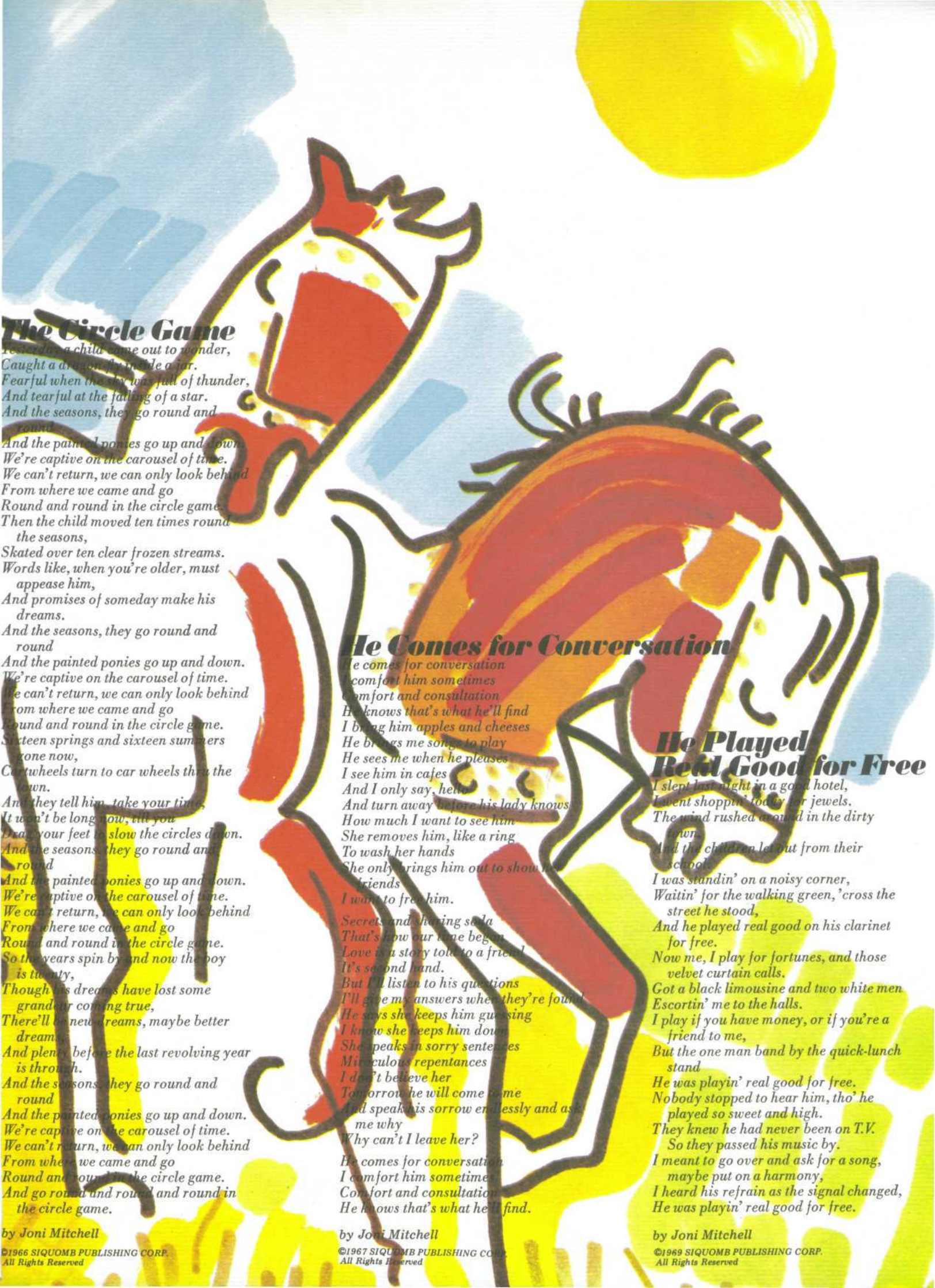

The Circle Game

Yesterday a child came out to wonder,
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar.
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder,
And tearful at the falling of a star.
And the seasons, they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came and go
Round and round in the circle game.
Then the child moved ten times round the seasons,
Skated over ten clear frozen streams.
Words like, when you're older, must appease him,
And promises of someday make his dreams.
And the seasons, they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came and go
Round and round in the circle game.
Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now,
Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town.
And they tell him, take your time,
It won't be long now, till you
Drive your feet to slow the circles down.
And the seasons, they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came and go
Round and round in the circle game.
So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty,
Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true,
There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams,
And plenty before the last revolving year is through.
And the seasons, they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look behind
From where we came and go
Round and round in the circle game.
And go round and round and round in the circle game.

by Joni Mitchell

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He Comes for Conversation

He comes for conversation
I comfort him sometimes
Comfort and consultation
He knows that's what he'll find
I bring him apples and cheeses
He brings me songs to play
He sees me when he pleases
I see him in cafes
And I only say, hello
And turn away before his lady knows
How much I want to see him
She removes him, like a ring
To wash her hands
She only brings him out to show her friends
I want to free him.

Secrets and shaving soda
That's how our time began
Love is a story told to a friend
It's second hand.
But I'll listen to his questions
I'll give my answers when they're found
He says she keeps him guessing
I know she keeps him down
She speaks in sorry sentences
Miraculous repentances
I don't believe her
Tomorrow he will come to me
And speak his sorrow endlessly and ask me why
Why can't I leave her?

He comes for conversation
I comfort him sometimes
Comfort and consultation
He knows that's what he'll find.

by Joni Mitchell

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He Played Real Good for Free

I slept last night in a good hotel,
I went shoppin' today for jewels.
The wind rushed around in the dirty town
And the children let out from their school
I was standin' on a noisy corner,
Waitin' for the walking green, 'cross the street he stood,
And he played real good on his clarinet for free.
Now me, I play for fortunes, and those velvet curtain calls.
Got a black limousine and two white men
Escortin' me to the halls.
I play if you have money, or if you're a friend to me,
But the one man band by the quick-lunch stand
He was playin' real good for free.
Nobody stopped to hear him, tho' he played so sweet and high.
They knew he had never been on T.V.
So they passed his music by.
I meant to go over and ask for a song, maybe put on a harmony,
I heard his refrain as the signal changed,
He was playin' real good for free.

by Joni Mitchell

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Ladies of the Canyon

Trina wears her wampum beads
She fills her drawing book with line
Sewing lace on widows' weeds
And filagree on leaf and vine
Vine and leaf are filagree
And her coat's a second hand one
Trimmed in antique luxury
She is a lady of the canyon.

Annie sits you down to eat
She always makes you welcome in
Cats and babies 'round her feet
And all are fat and none are thin
None are thin and all are fat
She may bake some brownies today
Saying, you are welcome back
She is another canyon lady.

Estrella circus girl
Comes wrapped in songs and gypsy shawls
Songs like tiny hammers hurled
At bevelled mirrors in empty halls
Empty halls and bevelled mirrors
Sailing seas and climbing banyans
Come out for a visit here
To be a lady of the canyon.

Trina takes her paints and her threads
And she weaves a pattern all her own
Annie bakes her cakes and her breads
And she gathers flowers for her home
For her home she gathers flowers
And Estrella, dear companion
Colors up the sunshine hours
Pouring music down the canyon—
Coloring the sunshine hours
They are the ladies of the canyon.

by Joni Mitchell

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Morning Morgantown

When morning comes to Morgantown
The merchants roll their awnings down
The milktrucks make their morning rounds
In morning, Morgantown

We'll rise up early with the sun
To ride the bus while everyone is yawning
And the day is young
In morning, Morgantown

Morning Morgantown
Buy your dreams a dollar down
Morning any town you name
Morning's just the same

We'll find a table in the shade
And sip our tea and lemonade
And watch the morning on parade
In morning, Morgantown

Ladies in their rainbow fashions
Colored stop and go lights flashing
We'll wink at total strangers passing in
Morning, Morgantown

Morning Morgantown
Buy your dreams a dollar down
Morning any town you name
Morning's just the same

I'd like to buy you everything
A wooden bird with painted wings
A window full of colored rings
In morning, Morgantown.

But the only thing I have to give
To make you smile, to win you with
Are all the mornings still to live
In morning, Morgantown.

by Joni Mitchell

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The Priest Song

The priest sat in the airport bar, wearing his father's tie,
And his eyes looked into my eyes so far
Whenever the words ran dry.
Behind the lash and the circles blue,
He looked as only a priest can thru
And his eyes said, "Me," and his eyes said, "You."
And my eyes said, "Let us try."
He said, "You wouldn't like it here;
It's no place you should share.
The roof is ripped with hurricanes, the room is always bare."
I need the wind and I seek the cold.
He reached past the wine for my hand to hold
And he saw me young and he saw me old
And he saw me sitting there.
So he took his contradictions out and he splashed them on my brow.
So which words was I then to doubt when choosing what to vow?
Should I choose them all, should I make them mine,
The sermons, the hymns and the Valentines?
And he asked for truth and he asked for time
And he asked for only now.
Oh, now the trials are trumpet scored; oh, will we pass the test?
Or just as one loves more and more
Will one love less and less?
Oh, come, let's run from the ring we're in,
Where the Christians clap and the Germans grin,
Shouting, "Let them lose!" Saying "Let them win!"
Crying "Make them both confess!"
A priest at the airport bar, wearing his father's tie.

by Joni Mitchell

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Rainy Night House

It was a rainy night
We took a taxi to your mothers' home
She went to Florida and left you
With your father's gun, alone
Upon her small white bed
I fell into a dream
You sat up all the night and watched me
To see, who in the world I might be.

I am from the Sunday school
I sing soprano in the upstairs choir
You are a holy man
On the F.M. radio
I sat up all the night and watched thee
To see, who in the world you might be.

You called me beautiful
You called your mother—she was very tanned
So you packed your tent and went
To live out in the Arizona sand
You are a refugee
From a wealthy family
You gave up all the golden factories
To see, who in the world you might be.

by Joni Mitchell

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Willie

Willie is my child, he is my father
I would be his lady all my life
He says he'd love to live with me
But for an ancient injury
That has not healed
He said I feel once again
Like I gave my heart too soon
He's stood looking thru the lace
At the face on the conquered moon
And counting all the cars going up the hill
And the stars on my window sill
There are still more reasons why
I love him.

Willie is my joy, he is my sorrow
Now he wants to run away and hide
He says our love cannot be real
He cannot hear the chapel's pealing silver bells
But you know it's hard to tell
When you're in the spell
If it's wrong or if it's real
But you're bound to lose
If you let the blues get you scared to feel
And I feel like I'm just being born
Like a shiny light breaking in a storm
There are so many reasons why
I love him.

by Joni Mitchell

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Woodstock

I came upon a child of God; he was
walking along the road
And I asked him "Where are you
going?"
This he told me: "I'm going on down to
Yasgur's Farm,
Gonna join in a rock and roll band.
I'm gonna camp out on the land and try
'n' get my soul free."
We are star-dust, we are golden
And we got to get ourselves back to
the garden.
"Then can I walk beside you? I have
come here to lose the smog
And I feel to be a cog in something
turning.
Maybe it is just the time of year, or
maybe it's the time of man.
I don't know who I am, but life is for
learning."
We are stardust, we are golden
And we got to get ourselves back to
the garden.
By the time we got to Woodstock we were
half a million strong
And everywhere was song and
celebration.
And I dreamed I saw the bombers riding
shotgun in the sky,
Turning into butterflies above our
nation.
We are stardust, billion year old carbon
Caught in the devil's bargain
And we got to get ourselves back to
the garden.

by Joni Mitchell

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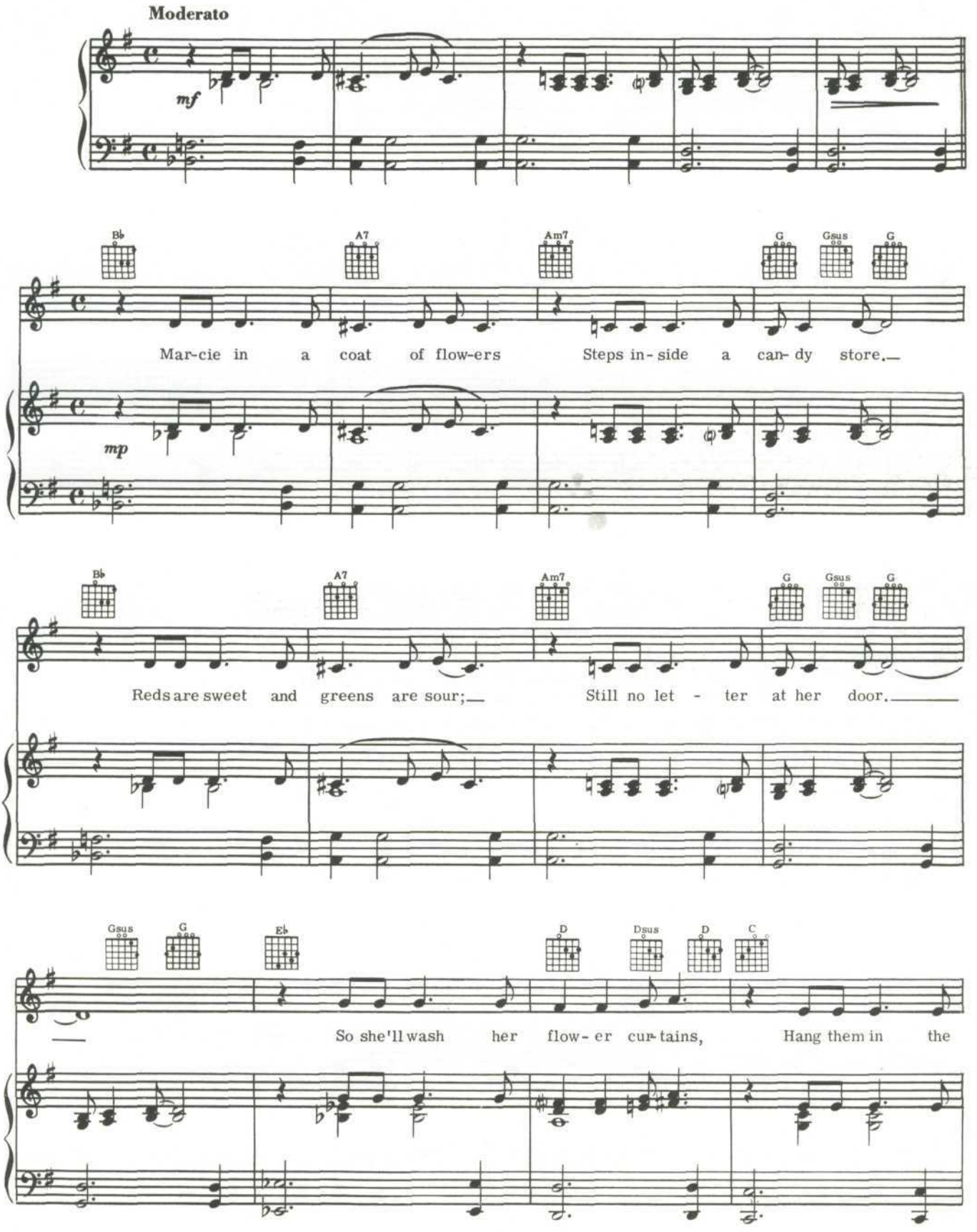
Photograph Jonathan Exley

Marcie

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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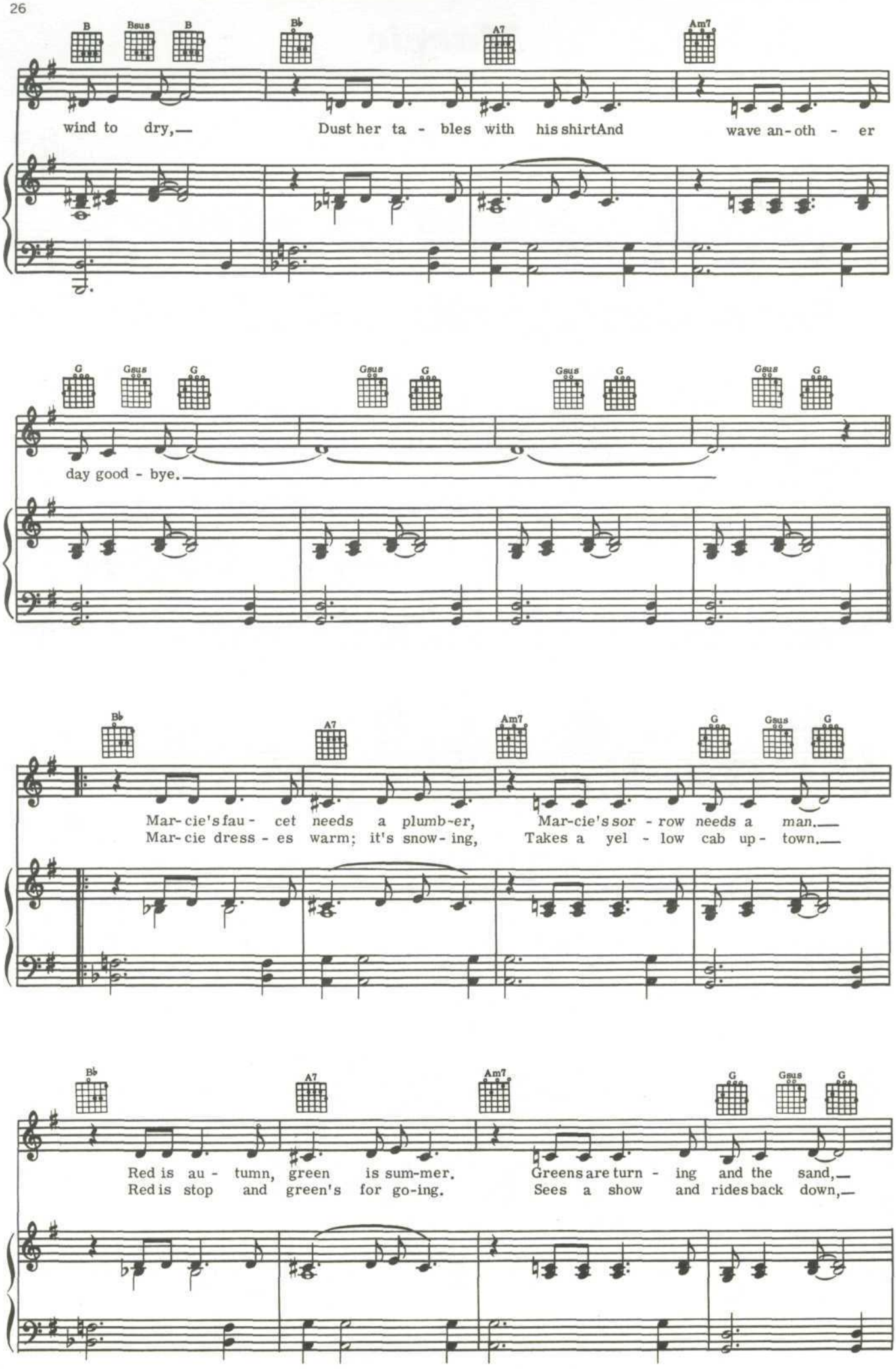
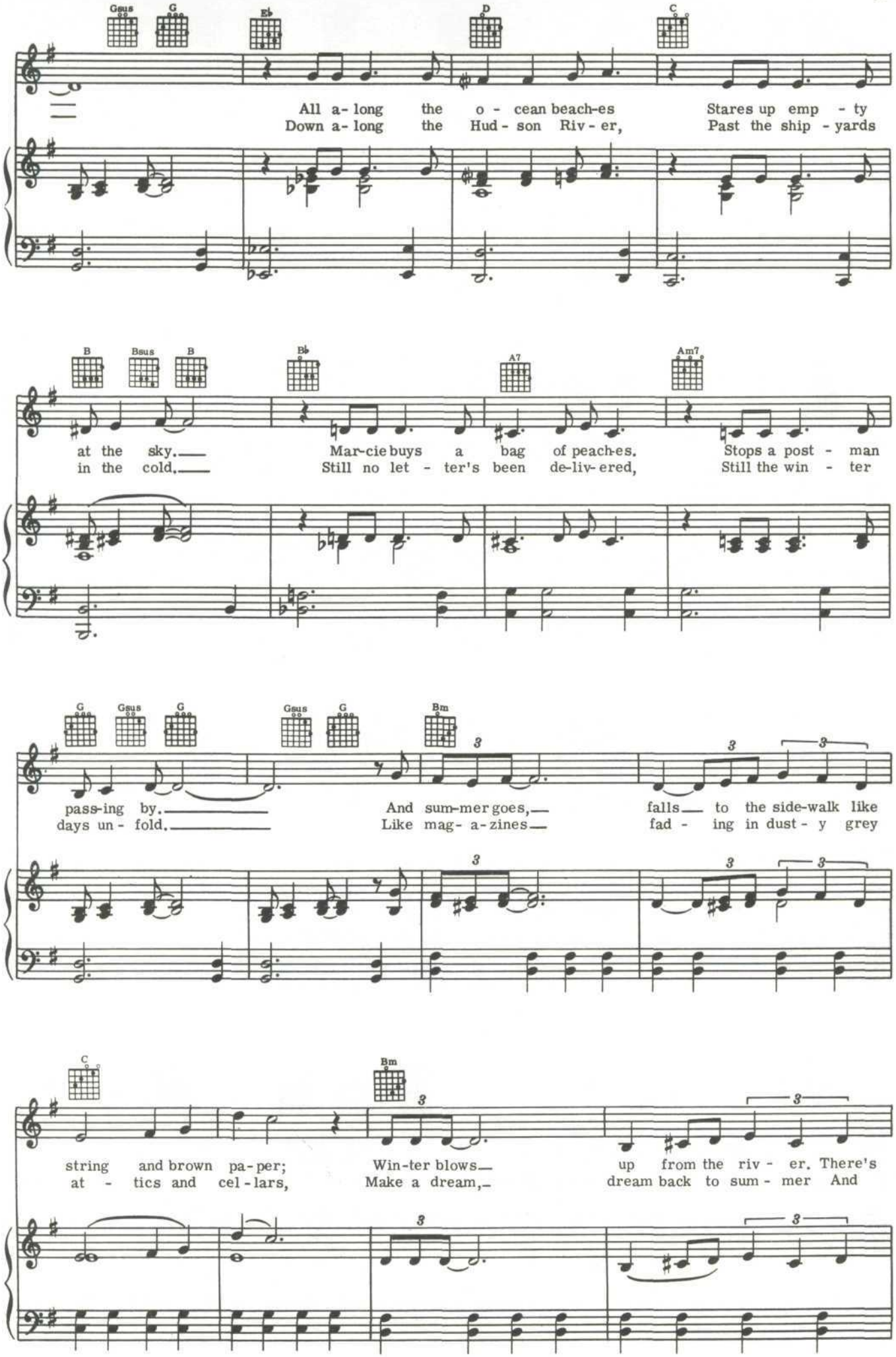
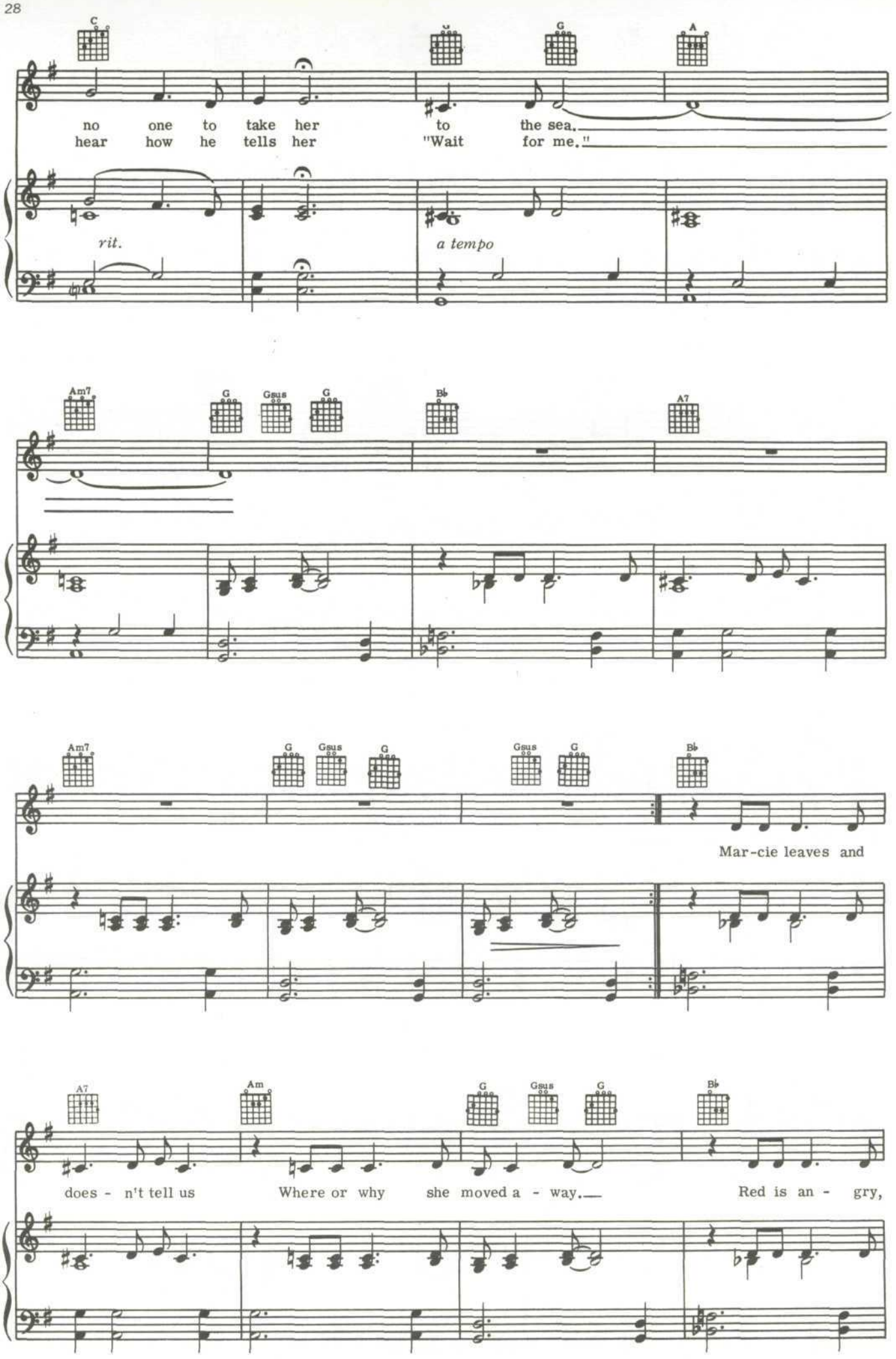
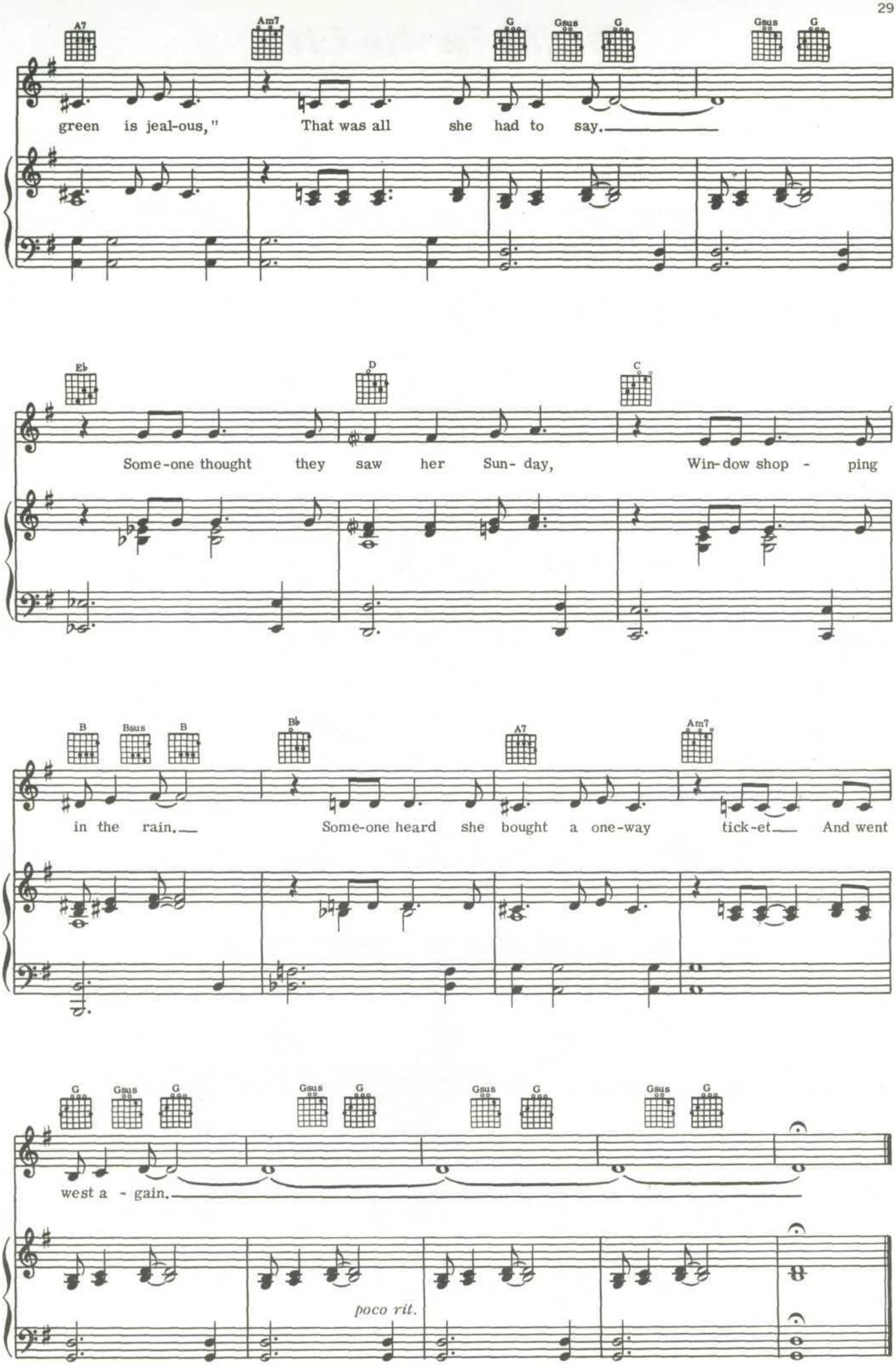

B Bsus B Bb A7 Am7
wind to dry,— Dust her ta - bles with his shirtAnd wave an-oth - er
G Gsus G Gsus G Gsus G Gsus G
day good - bye.—
Bb A7 Am7 G Gsus G
Mar-cie's fau - cet needs a plumb-er, Mar-cie's sor - row needs a man.—
Mar-cie dress - es warm; it's snow - ing, Takes a yel - low cab up - town.—
Bb A7 Am7 G Gsus G
Red is au - tumn, green is sum-mer. Greens are turn - ing and the sand,—
Red is stop and green's for go-ing. Sees a show and rides back down,—

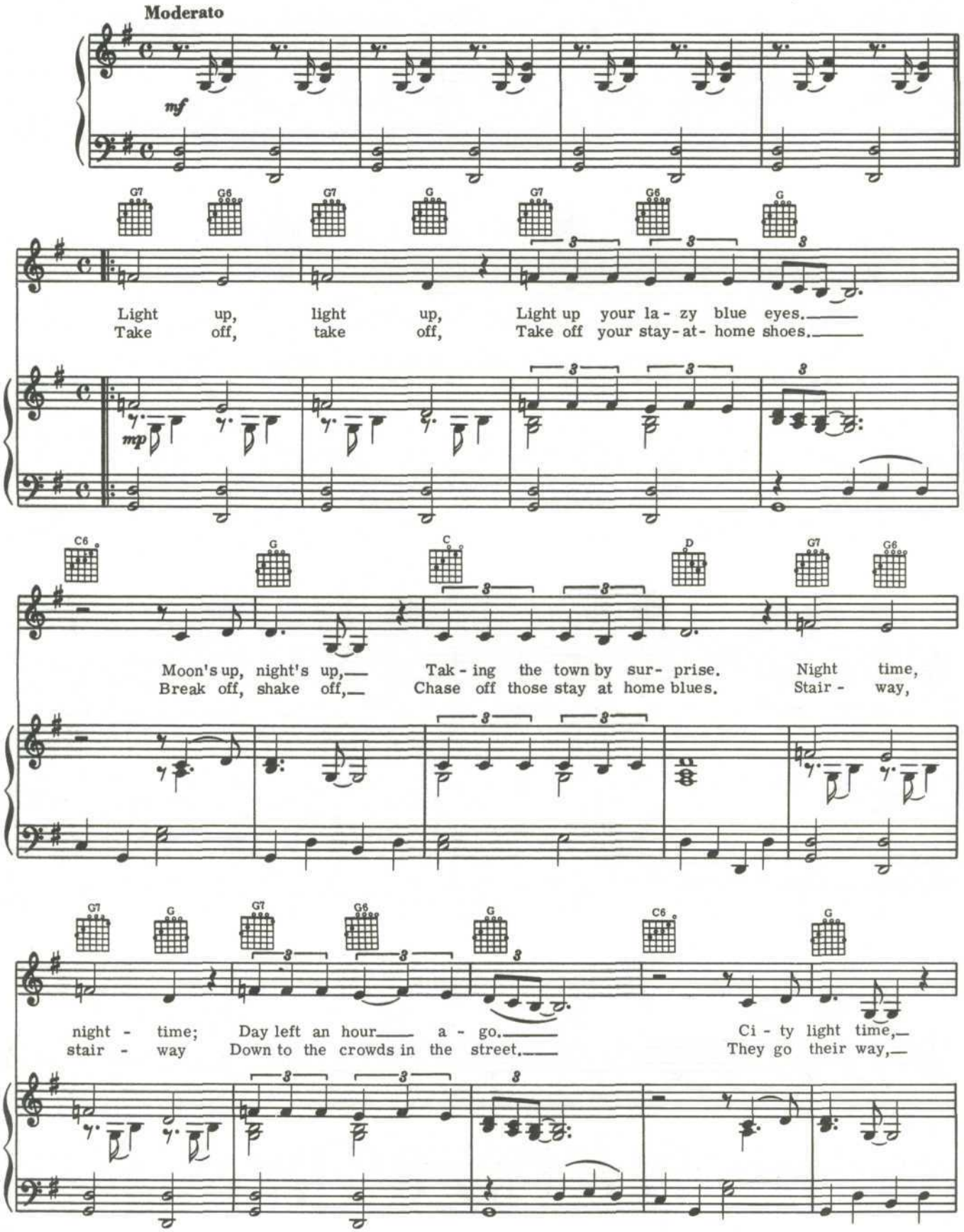

Gsus G Eb D C
All a- long the o - cean beach-es Stares up emp - ty
Down a- long the Hud - son Riv - er, Past the ship - yards
B Bsus B Bb A7 Am7
at the sky. Mar-cie buys a bag of peach-es. Stops a post - man
in the cold. Still no let - ter's been de-liv-ered, Still the win - ter
G Gsus G Gsus G Bm
pass-ing by. And sum-mer goes, falls to the side-walk like
days un - fold. Like mag- a-zines fad - ing in dust - y grey
C Bm
string and brown pa-per; Win-ter blows up from the riv - er. There's
at - tics and cel - lars, Make a dream, dream back to sum - mer And


C
G
A
no one to take her to the sea.
hear how he tells her "Wait for me."
rit.
a tempo
Am7
G
Gsus
G
B♭
A7
Am7
G
Gsus
G
Gsus
G
B♭
Mar-cie leaves and
A7
Am
G
Gsus
G
B♭
does - n't tell us Where or why she moved a - way. Red is an - gry,


A7
Am7
G
Gsus
G
Gsus
G
green is jeal-ous," That was all she had to say.
Eb
D
C
Some-one thought they saw her Sun- day, Win-dow shop - ping
B
Bsus
B
Bb
A7
Am7
in the rain. Some-one heard she bought a one-way tick-et And went
G
Gsus
G
Gsus
G
Gsus
G
Gsus
G
west a - gain.
poco rit.

Night in the City

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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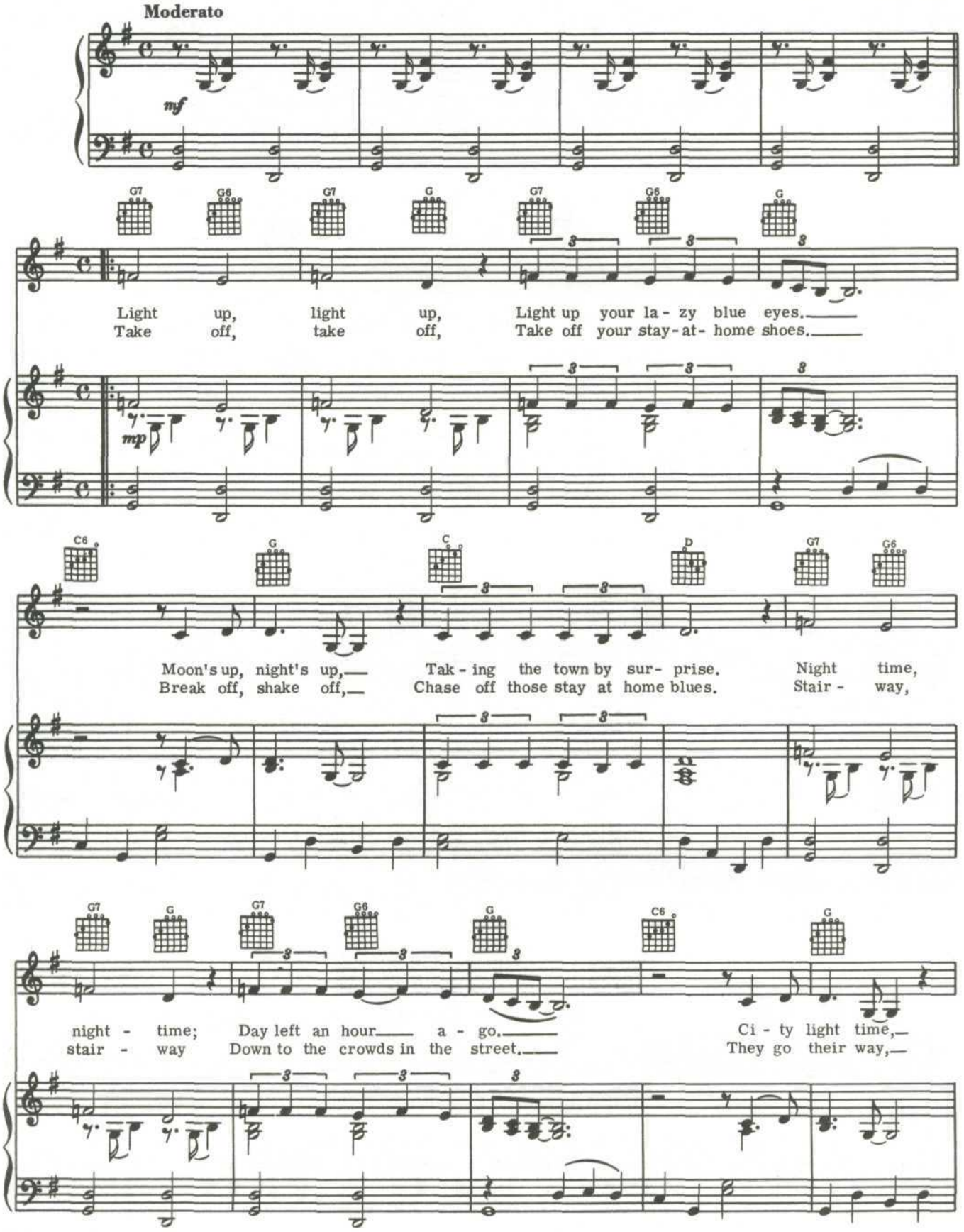

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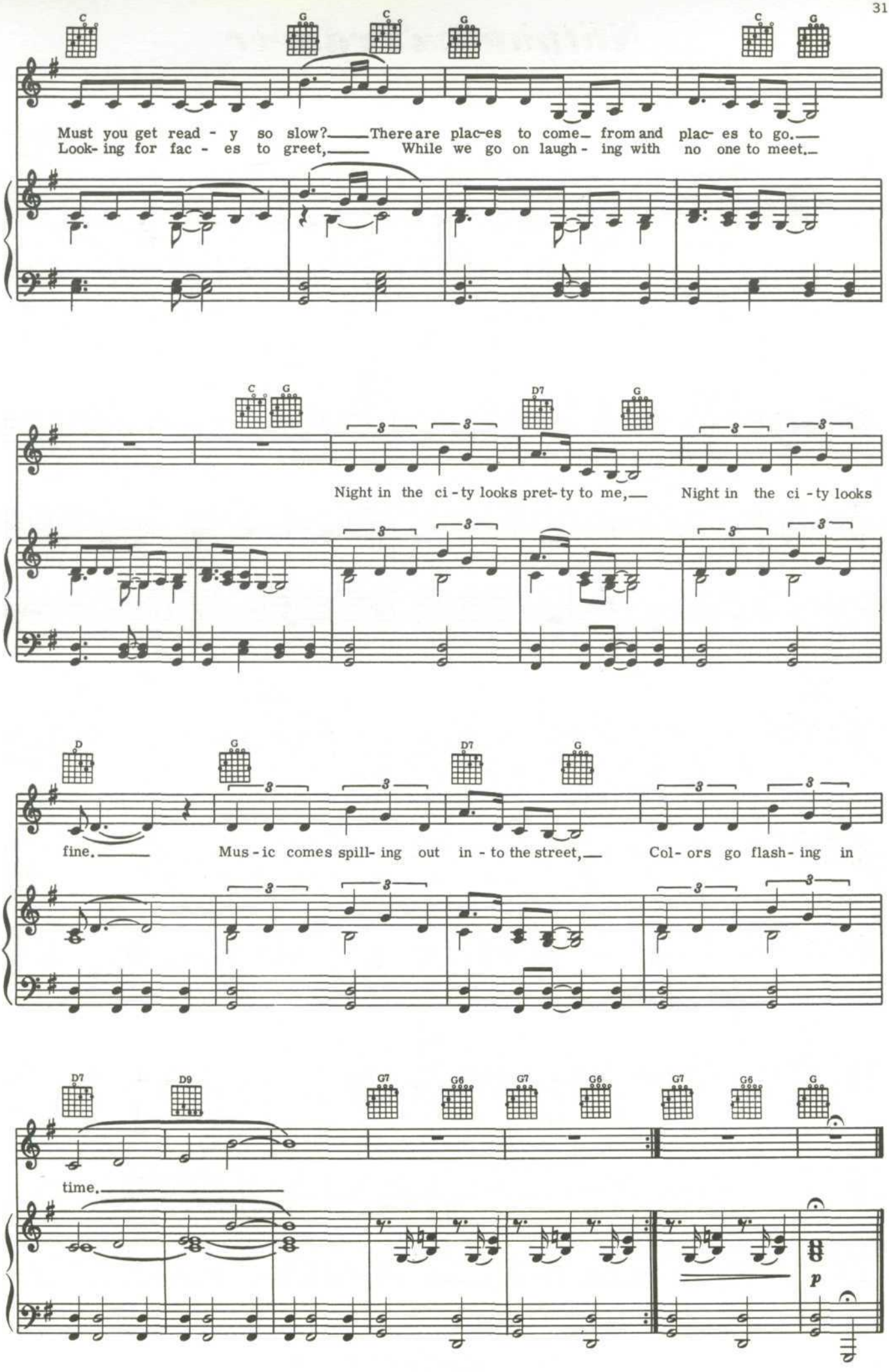
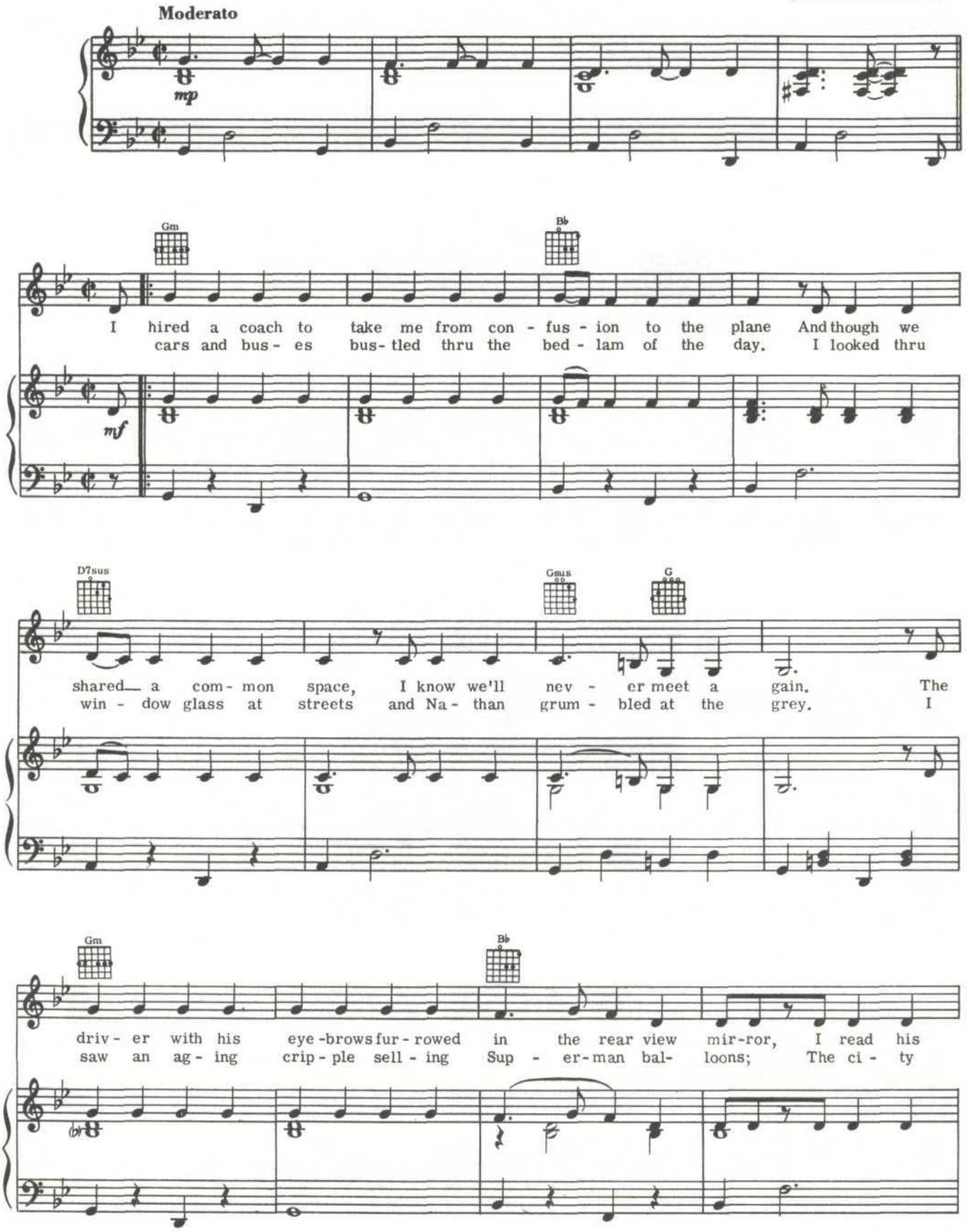

C G C G C G
Must you get read - y so slow? There are plac-es to come from and plac- es to go.
Look- ing for fac - es to greet, While we go on laugh - ing with no one to meet.
C G D7 G
Night in the ci - ty looks pret-ty to me, Night in the ci - ty looks
D G D7 G
fine. Mus - ic comes spill- ing out in - to the street, Col- ors go flash- ing in
D7 D9 G7 G6 G7 G6 G7 G6 G
time.
p

Nathan La Franeer

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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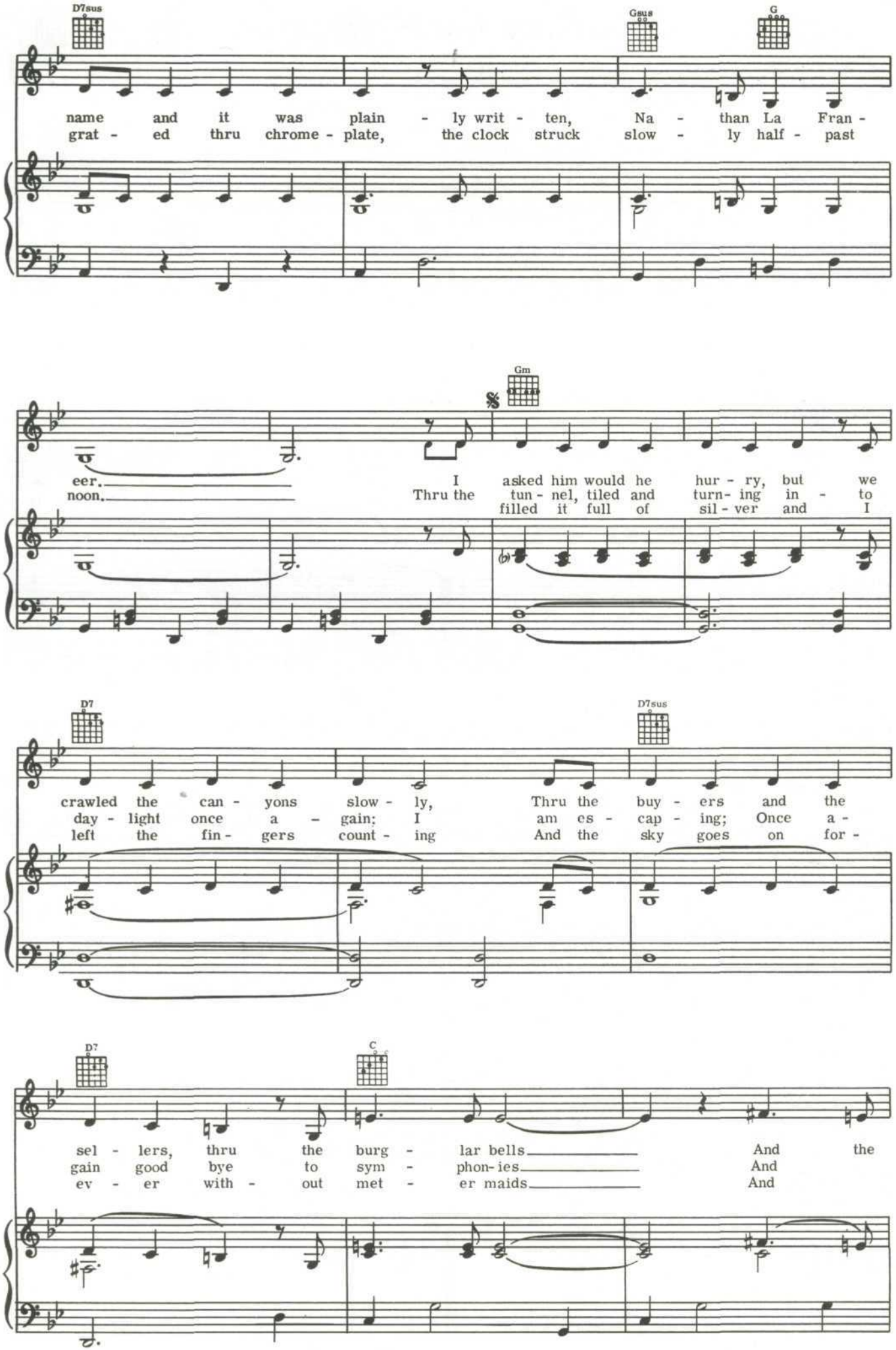
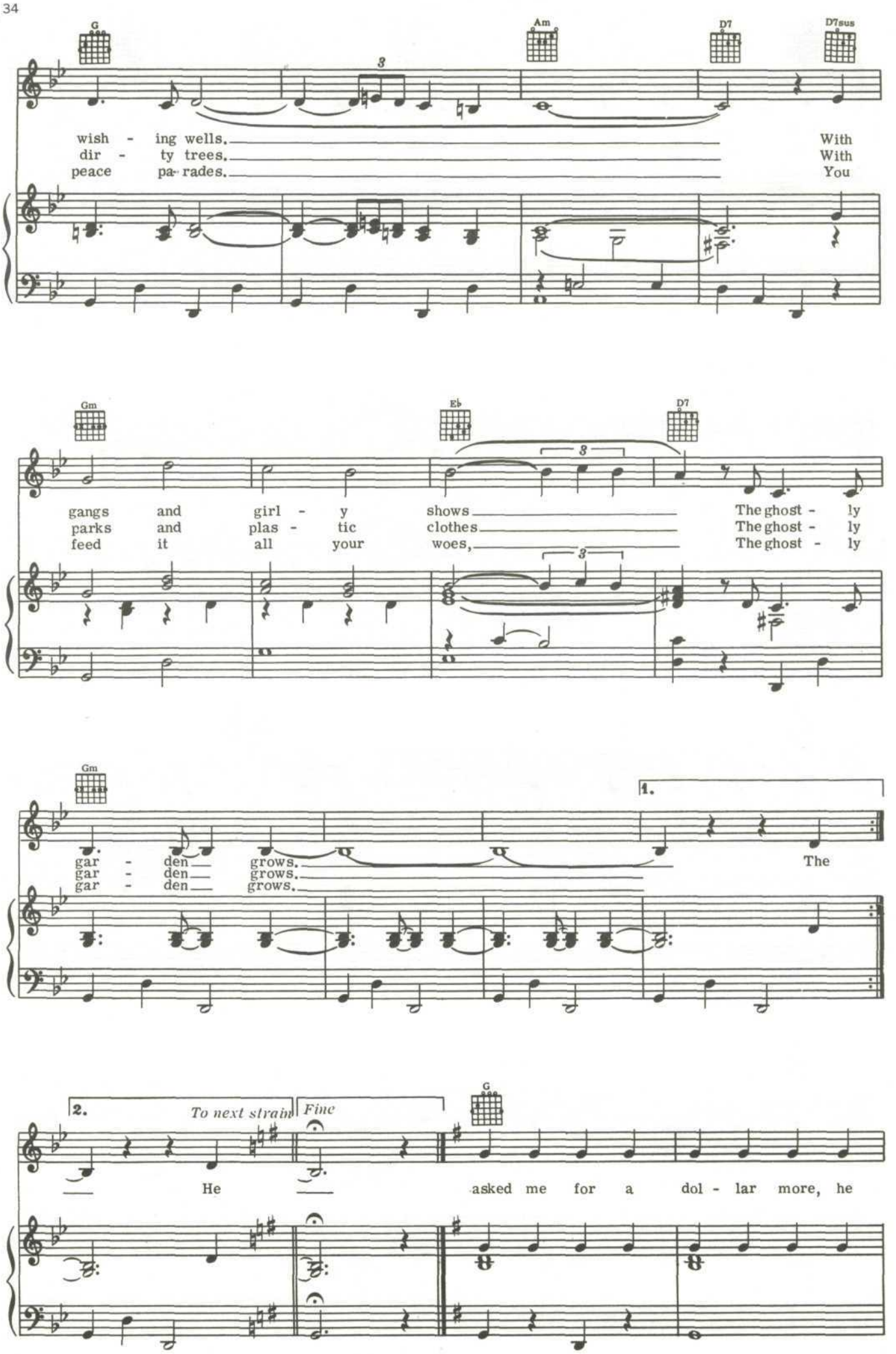
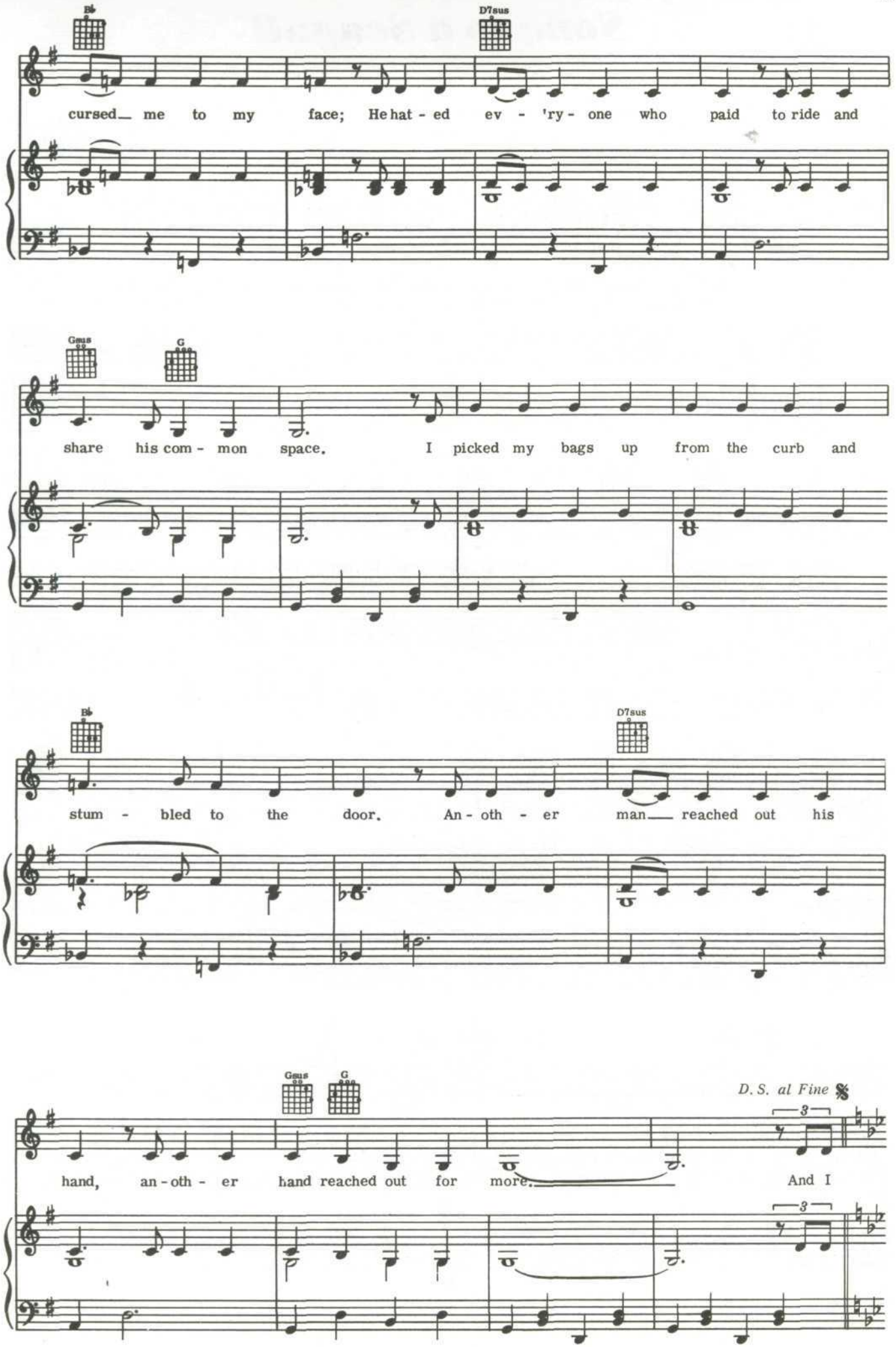
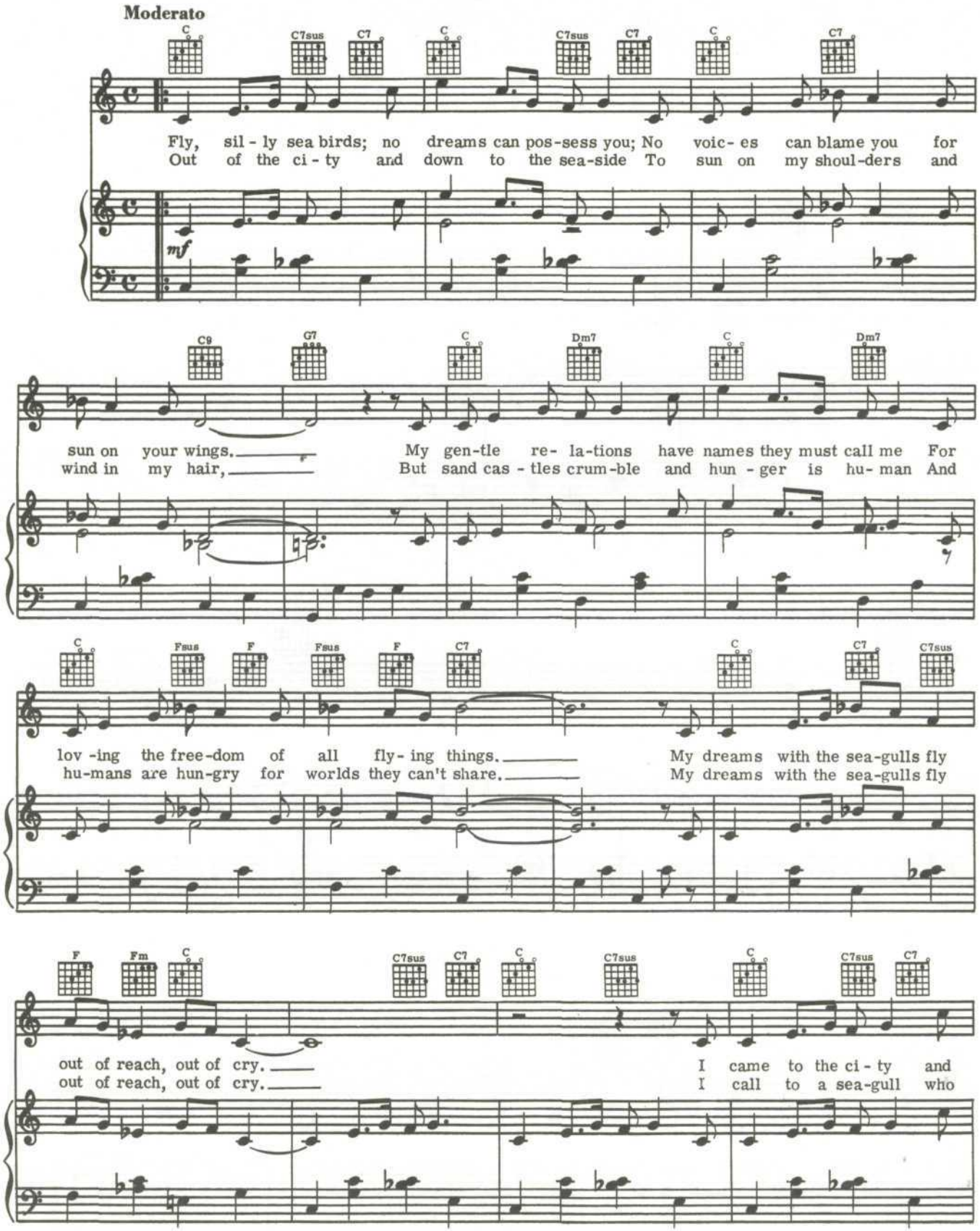

D7sus
Gsus
G
name and it was plain - ly writ - ten, Na - than La Fran -
grat - ed thru chrome - plate, the clock struck slow - ly half - past
Gm
eer. I asked him would he hur - ry, but we
noon. Thru the tun - nel, tiled and turn- ing in - to
filled it full of sil - ver and I
D7
D7sus
crawled the can - yons slow - ly, Thru the buy - ers and the
day - light once a - gain; I am es - cap - ing; Once a -
left the fin - gers count - ing And the sky goes on for -
D7
C
sel - lers, thru the burg - lar bells And the
gain good bye to sym - phon-ies And
ev - er with - out met - er maids And


G
Am
D7
D7sus
wish - ing wells.
dir - ty trees.
peace pa- rades.
With
With
You
Gm
E♭
D7
gangs and girl - y shows
parks and plas - tic clothes
feed it all your woes,
The ghost - ly
The ghost - ly
The ghost - ly
Gm
1.
gar - den grows.
gar - den grows.
gar - den grows.
The
2.
To next strain
Fine
G
He
asked me for a dol - lar more, he


B♭
D7sus
cursed me to my face; He hat - ed ev - 'ry - one who paid to ride and
Gsus
C
share his com - mon space. I picked my bags up from the curb and
B♭
D7sus
stum - bled to the door. An - oth - er man reached out his
Gsus
C
D. S. al Fine
hand, an - oth - er hand reached out for more. And I

Song to a Seagull

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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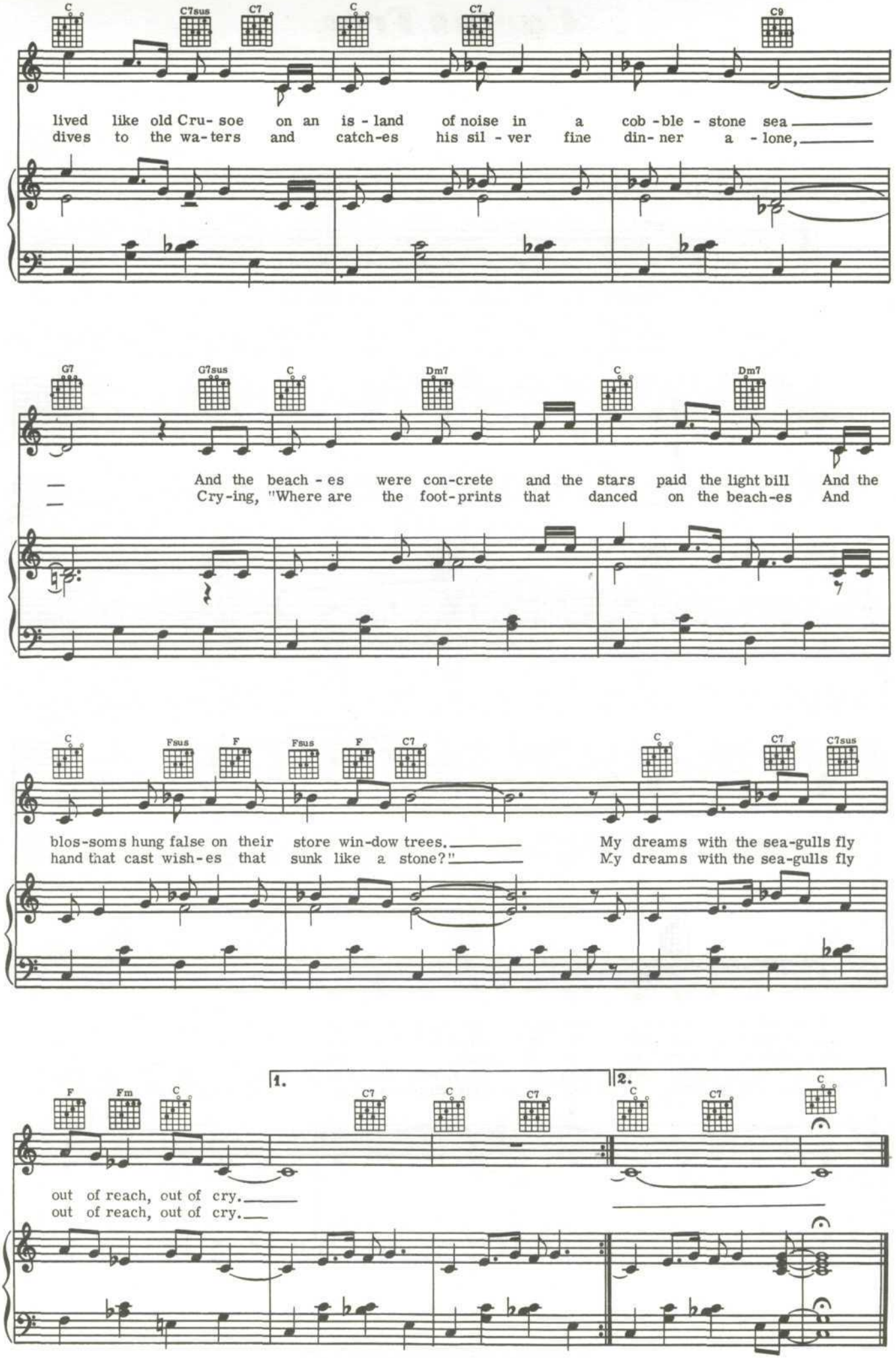
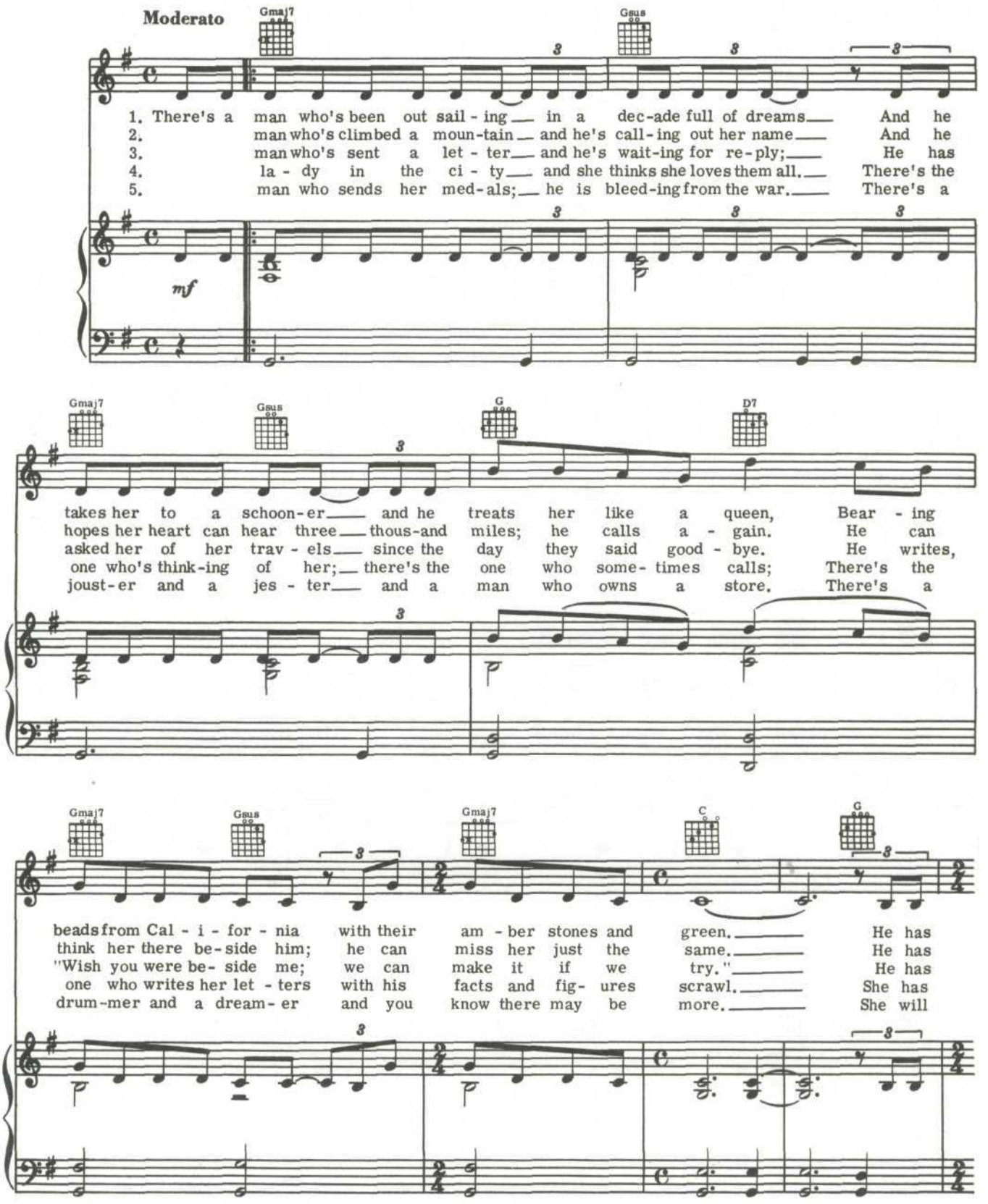

C C7sus C7 C C7 C9
lived like old Cru- soe on an is - land of noise in a cob - ble - stone sea
dives to the wa-ters and catch-es his sil - ver fine din- ner a - lone,
G7 G7sus C Dm7 C Dm7
And the beach - es were con-crete and the stars paid the light bill And the
Cry-ing, "Where are the foot-prints that danced on the beach-es And
C Fsus F Fsus F C7 C C7 C7sus
blos-soms hung false on their store win-dow trees. My dreams with the sea-gulls fly
hand that cast wish-es that sunk like a stone?" My dreams with the sea-gulls fly
F Fm C 1. C7 C C7 2. C C7 C
out of reach, out of cry.
out of reach, out of cry.

Cactus Tree

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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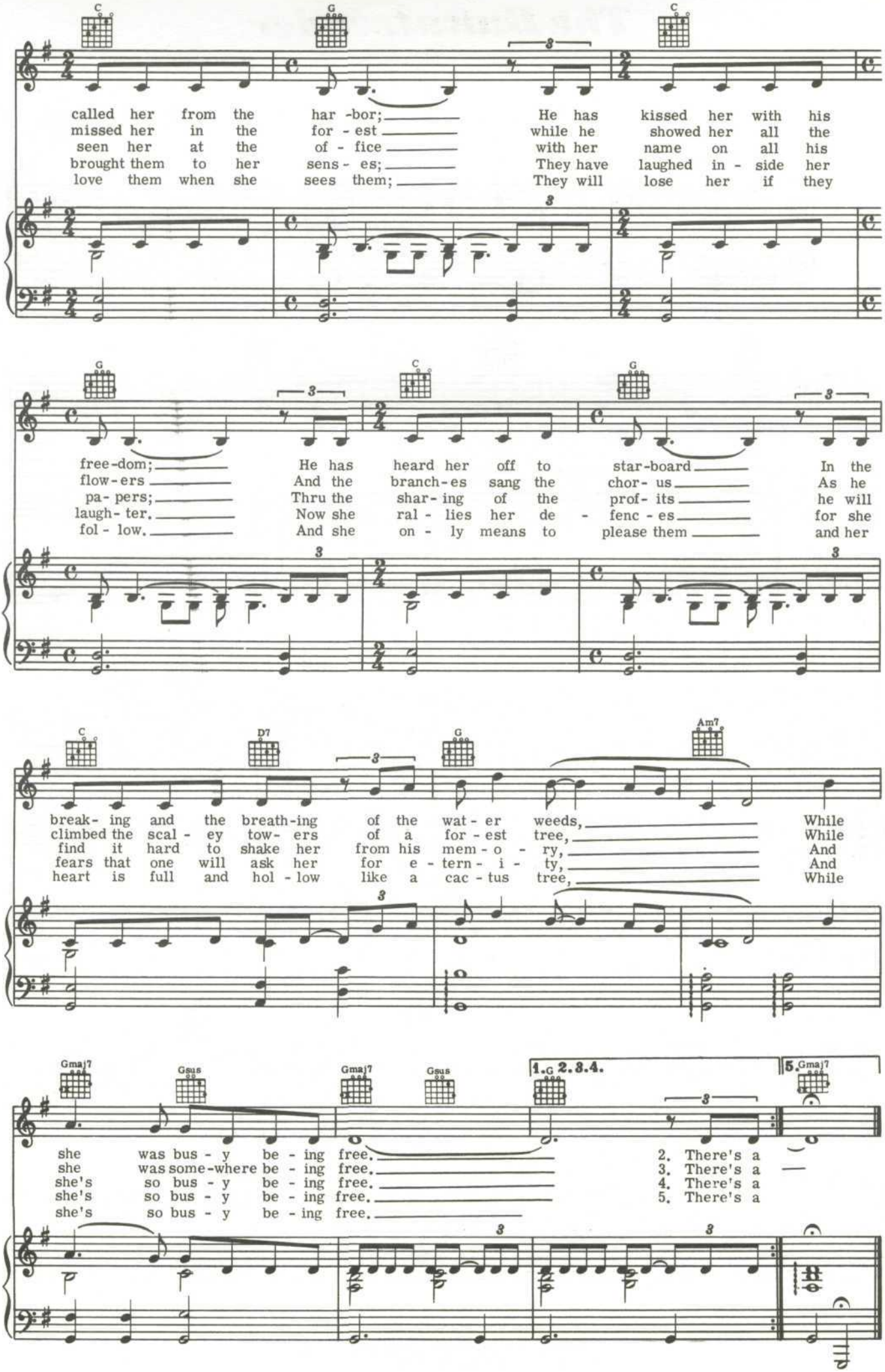
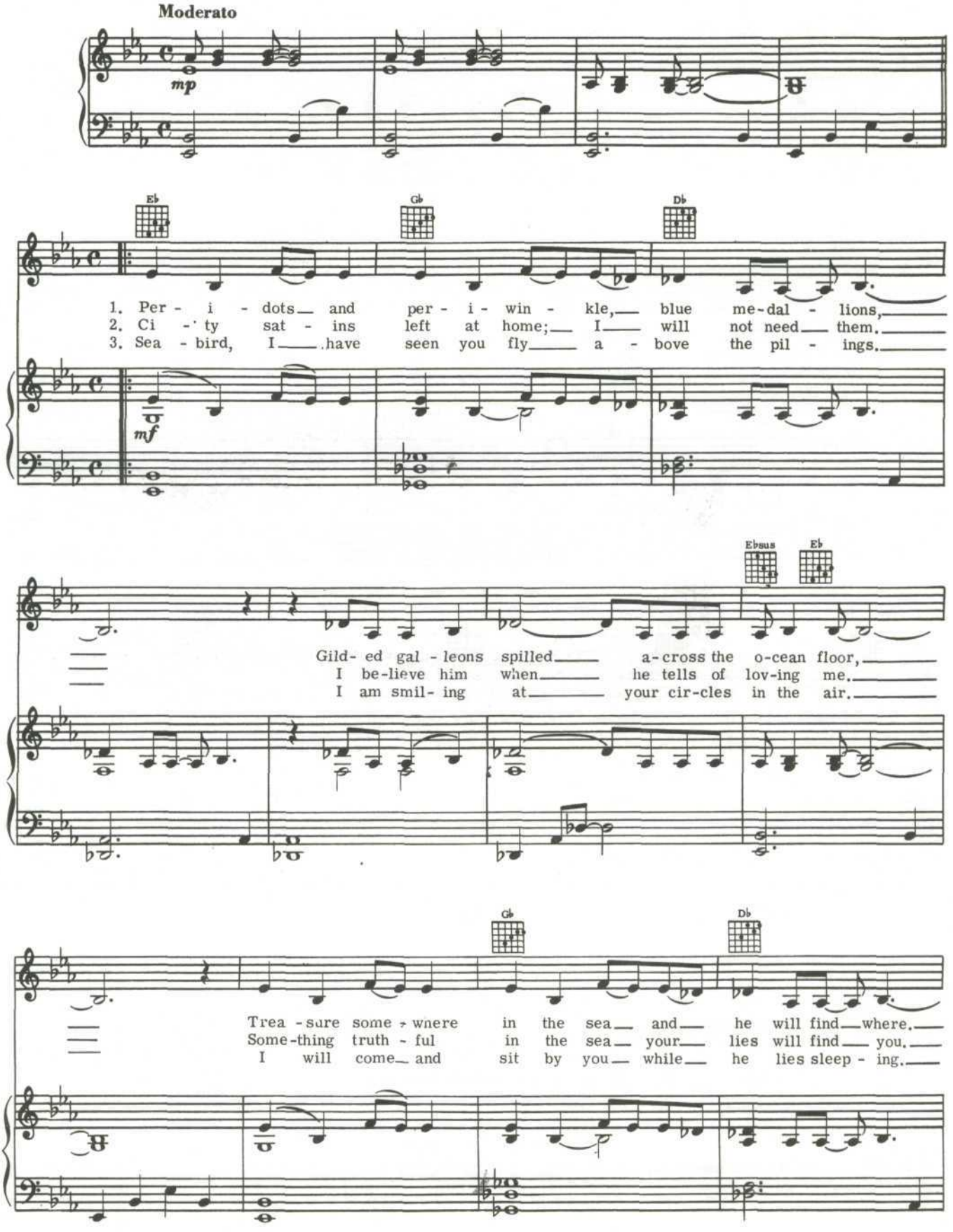

C G C
called her from the har -bor; He has kissed her with his
missed her in the for - est while he showed her all the
seen her at the of - fice with her name on all his
brought them to her sens - es; They have laughed in - side her
love them when she sees them; They will lose her if they
G C G
free-dom; He has heard her off to star-board In the
flow-ers And the branch-es sang the chor- us As he
pa- pers; Thru the shar- ing of the prof- its he will
laugh- ter. Now she ral - lies her de - fenc - es for she
fol - low. And she on - ly means to please them and her
C D7 G Am7
break- ing and the breath-ing of the wat - er weeds, While
climbed the scal - ey tow- ers of a for - est tree, While
find it hard to shake her from his mem - o - ry, And
fears that one will ask her for e - tern - i - ty, And
heart is full and hol - low like a cac - tus tree, While
Gmaj7 Gsus Gmaj7 Gsus 1.G 2.3.4. 5.Gmaj7
she was bus - y be - ing free. 2. There's a
she was some-where be - ing free. 3. There's a
she's so bus - y be - ing free. 4. There's a
she's so bus - y be - ing free. 5. There's a
she's so bus - y be - ing free.

The Dawntreader

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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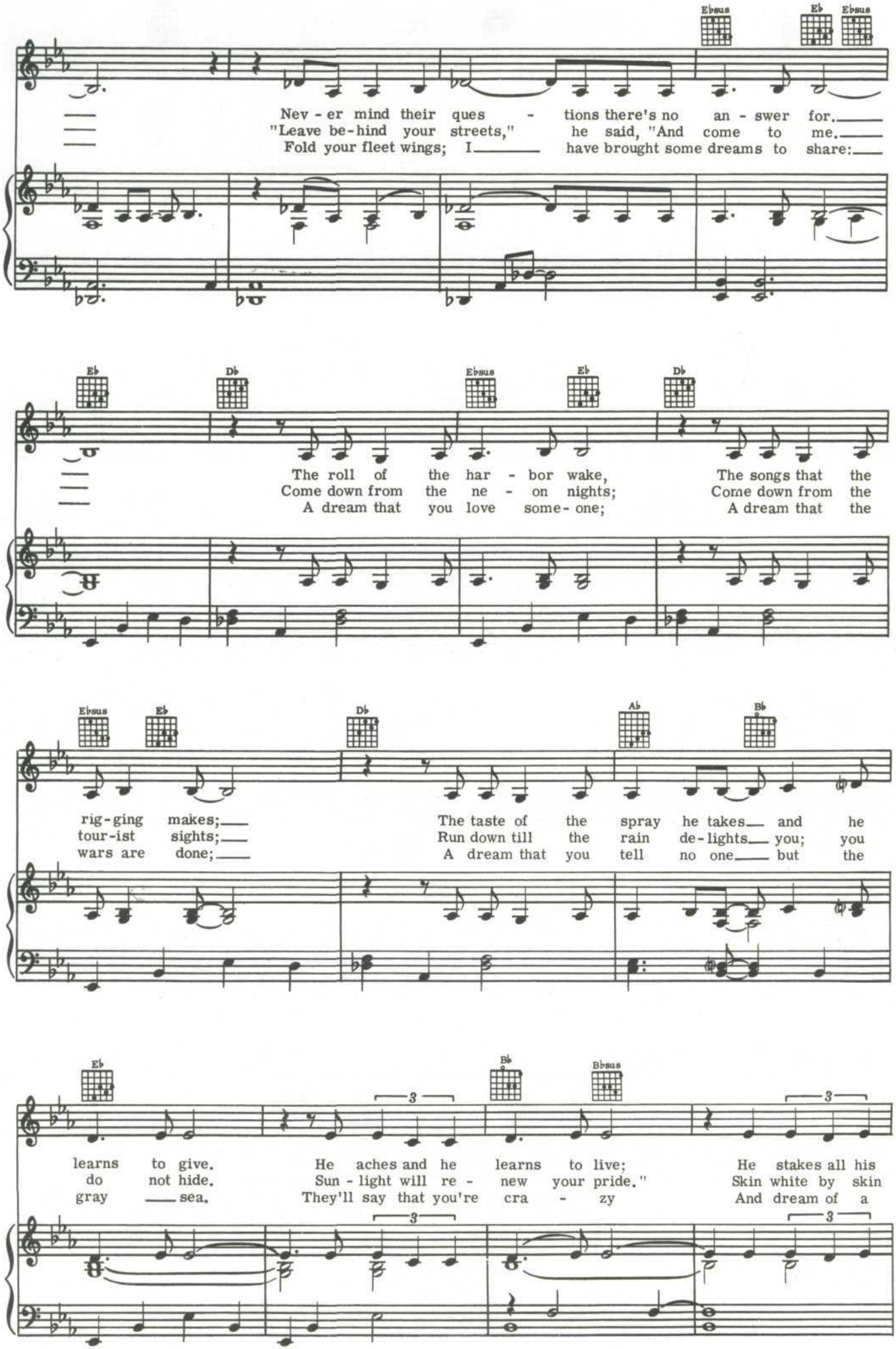
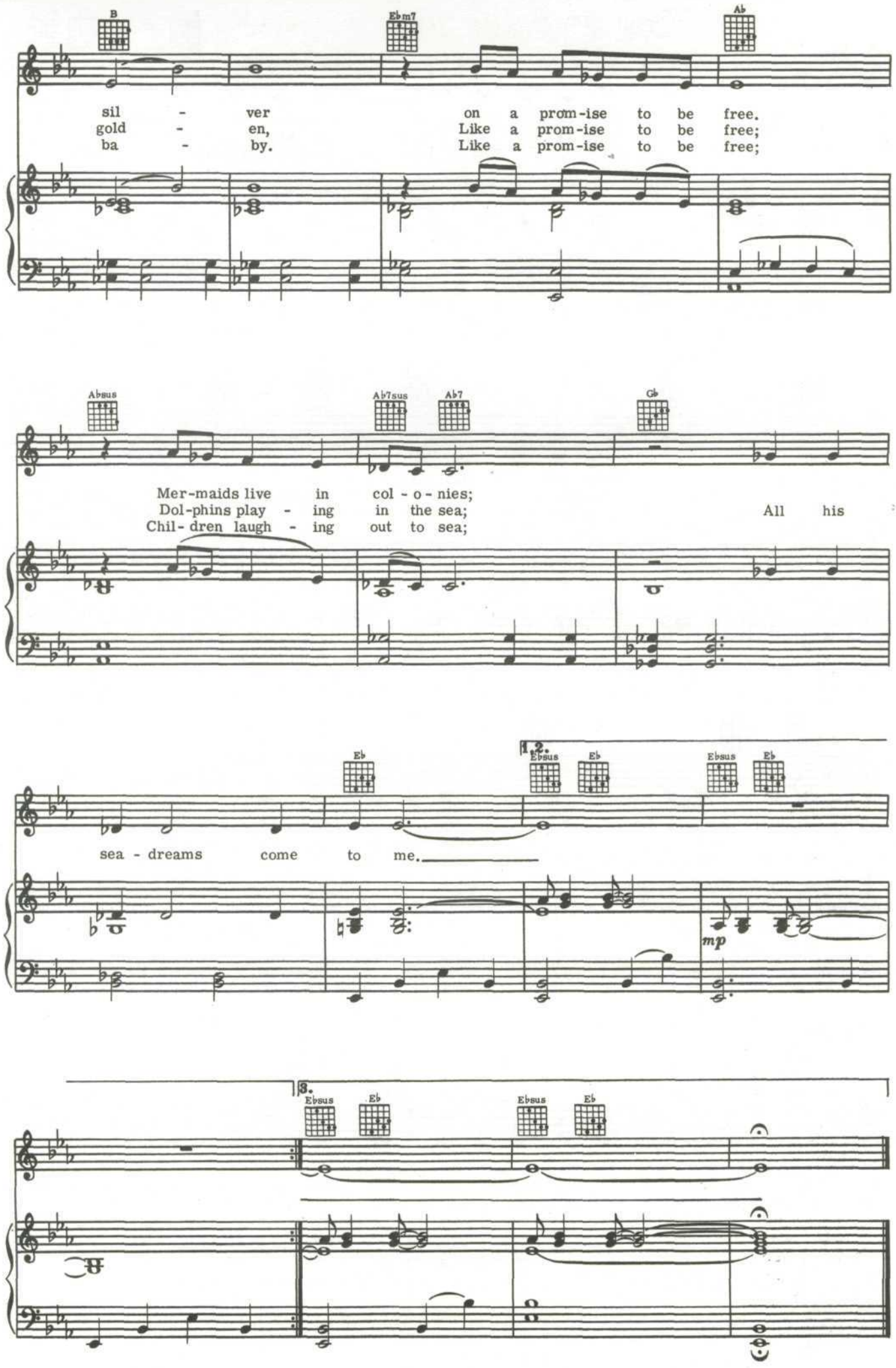
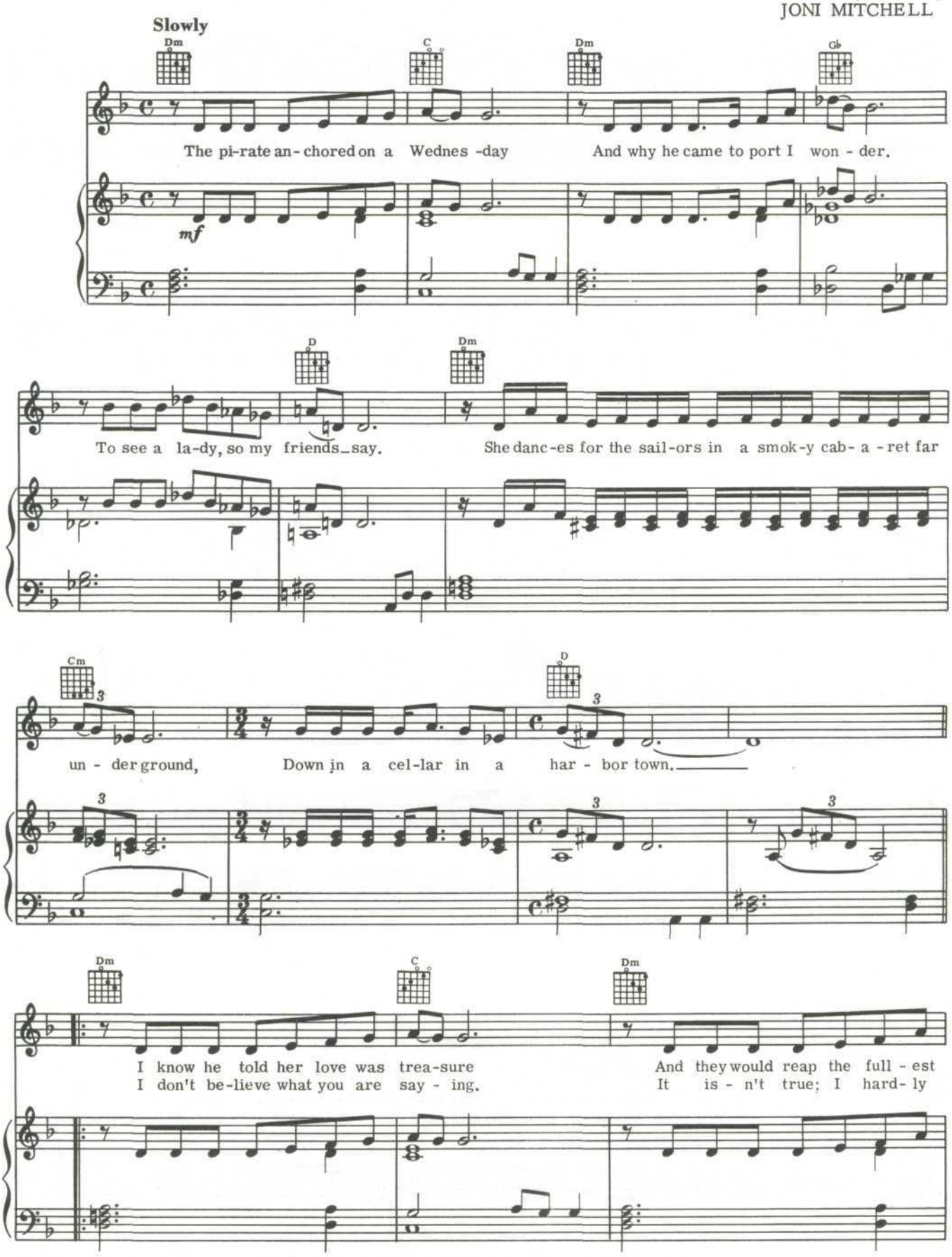

Ebsus Eb Ebsus
Nev - er mind their ques - tions there's no an - swer for.
"Leave be-hind your streets," he said, "And come to me.
Fold your fleet wings; I have brought some dreams to share:
Eb Db Ebsus Eb Db
The roll of the har - bor wake, The songs that the
Come down from the ne - on nights; Come down from the
A dream that you love some- one; A dream that the
Ebsus Eb Db Ab Bb
rig-ging makes; The taste of the spray he takes and he
tour-ist sights; Run down till the rain de-lights you; you
wars are done; A dream that you tell no one but the
Eb Bb Bbsus
3 3
learns to give. He aches and he learns to live: He stakes all his
do not hide. Sun - light will re - new your pride." Skin white by skin
gray sea. They'll say that you're cra - zy And dream of a
3 3


B
E♭m7
A♭
sil - ver on a prom-ise to be free.
gold - en, Like a prom-ise to be free;
ba - by. Like a prom-ise to be free;
A♭sus
A♭7sus
A♭7
G♭
Mer-maids live in col - o - nies;
Dol-phins play - ing in the sea;
Chil-dren laugh - ing out to sea;
All his
E♭
1.,2.
E♭sus
E♭
E♭sus
E♭
sea - dreams come to me.
mp
3.
E♭sus
E♭
E♭sus
E♭

The Pirate of Penance

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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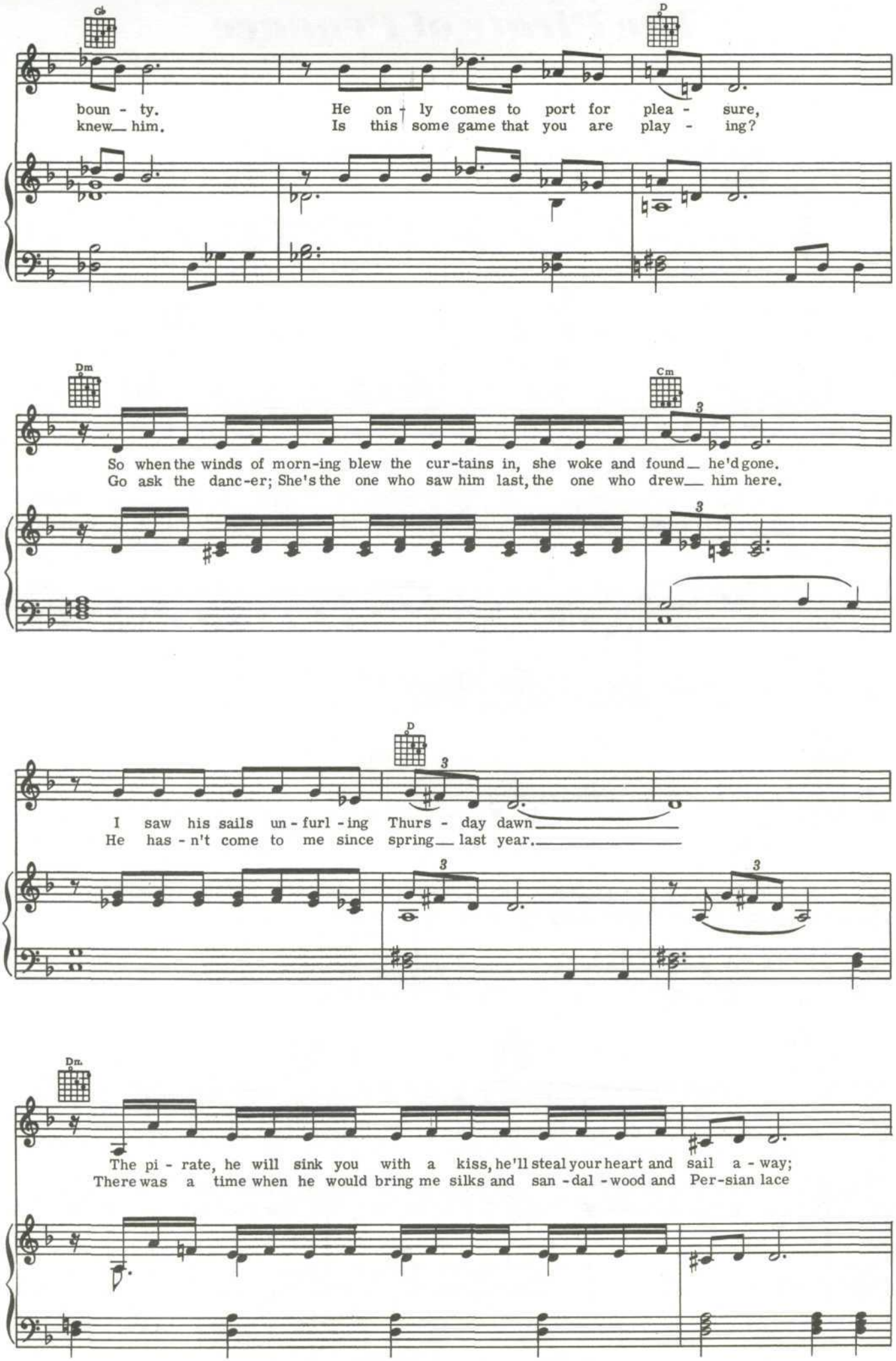
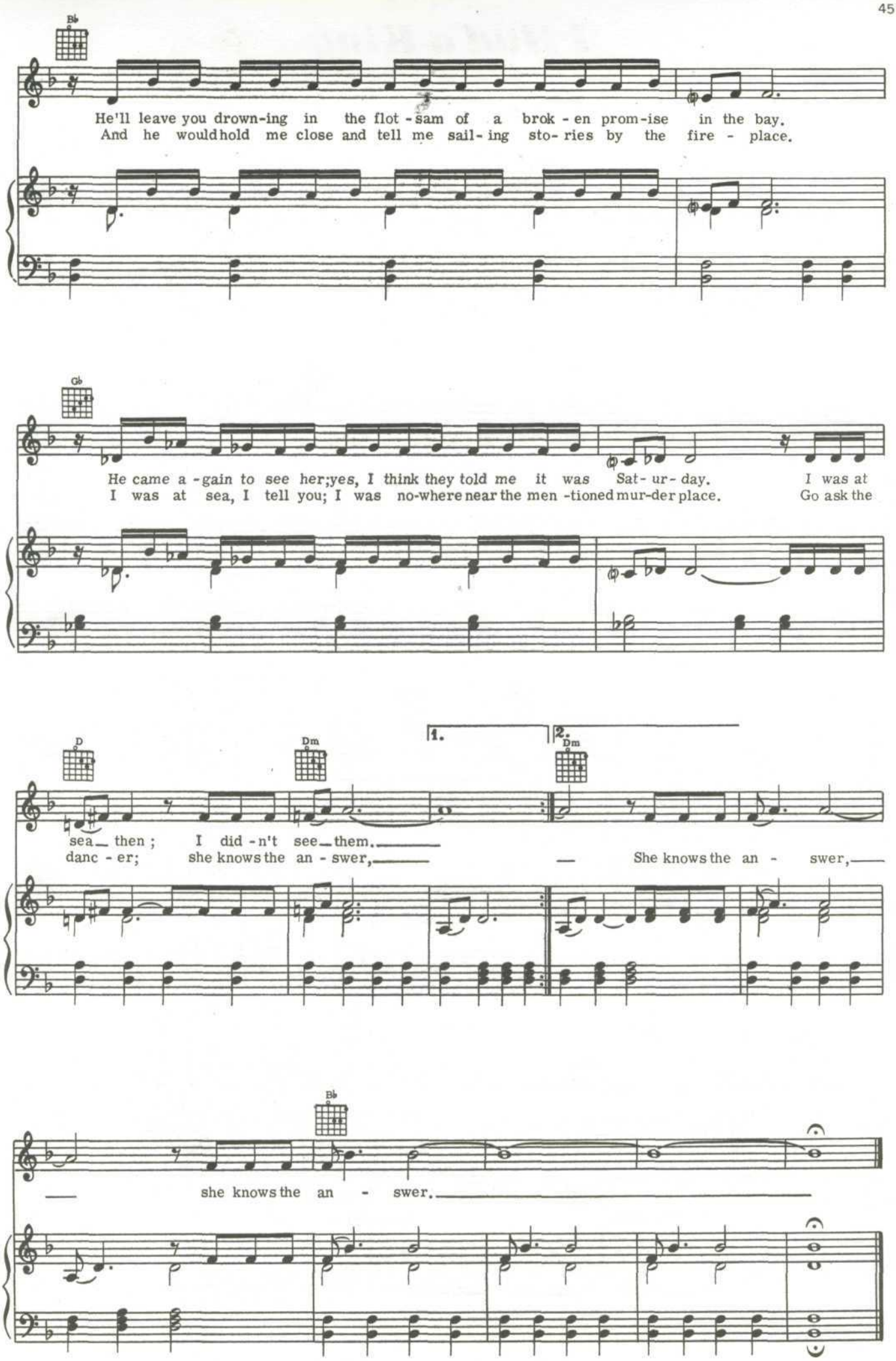
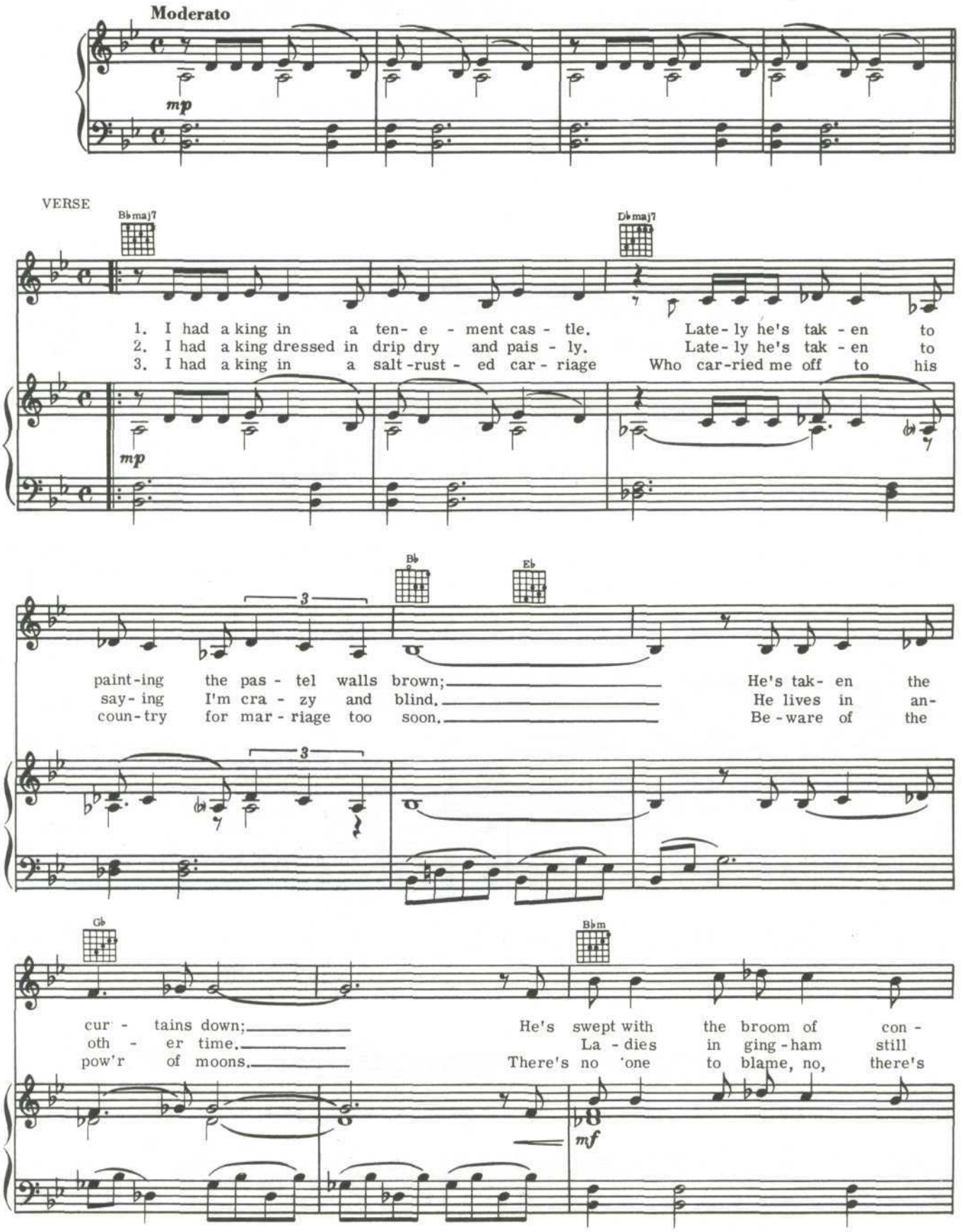

Gb
D
boun - ty. He on - ly comes to port for plea - sure,
knew_ him. Is this some game that you are play - ing?
Dm
Cm
So when the winds of morn-ing blew the cur-tains in, she woke and found_ he'd gone.
Go ask the danc-er; She's the one who saw him last, the one who drew_ him here.
D
I saw his sails un - furl - ing Thurs - day dawn_____
He has - n't come to me since spring_ last year._____
Dm.
The pi - rate, he will sink you with a kiss, he'll steal your heart and sail a - way;
There was a time when he would bring me silks and san - dal - wood and Per-sian lace


B♭
He'll leave you drown-ing in the flot - sam of a brok - en prom-ise in the bay.
And he would hold me close and tell me sail - ing sto - ries by the fire - place.
G♭
He came a - gain to see her; yes, I think they told me it was Sat - ur - day. I was at
I was at sea, I tell you; I was no-where near the men - tioned mur-der place. Go ask the
D
Dm
1.
2.
Dm
sea_ then ; I did - n't see_ them.
danc - er; she knows the an - swer, She knows the an - swer,
B♭
she knows the an - swer.

I Had a King

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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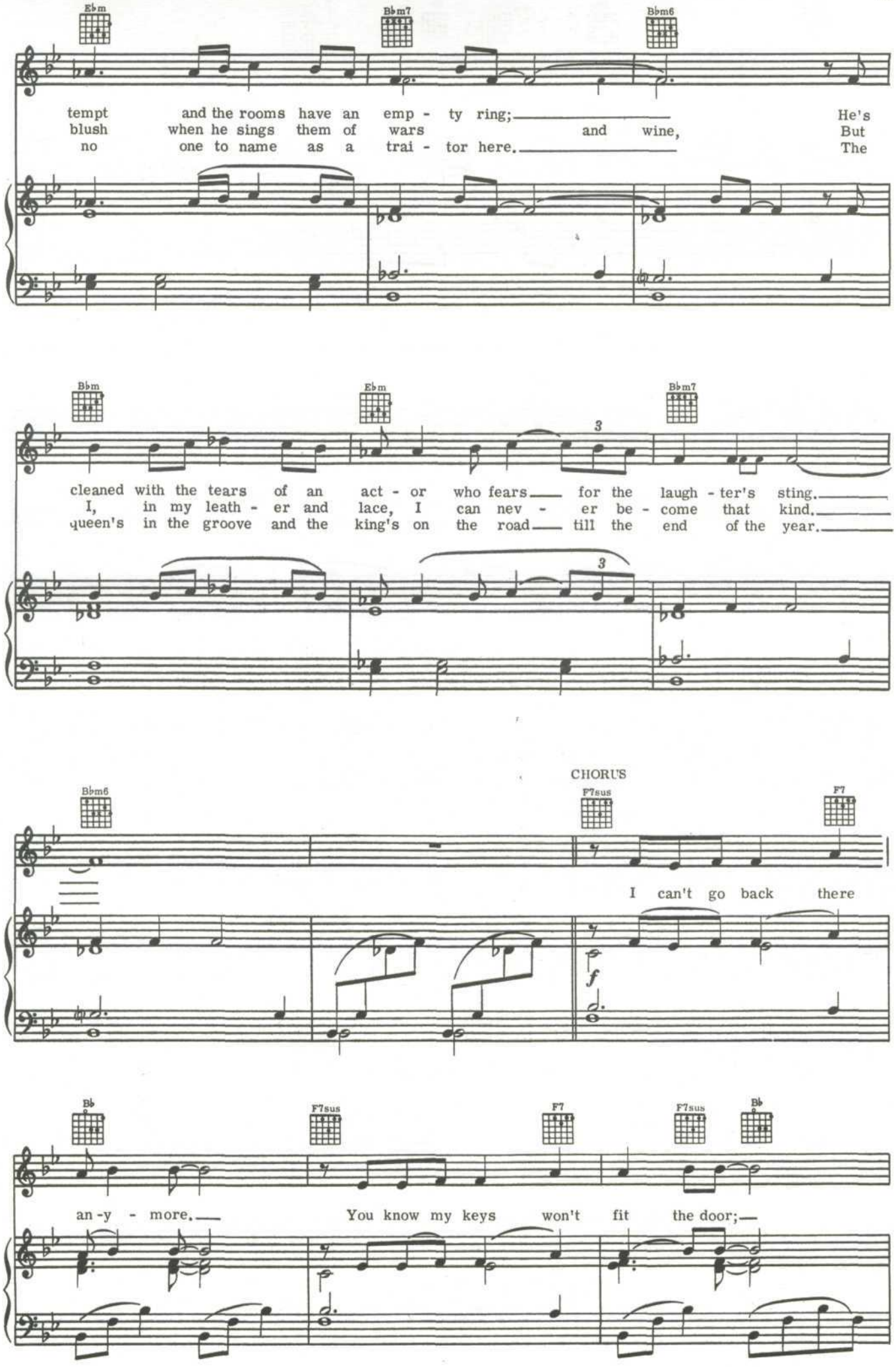
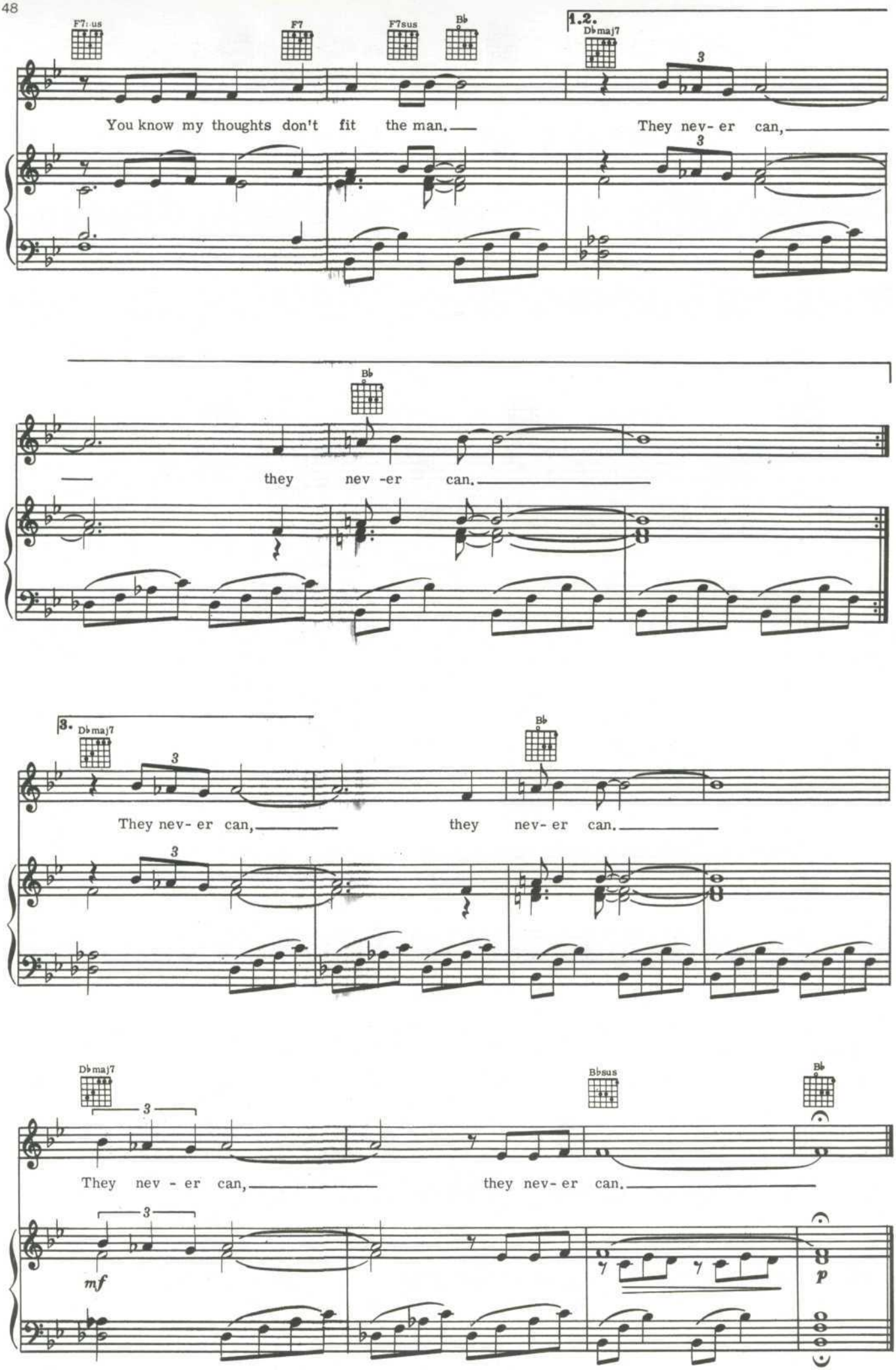
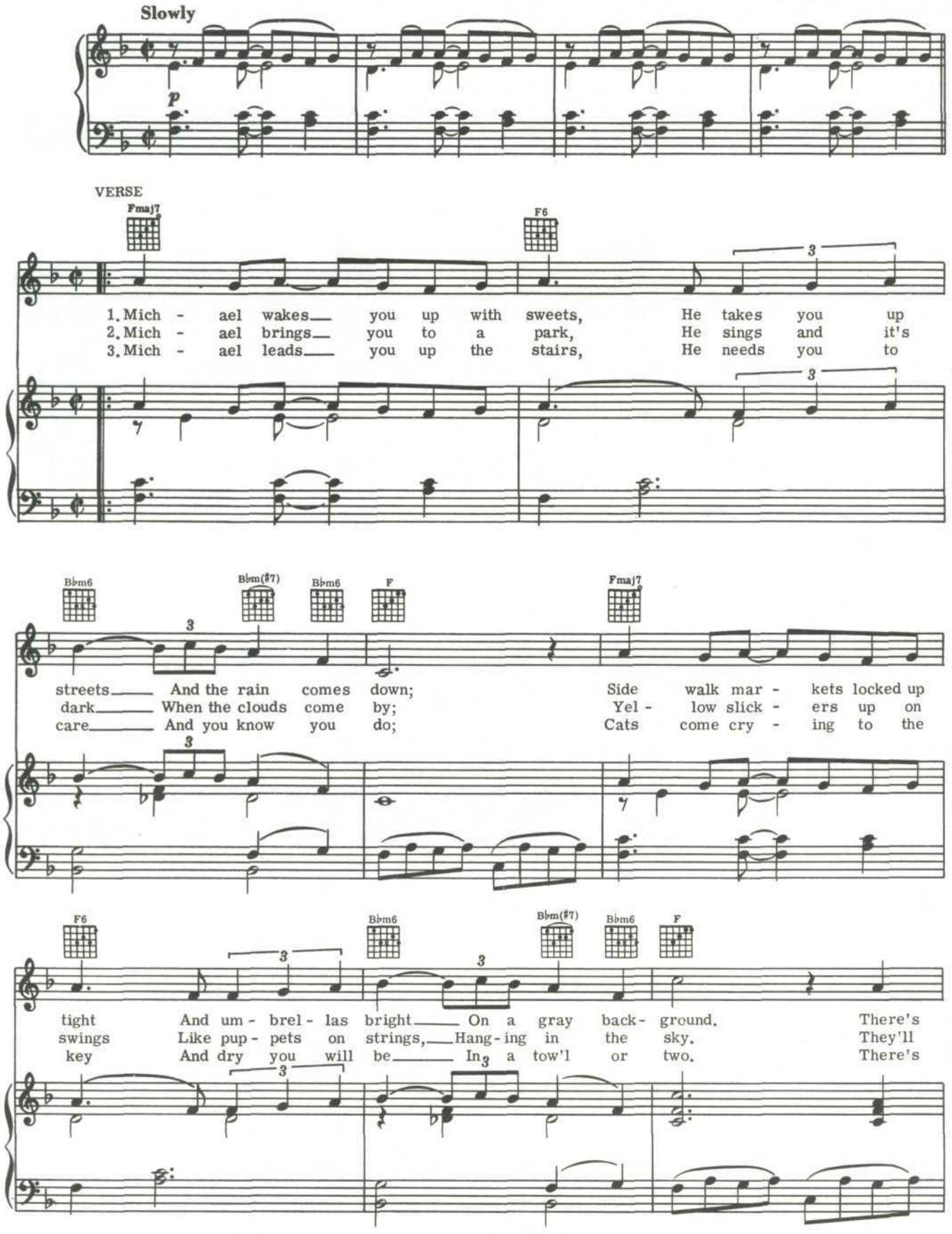

Eb m
Bb m7
Bb m6
tempt and the rooms have an emp - ty ring;
blush when he sings them of wars and wine,
no one to name as a trai - tor here.
He's
But
The
Bb m
Eb m
Bb m7
3
cleaned with the tears of an act - or who fears for the laugh - ter's sting.
I, in my leath - er and lace, I can nev - er be - come that kind.
queen's in the groove and the king's on the road till the end of the year.
CHORUS
Bb m6
F7sus
F7
I can't go back there
f
Bb
F7sus
F7
F7sus
Bb
an - y - more.
You know my keys won't fit the door;


F7sus
F7
F7sus
B♭
1.2.
D♭maj7
You know my thoughts don't fit the man.
They nev- er can,
B♭
they nev -er can.
3.
D♭maj7
B♭
They nev- er can,
they nev- er can.
D♭maj7
B♭sus
B♭
They nev - er can,
they nev- er can.
mf
p

Michael from Mountains

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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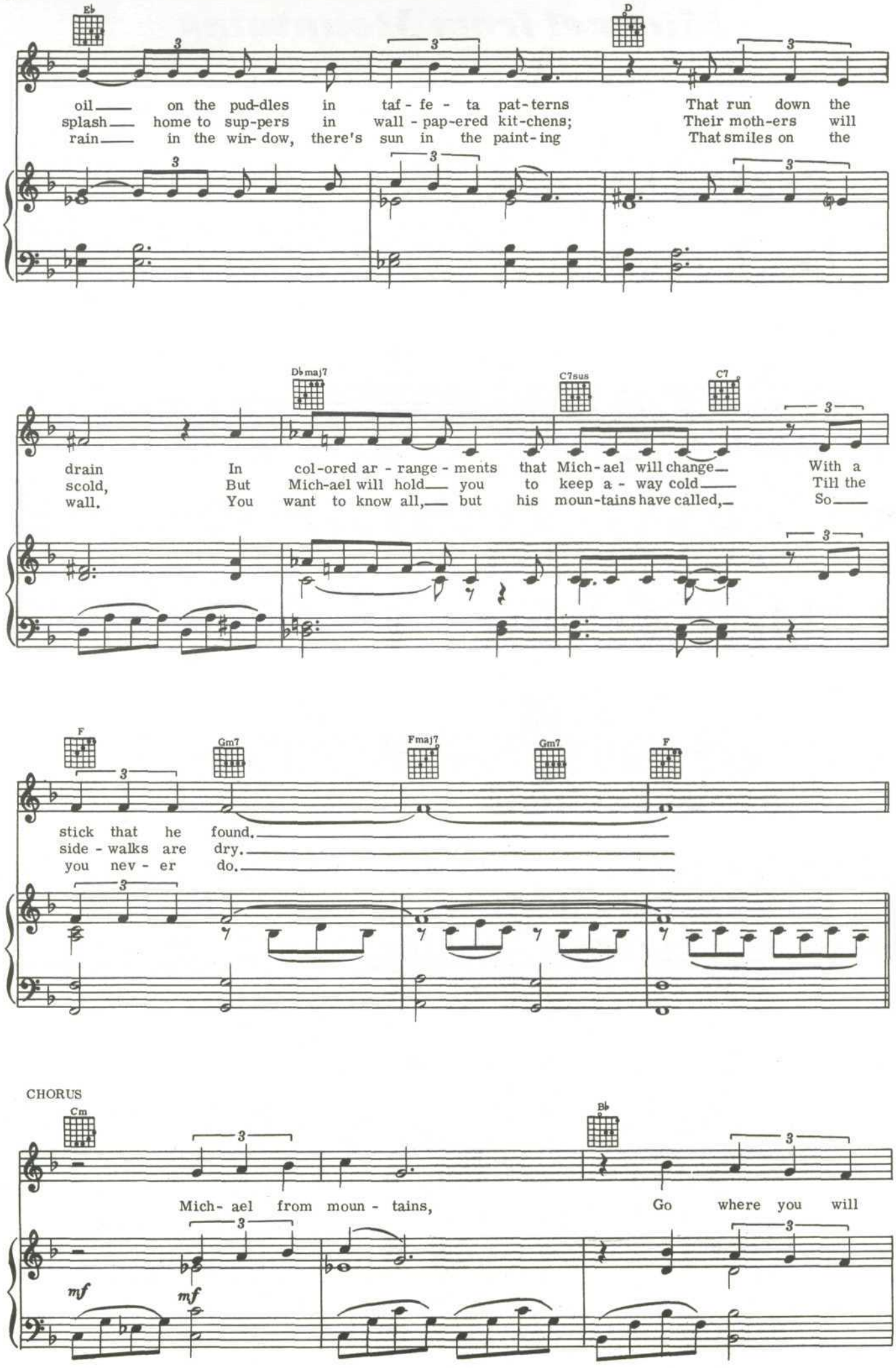
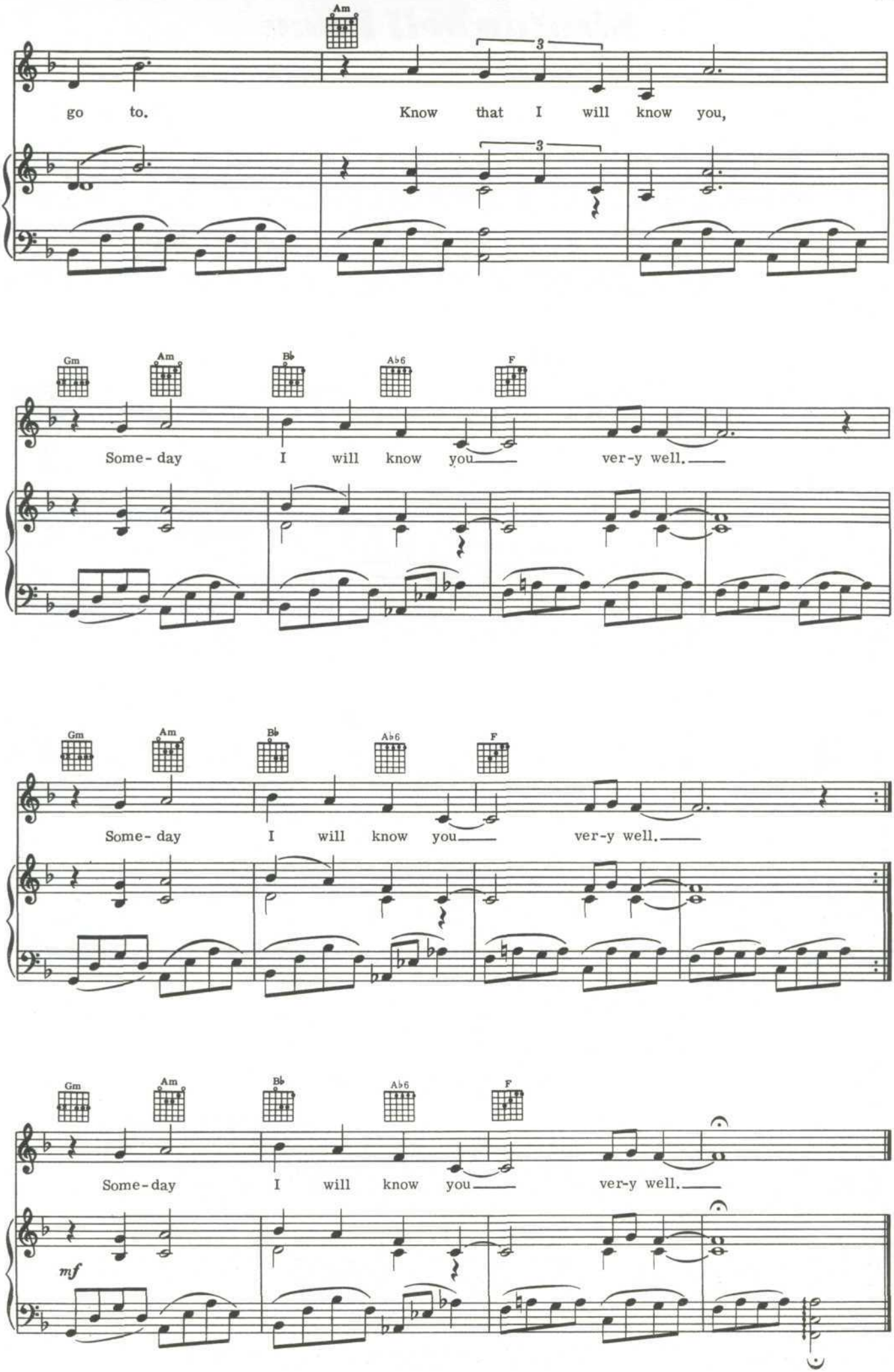
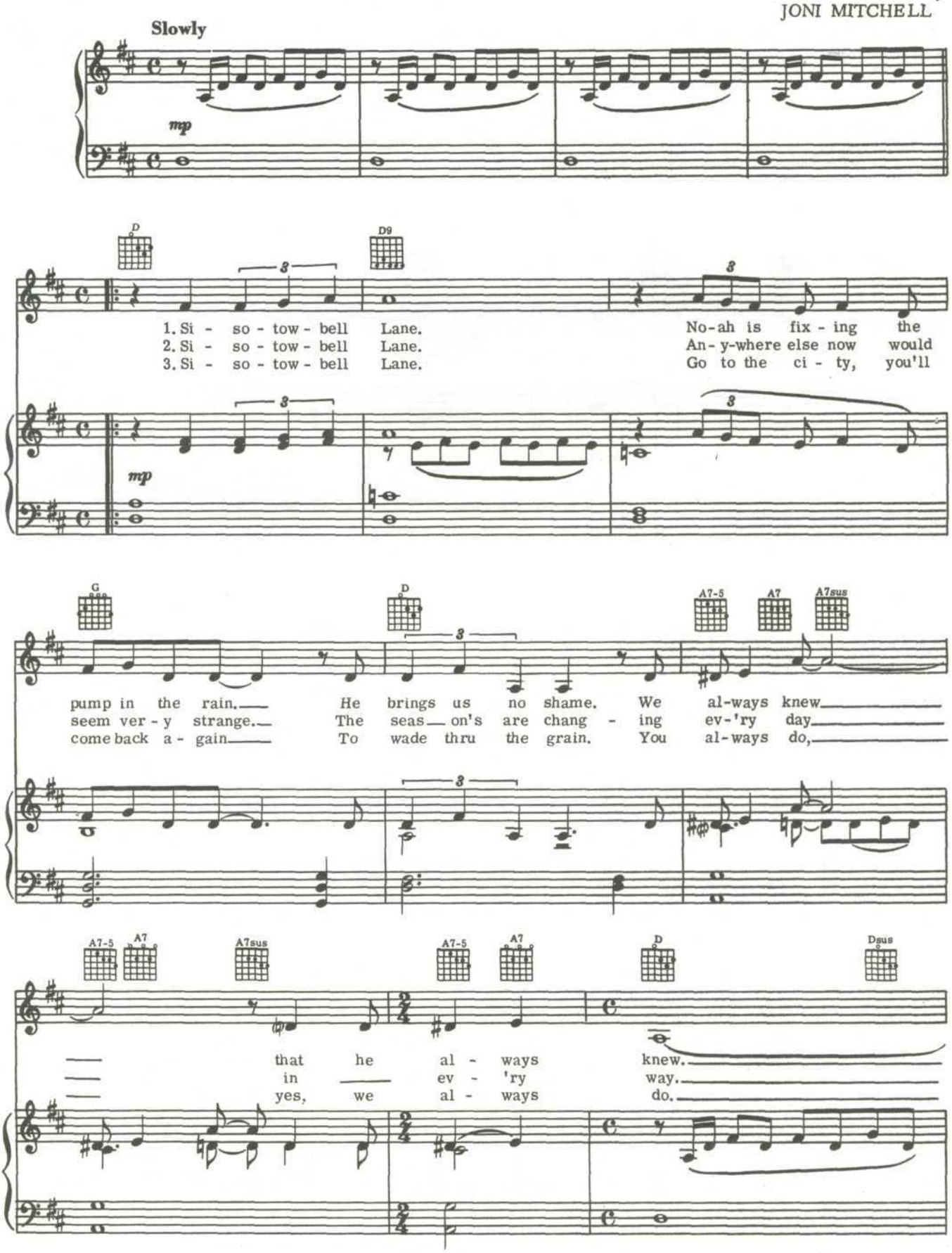

Eb
D
oil on the pud-dles in taf - fe - ta pat-terns That run down the
splash home to sup-pers in wall - pap-ered kit-chens; Their moth-ers will
rain in the win- dow, there's sun in the paint-ing That smiles on the
Dbmaj7
C7sus
C7
drain In col-ored ar - range - ments that Mich-ael will change With a
scold, But Mich-ael will hold you to keep a - way cold Till the
wall. You want to know all, but his moun-tains have called, So
F
Gm7
Fmaj7
Gm7
F
stick that he found.
side - walks are dry.
you nev - er do.
CHORUS
Cm
Bb
Mich- ael from moun - tains, Go where you will
mf
mf


Am
go to. Know that I will know you,
Gm Am B♭ A♭6 F
Some-day I will know you ver-y well.
Gm Am B♭ A♭6 F
Some-day I will know you ver-y well.
Gm Am B♭ A♭6 F
Some-day I will know you ver-y well.
mf

Sisotowbell Lane

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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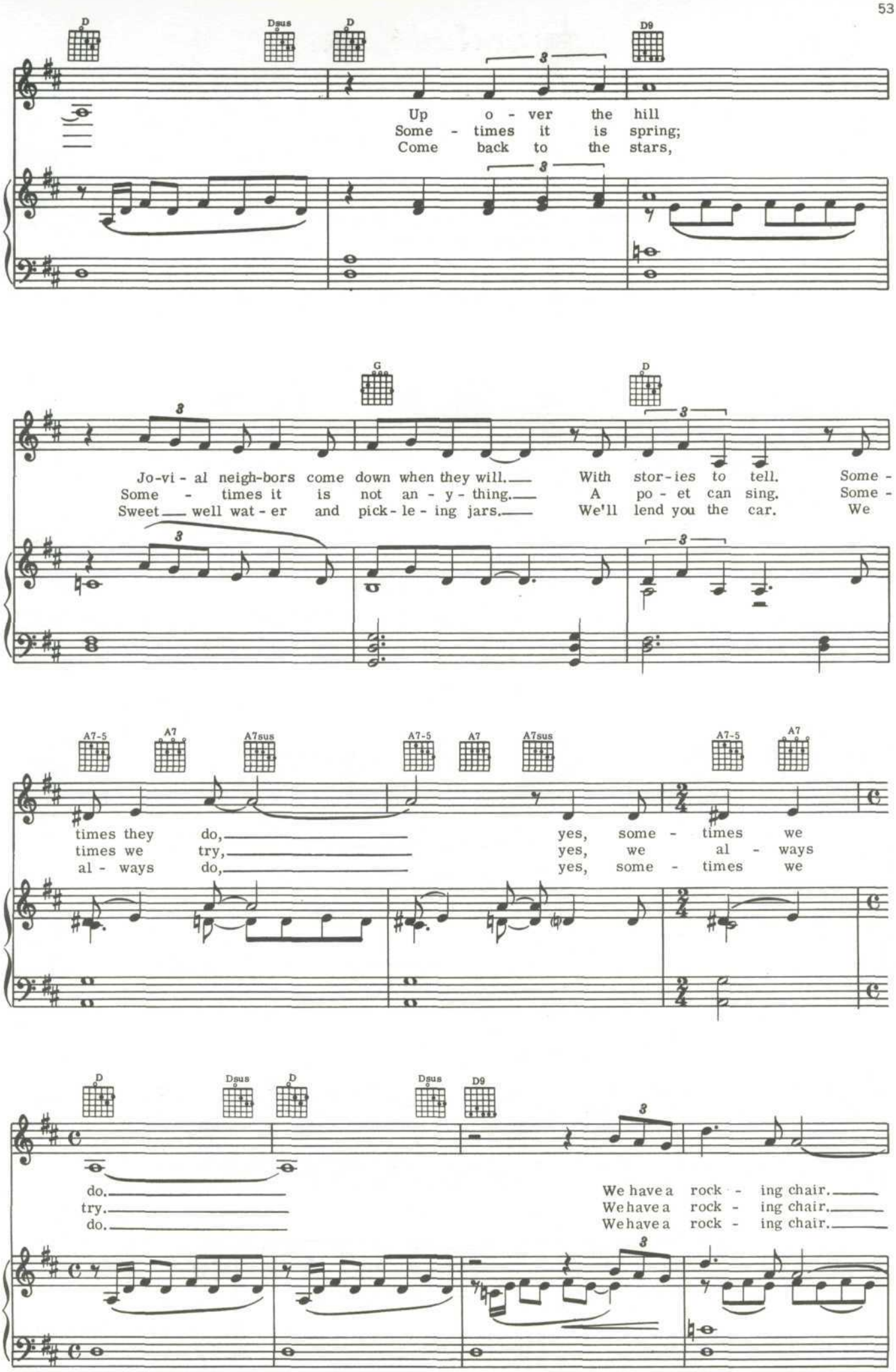
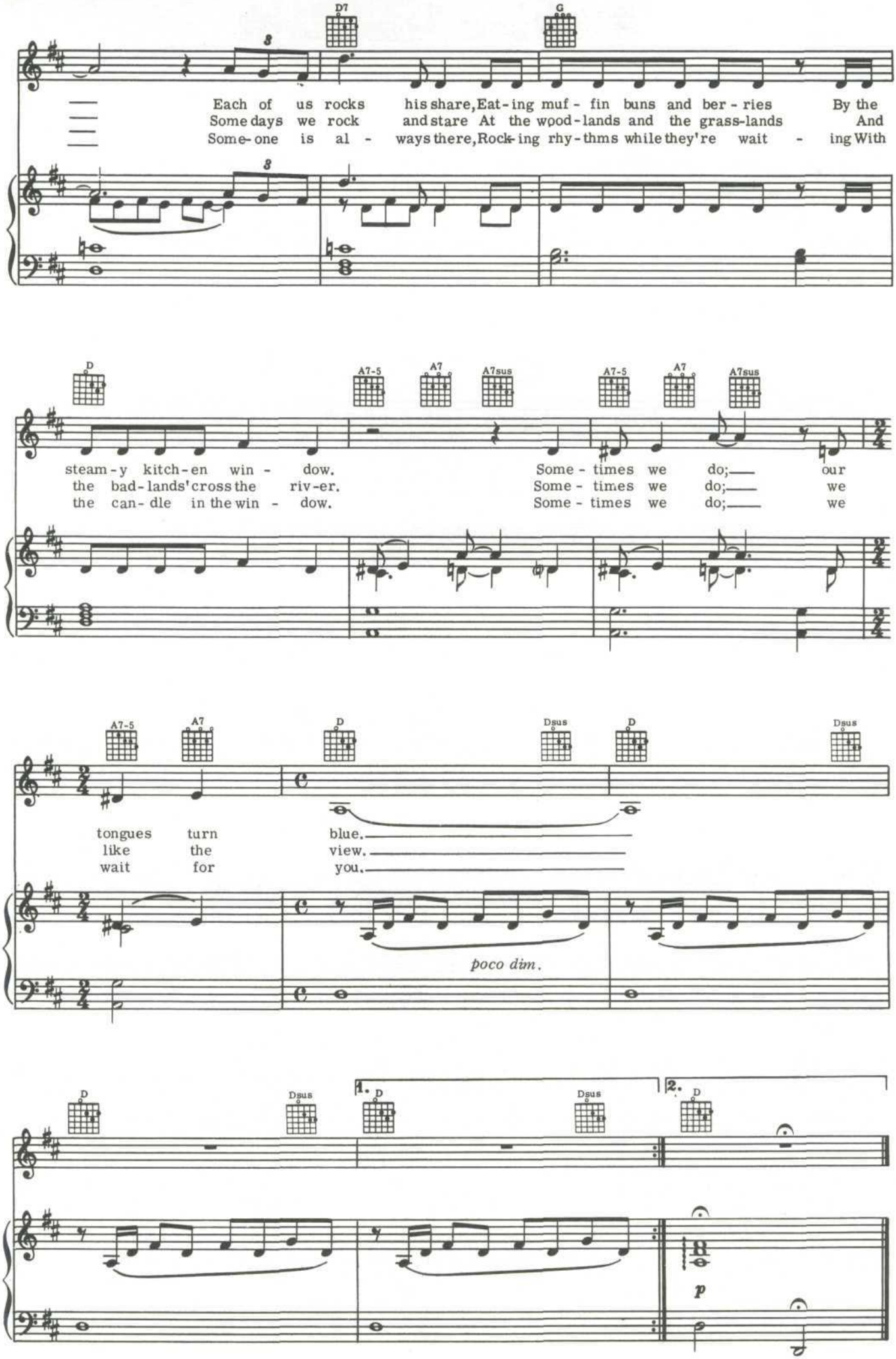
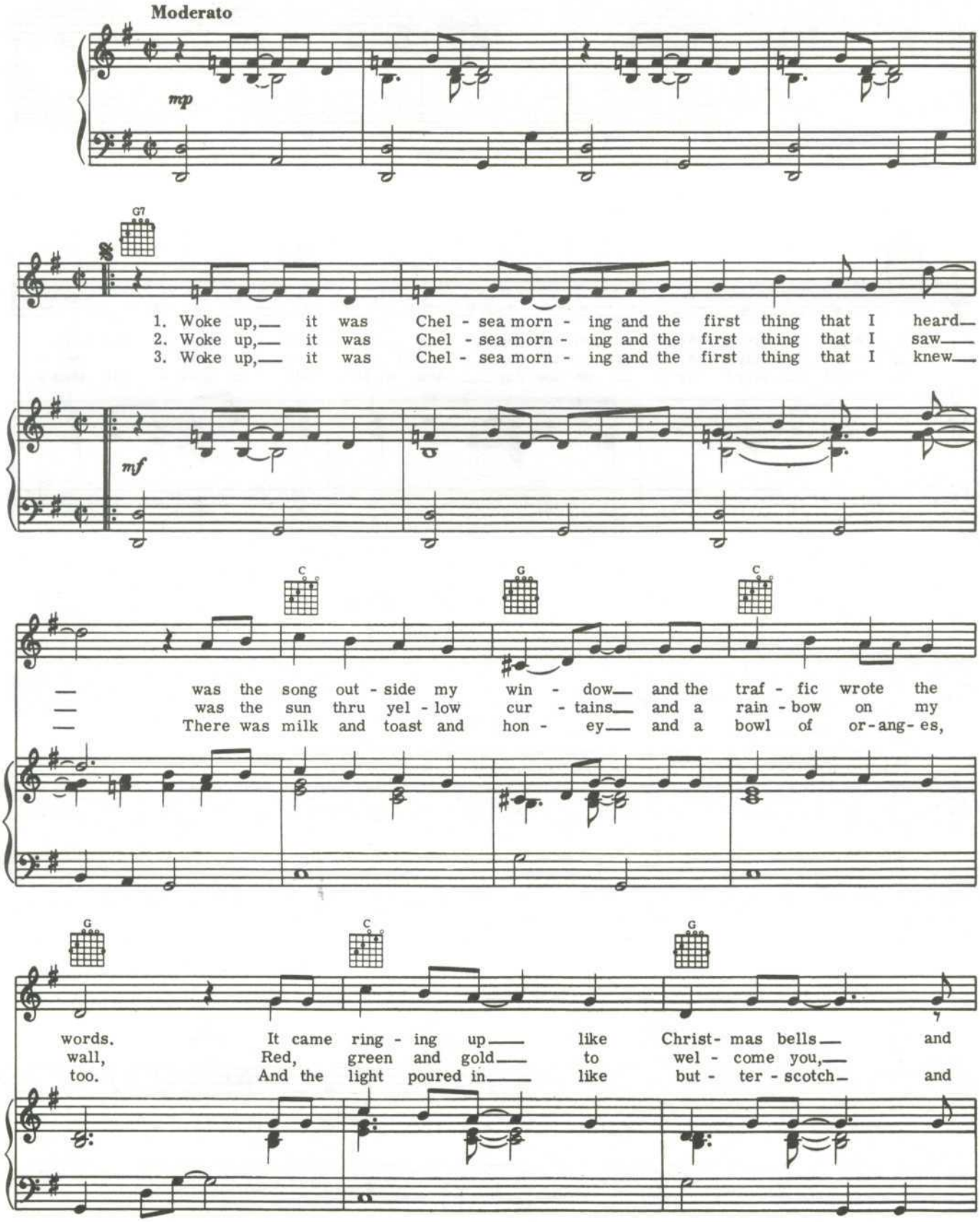

D
Dsus
D
D9
Up o - ver the hill
Some - times it is spring;
Come back to the stars,
G
D
Jo-vi - al neigh-bors come down when they will.
Some - times it is not an - y - thing.
Sweet well wat - er and pick - le - ing jars.
With stor - ies to tell. Some -
A po - et can sing. Some -
We'll lend you the car. We
A7-5
A7
A7sus
A7-5
A7
A7sus
A7-5
A7
times they do, yes, some - times we
times we try, yes, we al - ways
al - ways do, yes, some - times we
D
Dsus
D
Dsus
D9
do.
try.
do.
We have a rock - ing chair.
We have a rock - ing chair.
We have a rock - ing chair.


D7
G
Each of us rocks his share, Eat-ing muf-fin buns and ber-ries By the
Some days we rock and stare At the wood-lands and the grass-lands And
Some-one is al-ways there, Rock-ing rhy-thms while they're wait-ing With
D
A7-5
A7
A7sus
steam-y kitch-en win-dow. Some-times we do; our
the bad-lands cross the riv-er. Some-times we do; we
the can-dle in the win-dow. Some-times we do; we
A7-5
A7
D
Dsus
D
Dsus
tongues turn blue.
like the view.
wait for you.
poco dim.
D
Dsus
1.
D
Dsus
2.
D
p

Chelsea Morning

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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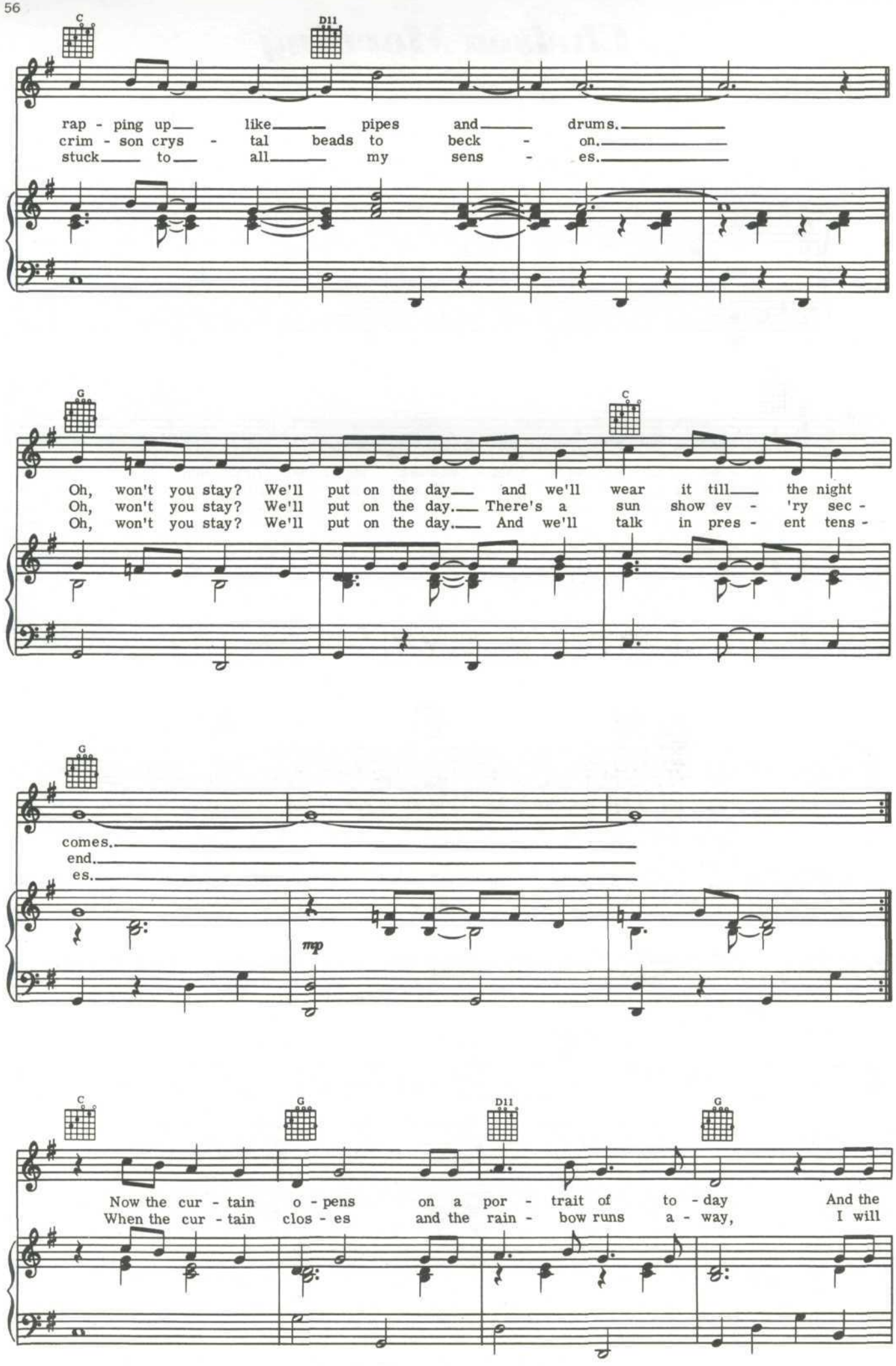
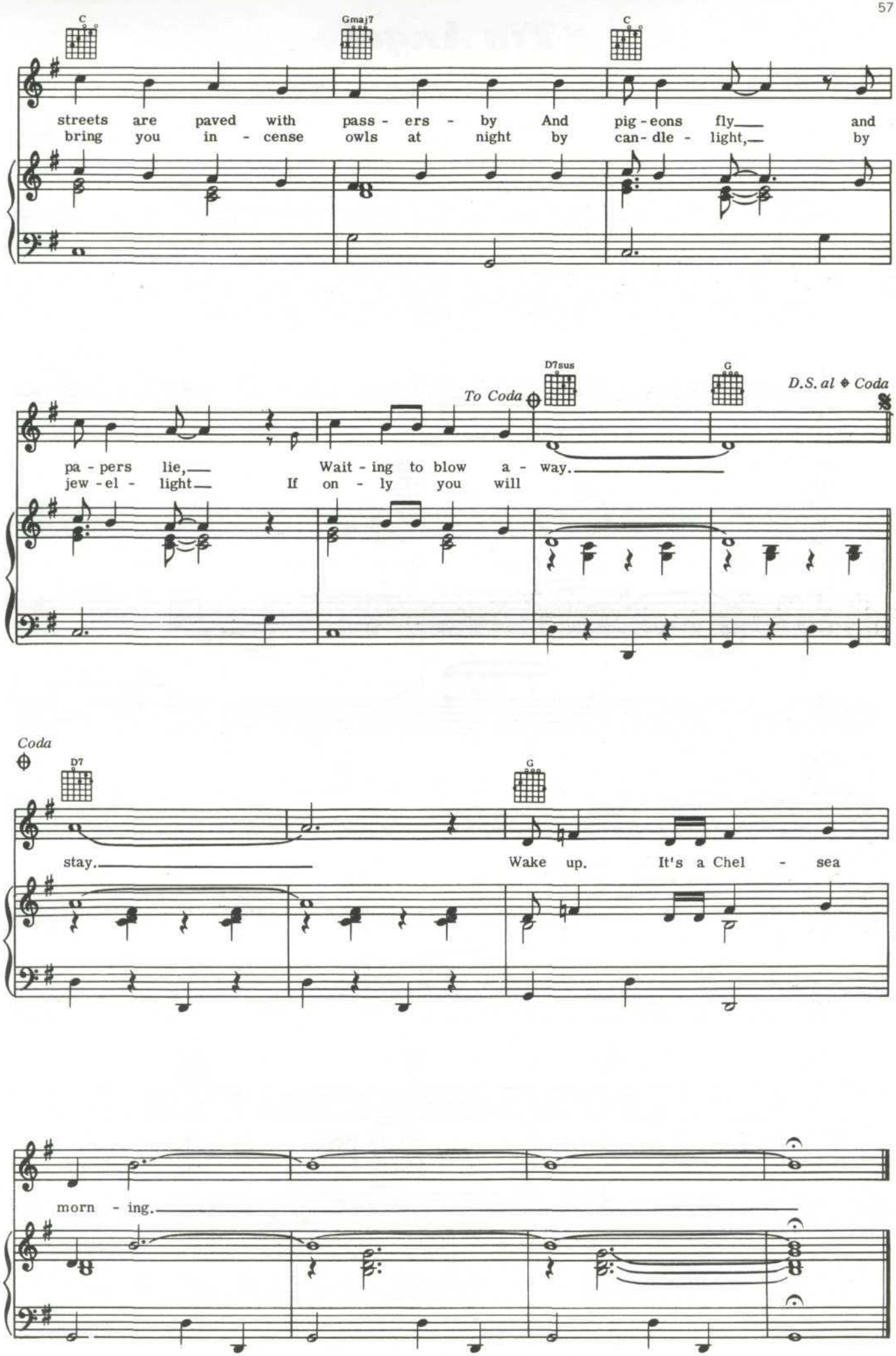
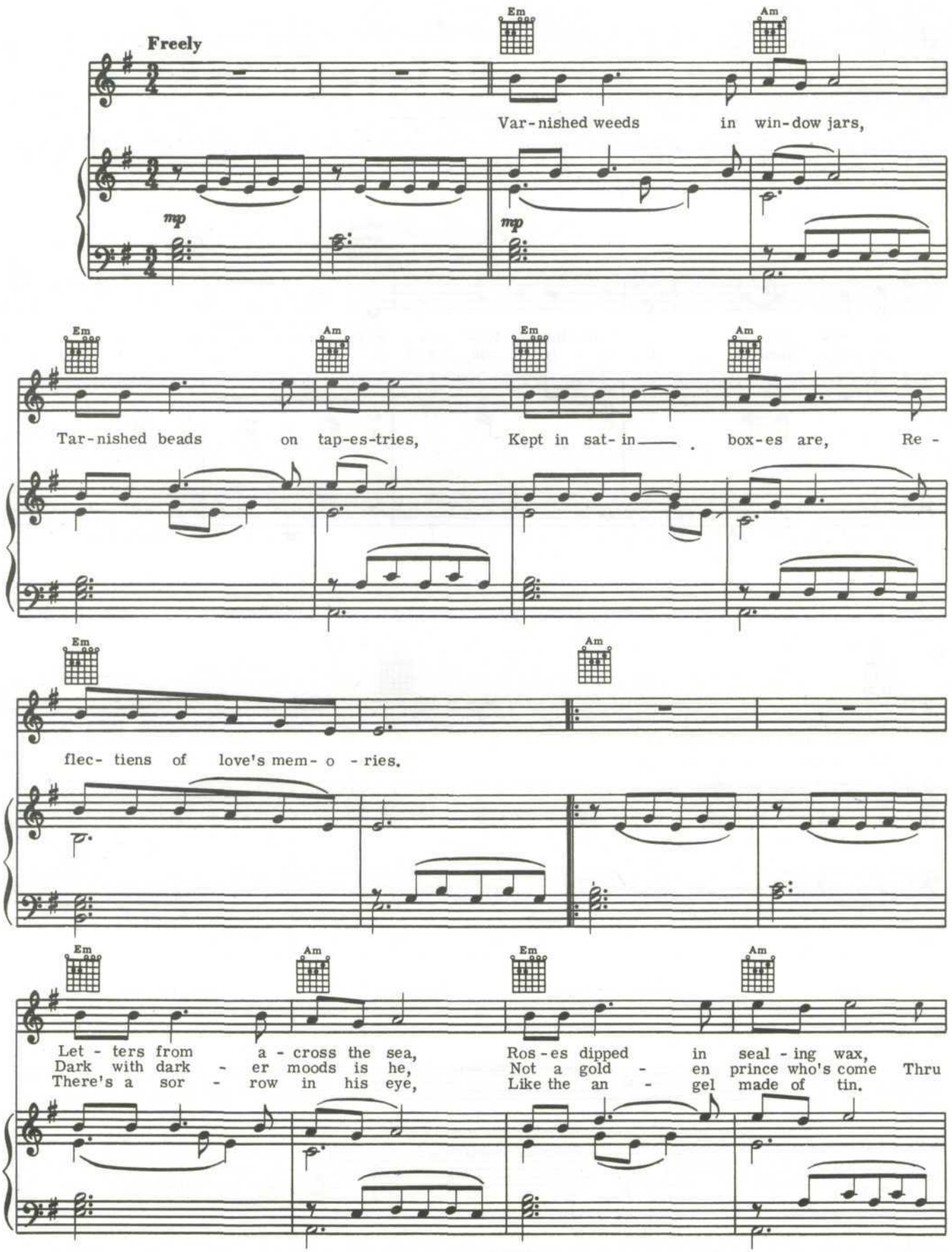

C
D11
rap - ping up like pipes and drums.
crim - son crys - tal beads to beck - on.
stuck to all my sens - es.
G
C
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day and we'll wear it till the night
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day. There's a sun show ev - 'ry sec -
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day. And we'll talk in pres - ent tens -
G
comes.
end.
es.
mp
C
G
D11
G
Now the cur - tain o - pens on a por - trait of to - day And the
When the cur - tain clos - es and the rain - bow runs a - way, I will


C
Gmaj7
C
streets are paved with pass - ers - by And pig - eons fly and
bring you in - cense owls at night by can - dle - light, by
To Coda
D7sus
G
D.S. al ⊕ Coda
pa - pers lie, Wait - ing to blow a - way.
jew - el - light If on - ly you will
Coda
D7
G
stay. Wake up. It's a Chel - sea
morn - ing.

Tin Angel

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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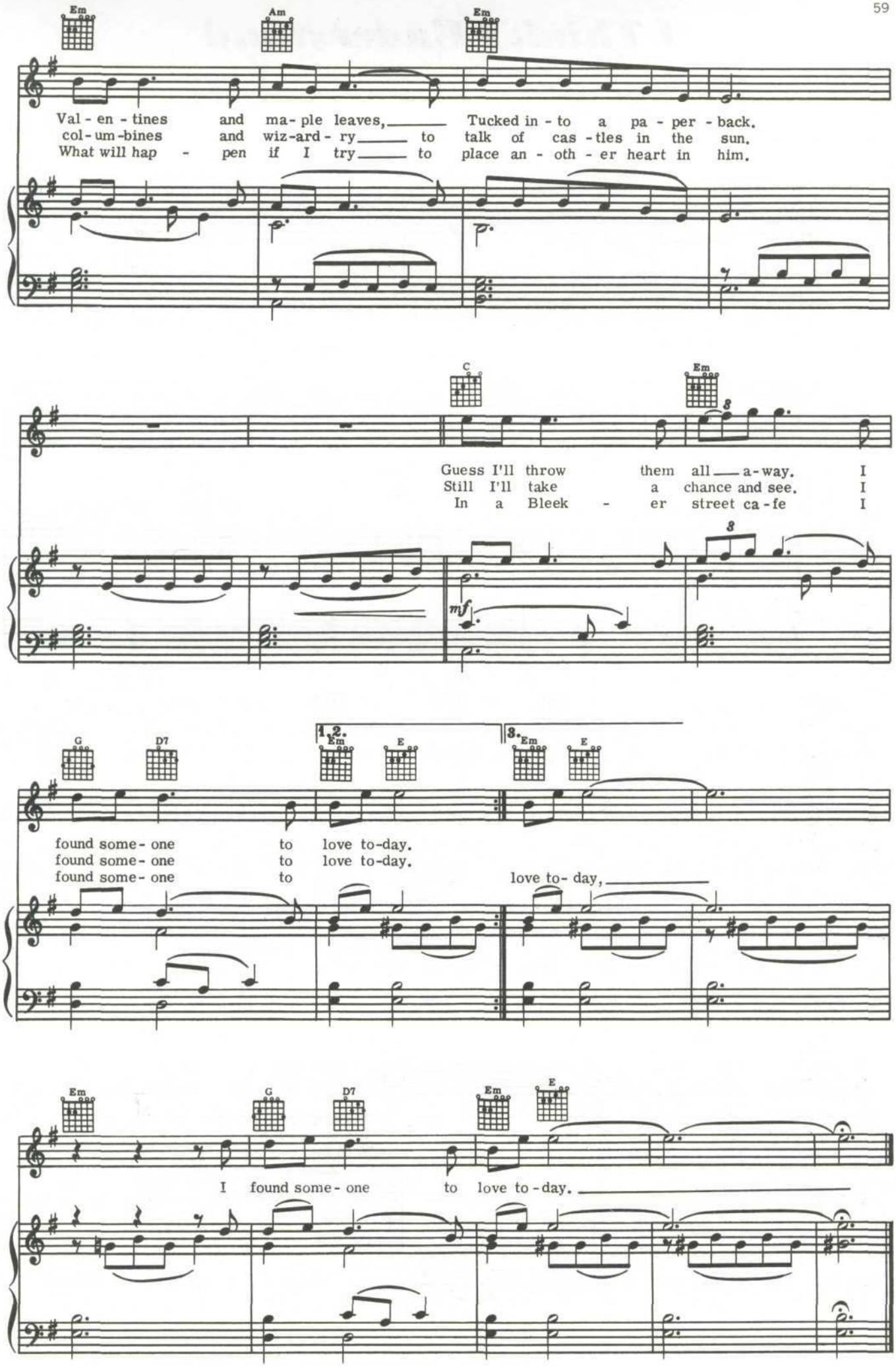
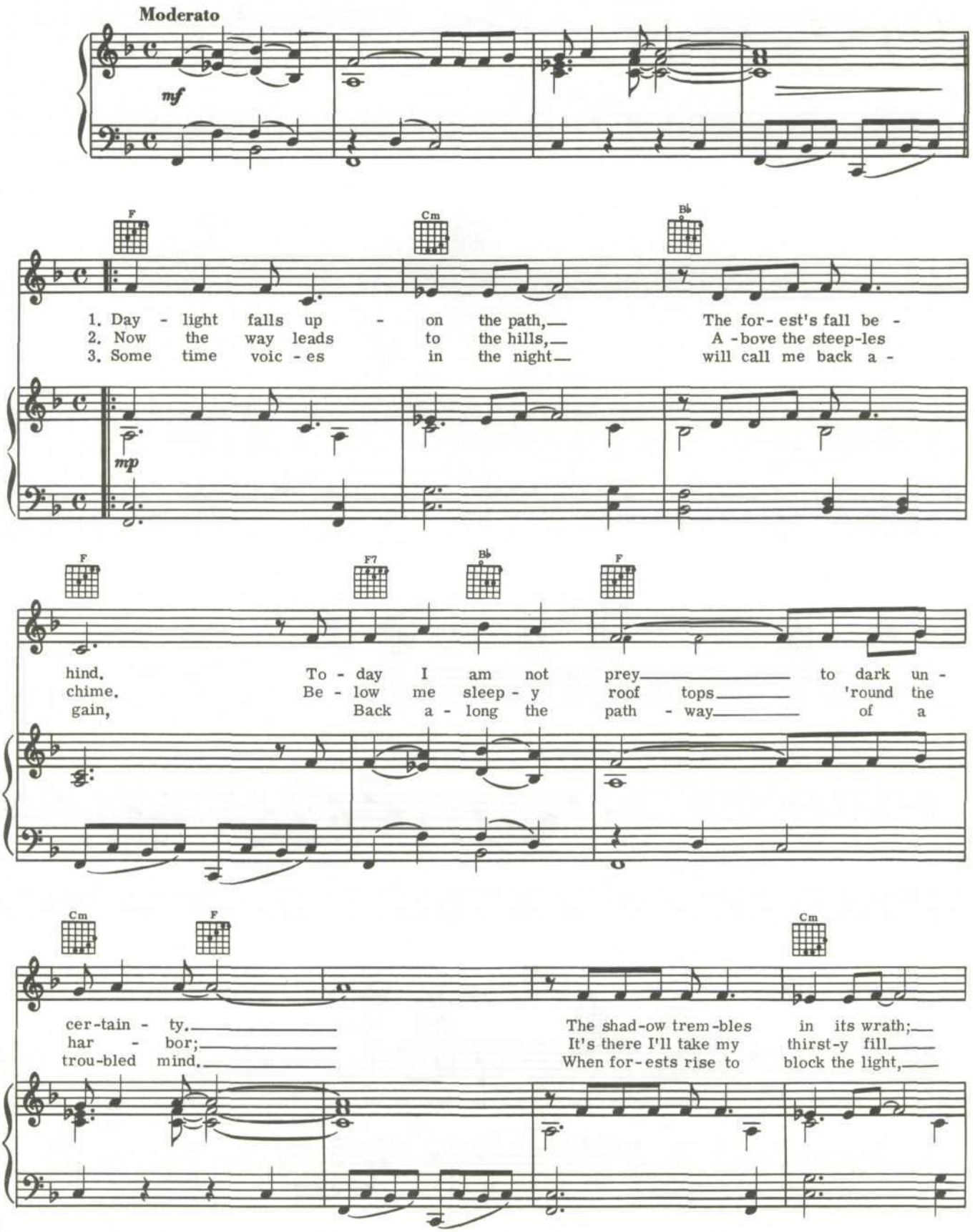

Em
Am
Em
Val - en - tines and ma - ple leaves, Tucked in - to a pa - per - back.
col - um - bines and wiz - ard - ry to talk of cas - tles in the sun.
What will hap - pen if I try to place an - oth - er heart in him.
C
Em
Guess I'll throw them all a - way. I
Still I'll take a chance and see. I
In a Bleek - er street ca - fe I
mf
G
D7
1.,2.
Em
E
3.
Em
E
found some - one to love to - day.
found some - one to love to - day.
found some - one to love to - day,
Em
G
D7
Em
E
I found some - one to love to - day.

I Think I Understand

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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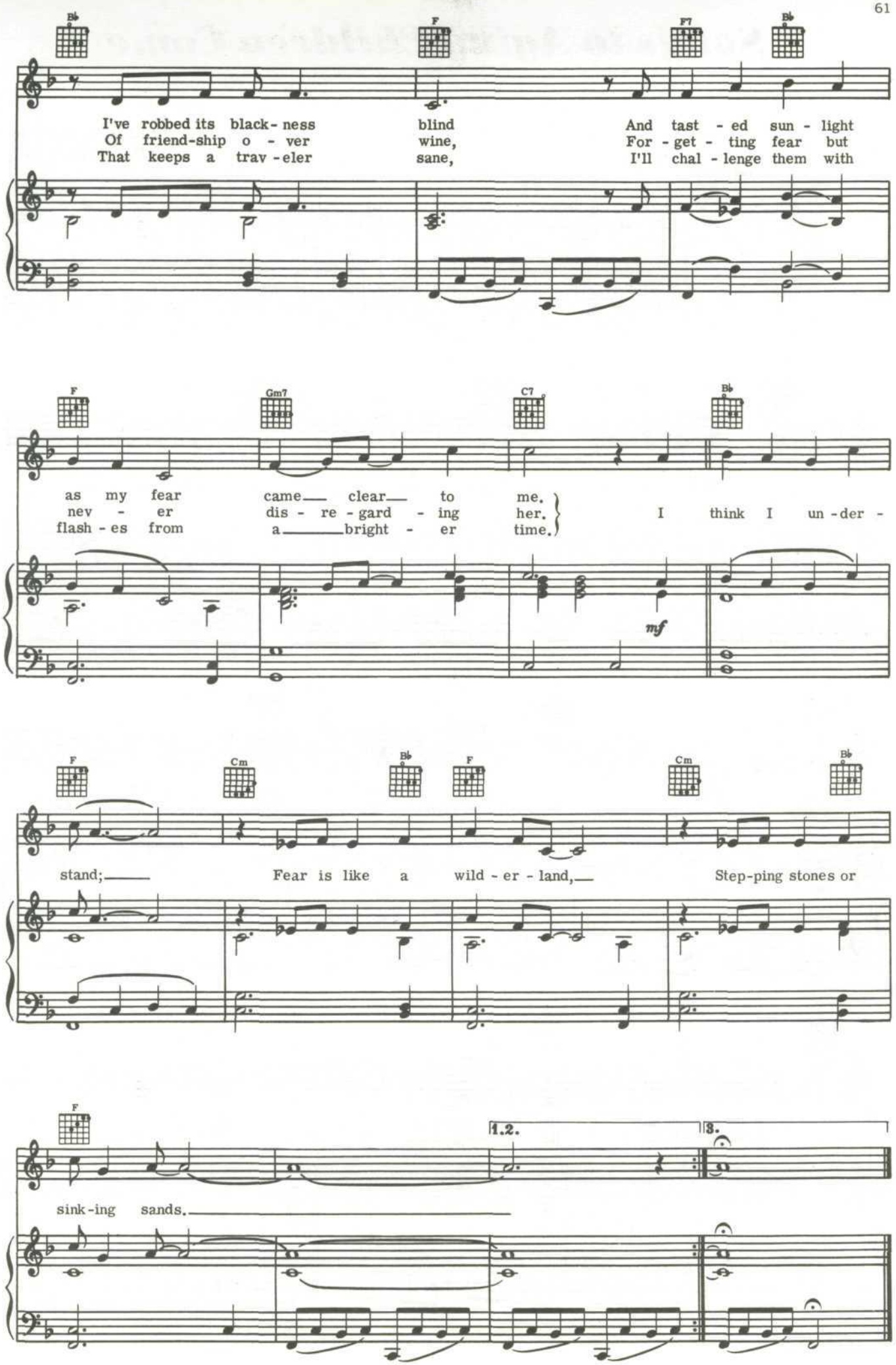
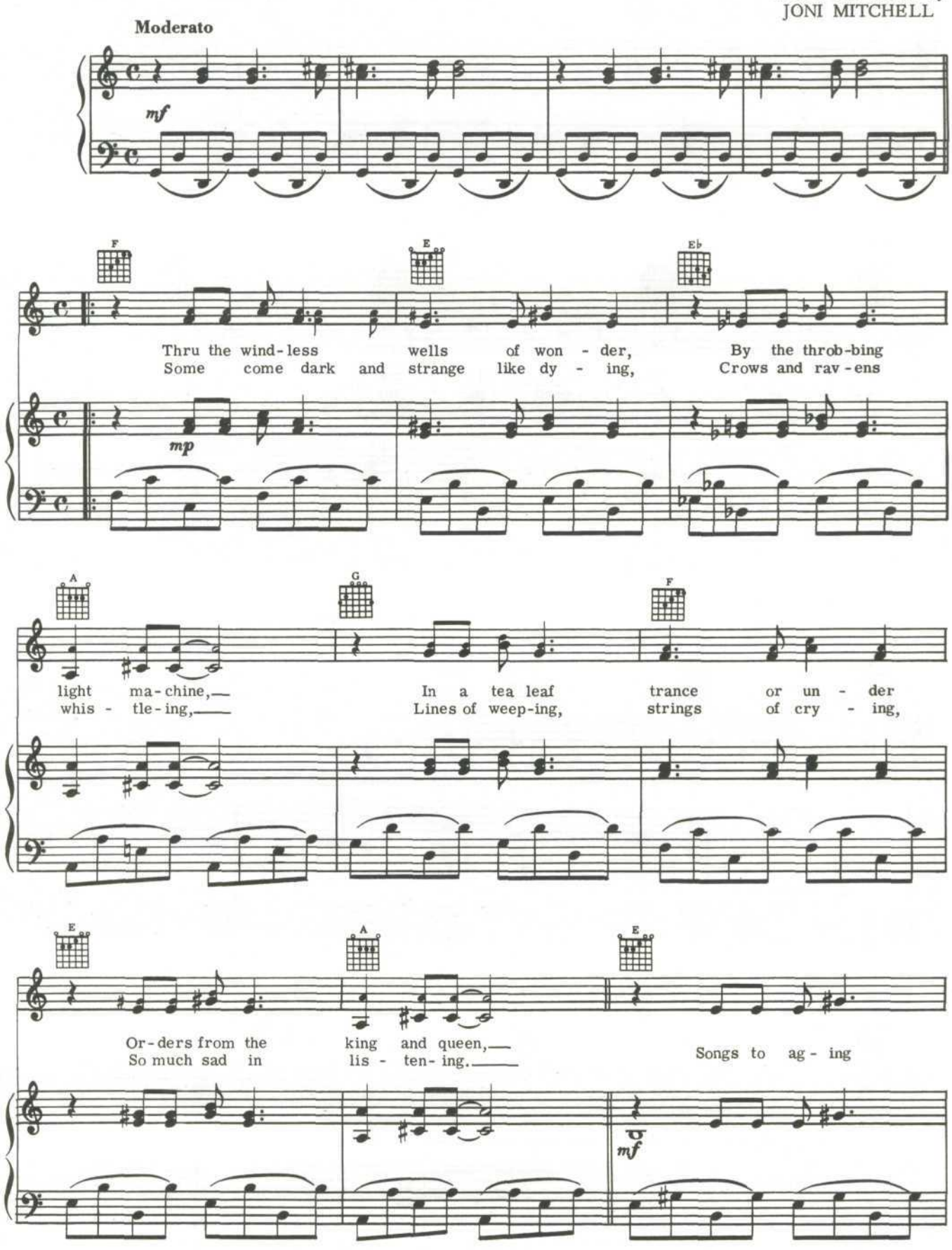

B♭ F F7 B♭
I've robbed its black- ness blind And tast - ed sun - light
Of friend-ship o - ver wine, For - get - ting fear but
That keeps a trav - eler sane, I'll chal - lenge them with
F Gm7 C7 B♭
as my fear came clear to me.
nev - er dis - re - gard - ing her.
flash - es from a bright - er time.
I think I un - der -
mf
F Cm B♭ F Cm B♭
stand; Fear is like a wild - er - land, Step-ping stones or
F 1.2. 3.
sink - ing sands.

Songs to Aging Children Come

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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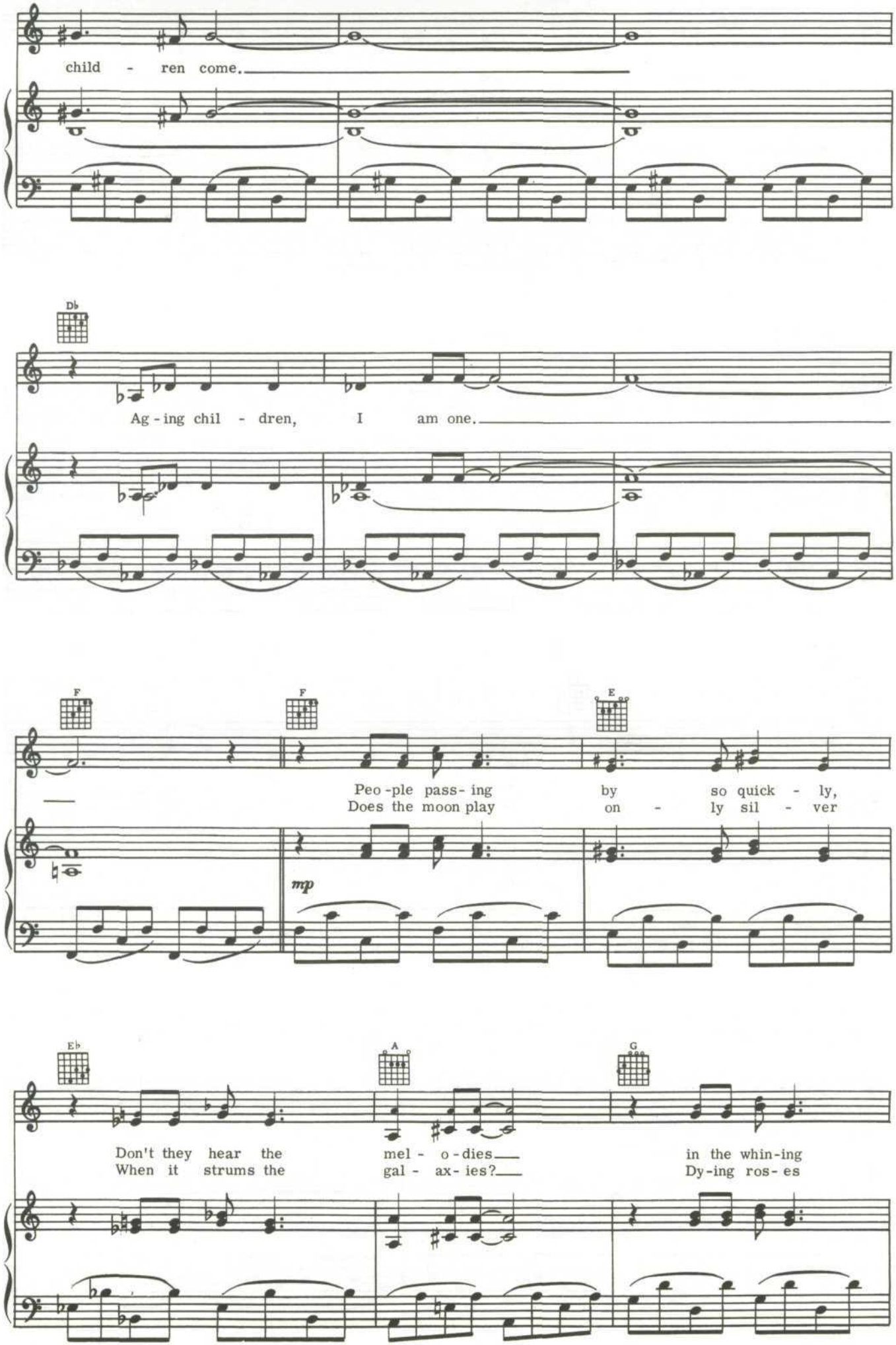
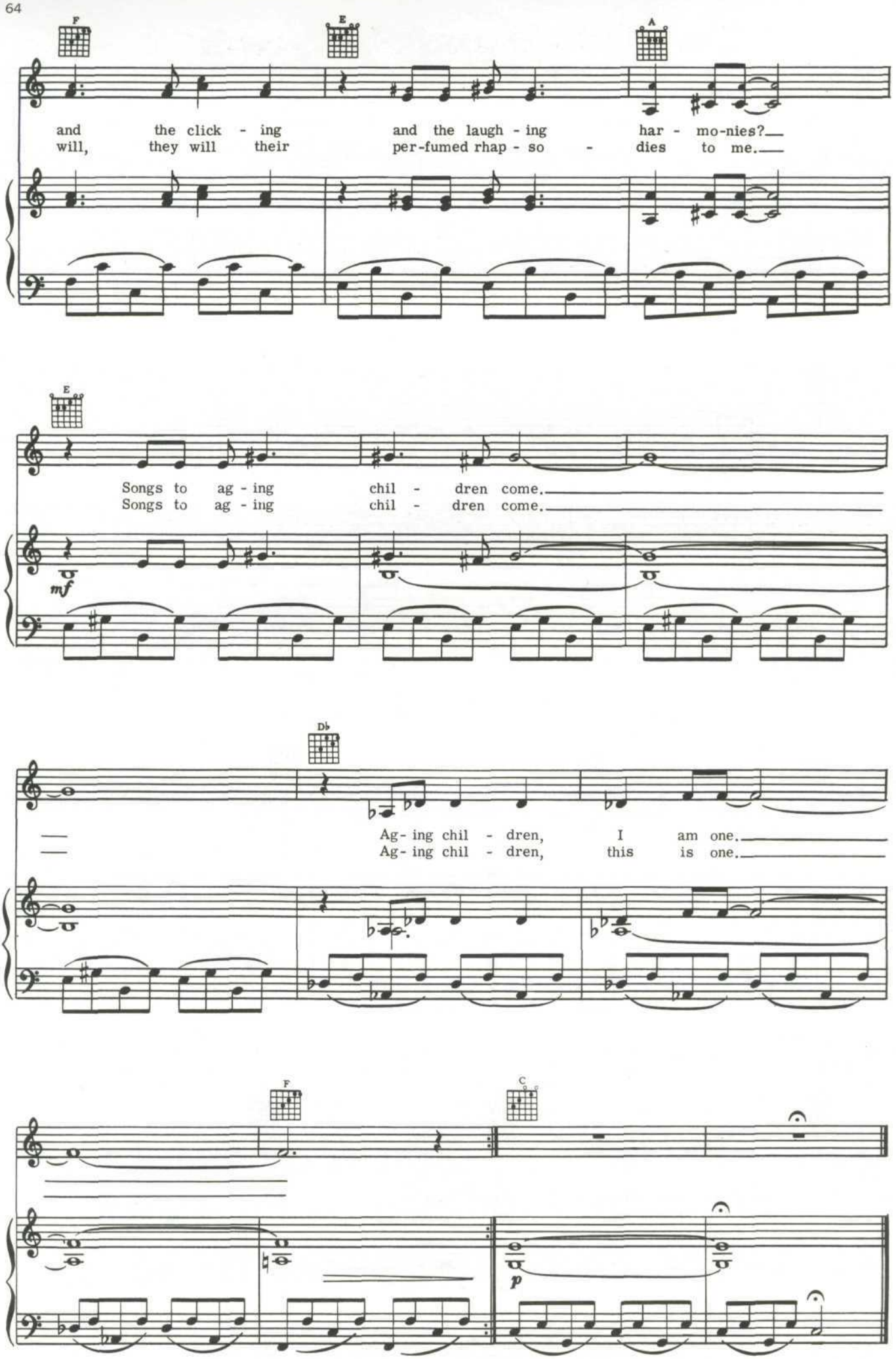
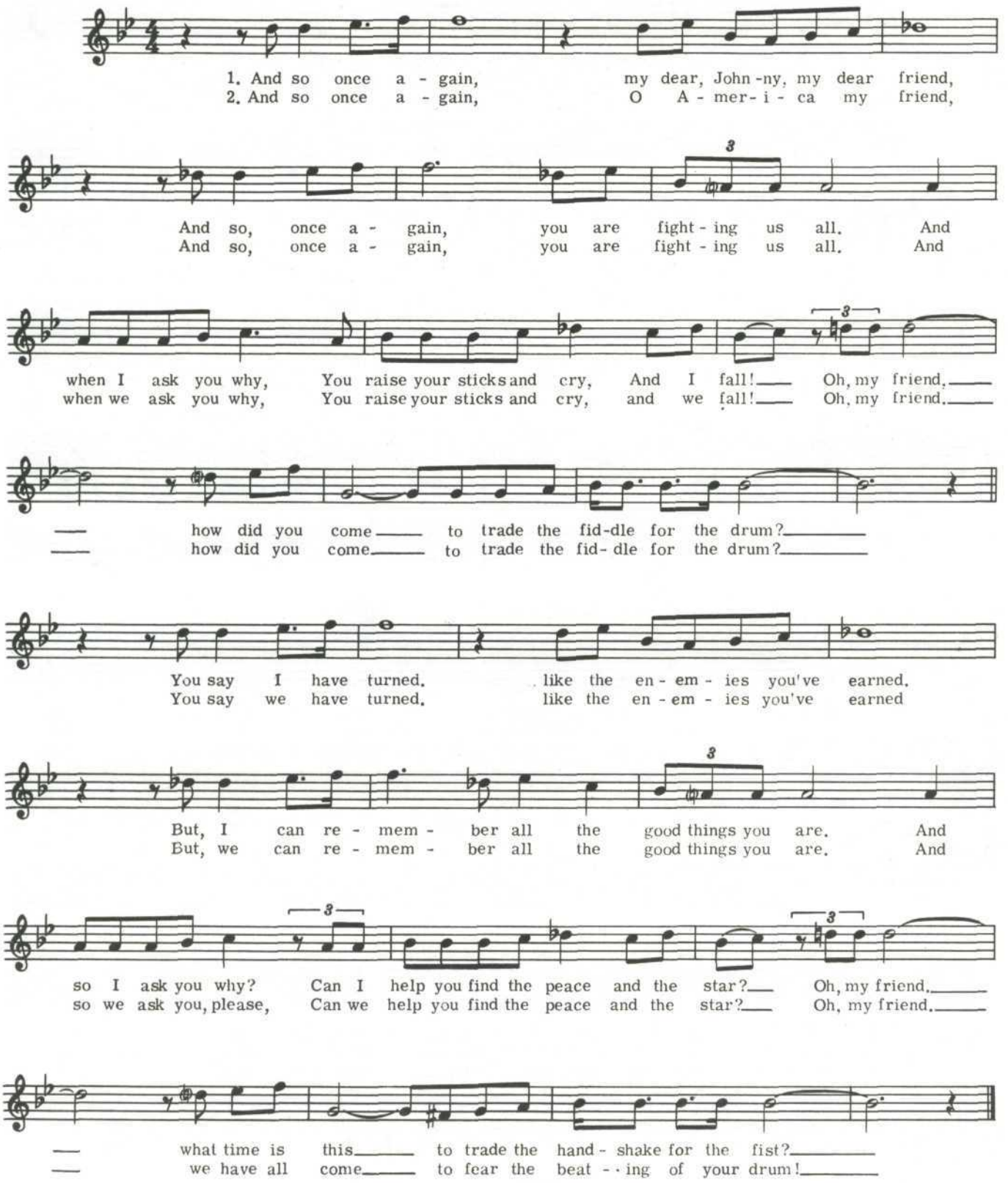

child - ren come.
Db
Ag - ing chil - dren, I am one.
F
F
E
Peo - ple pass - ing by so quick - ly,
Does the moon play on - ly sil - ver
mp
Eb
A
G
Don't they hear the mel - o - dies in the whin - ing
When it strums the gal - ax - ies? Dy - ing ros - es


F
E
A
and the click - ing and the laugh - ing har - mo-nies?
will, they will their per-fumed rhap - so - dies to me.
E
Songs to ag - ing chil - dren come.
Songs to ag - ing chil - dren come.
mf
D♭
Ag- ing chil - dren, I am one.
Ag- ing chil - dren, this is one.
F
C
p

The Fiddle and the Drum

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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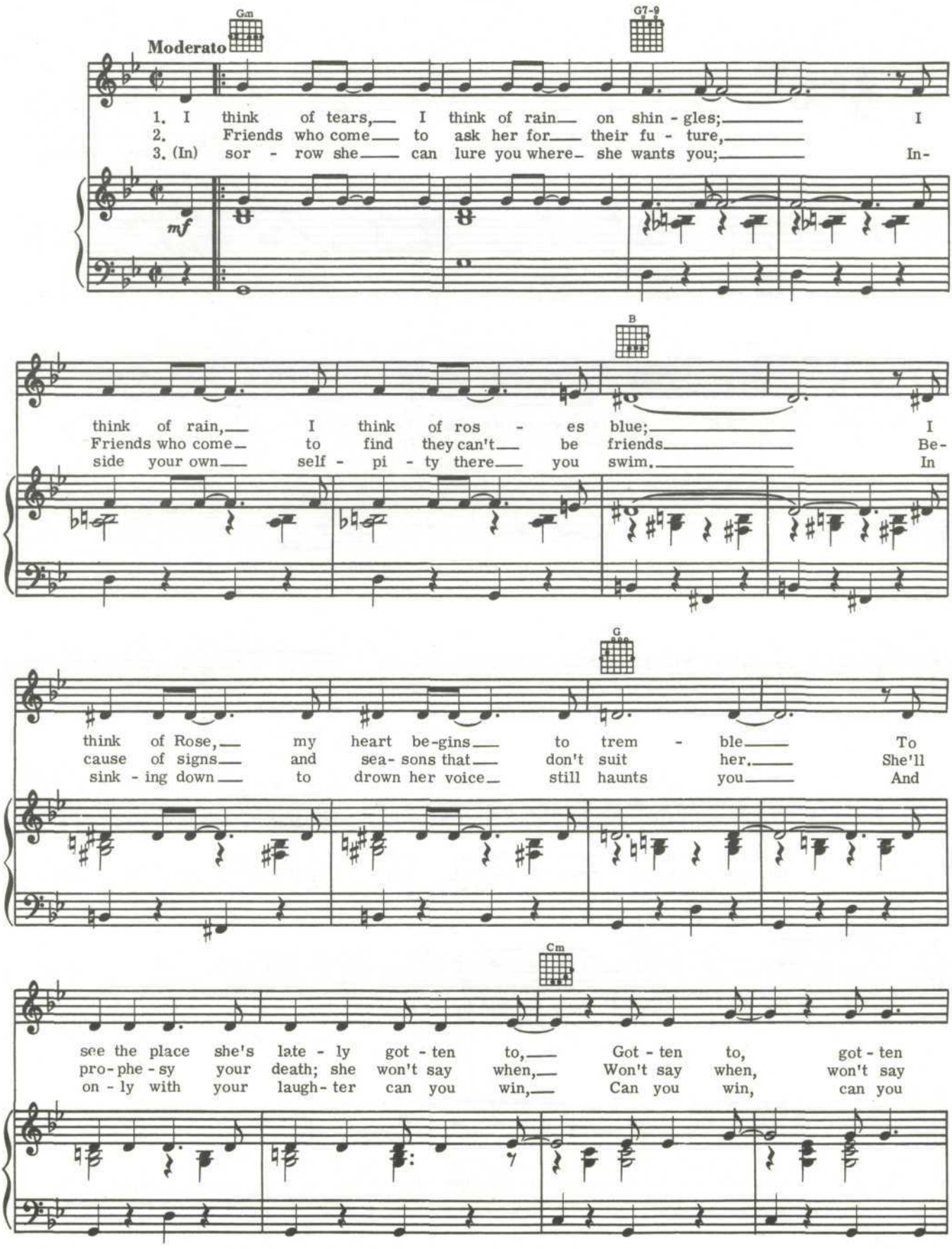
Roses Blue

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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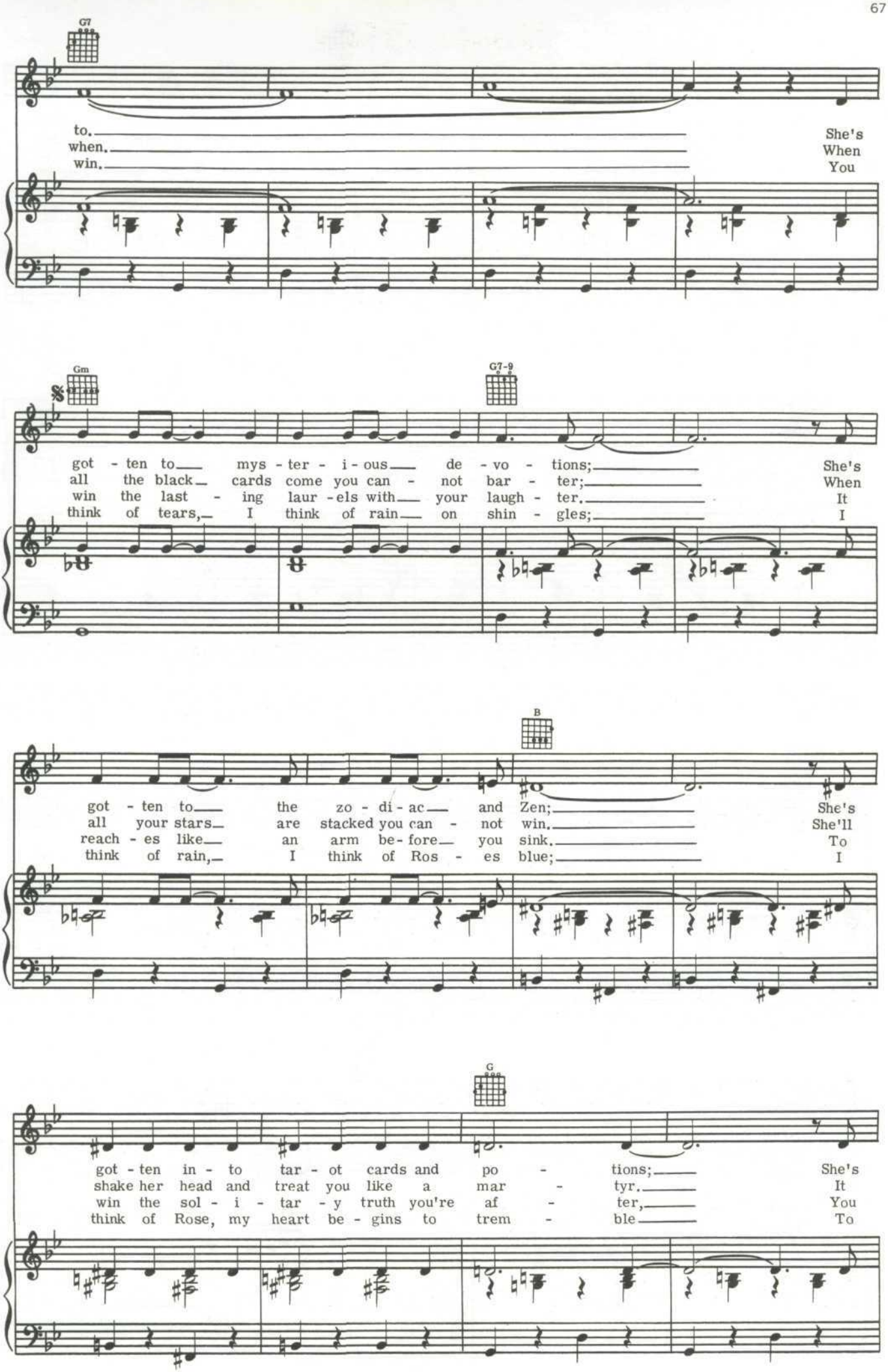
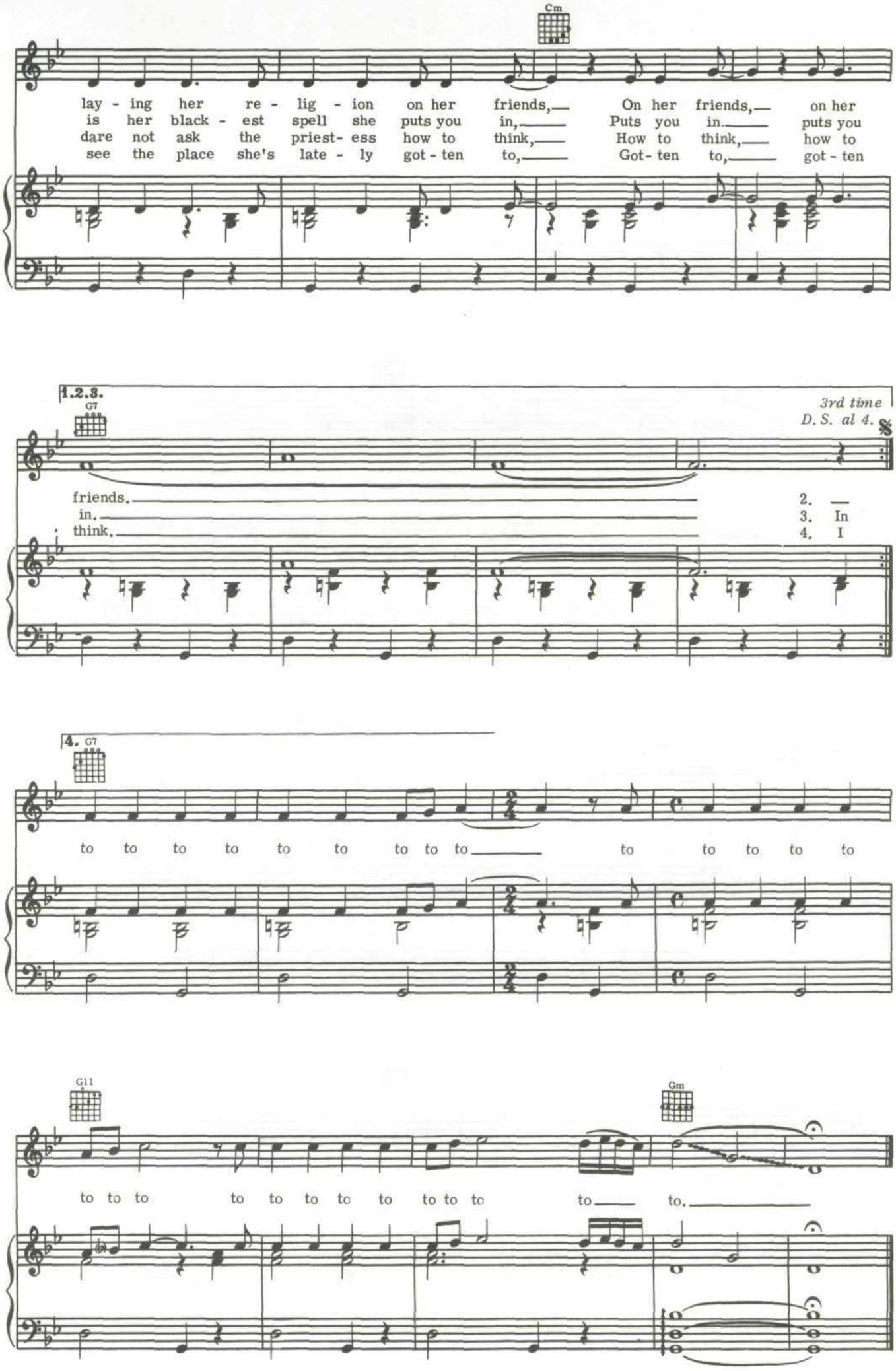
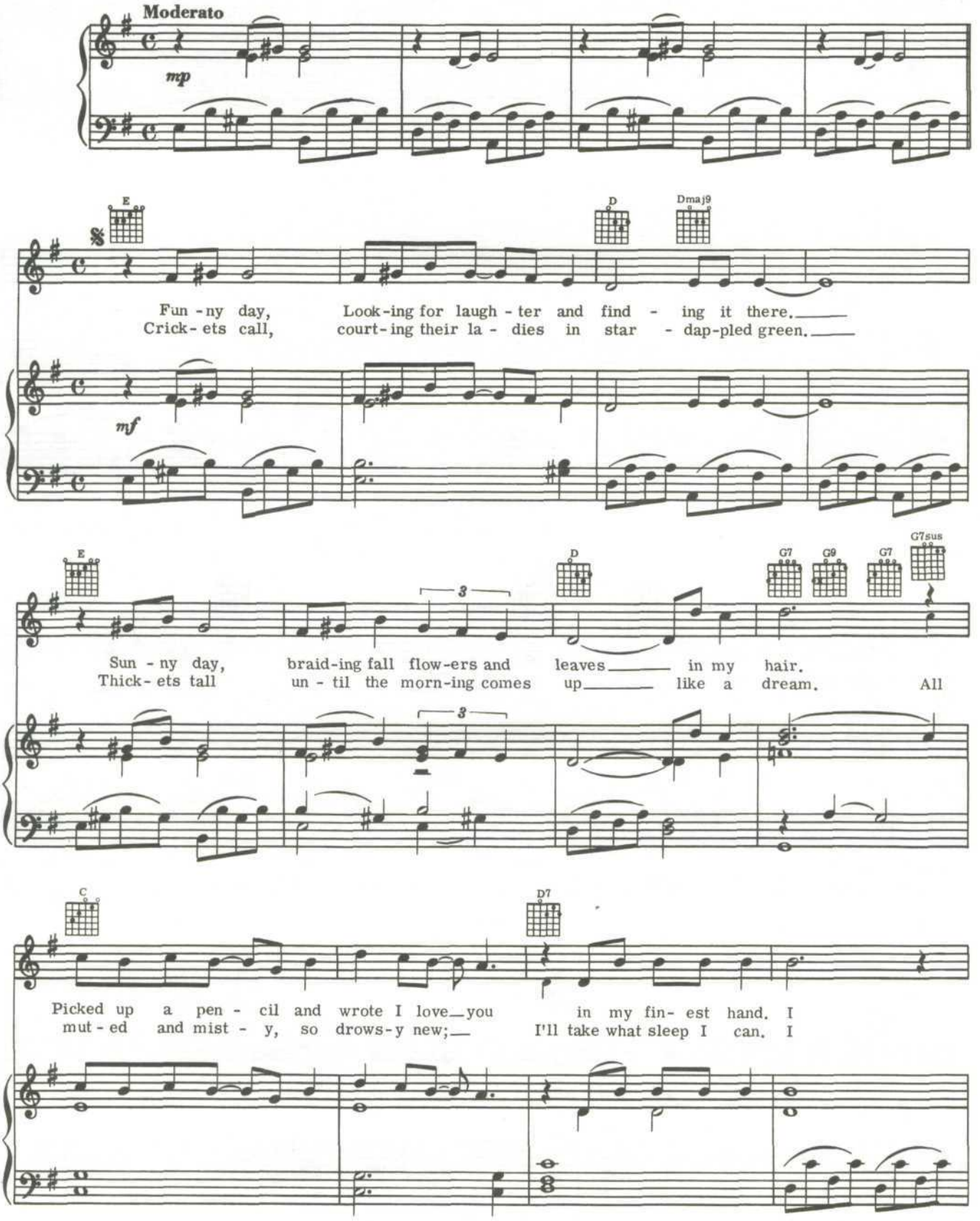

G7
to.
when.
win.
She's
When
You
Gm
G7-9
got - ten to mys - ter - i - ous de - vo - tions;
all the black cards come you can - not bar - ter;
win the last - ing laur - els with your laugh - ter.
think of tears, I think of rain on shin - gles;
She's
When
It
I
B
got - ten to the zo - di - ac and Zen;
all your stars are stacked you can - not win.
reach - es like an arm be - fore you sink.
think of rain, I think of Ros - es blue;
She's
She'll
To
I
G
got - ten in - to tar - ot cards and po - tions;
shake her head and treat you like a mar - tyr.
win the sol - i - tar - y truth you're af - ter,
think of Rose, my heart be - gins to trem - ble
She's
It
You
To


Cm
lay - ing her re - lig - ion on her friends, On her friends, on her
is her black - est spell she puts you in, Puts you in. puts you
dare not ask the priest- ess how to think, How to think, how to
see the place she's late - ly got - ten to, Got- ten to, got - ten
1.2.3.
G7
3rd time
D. S. al 4.
friends.
in.
think.
2. —
3. In
4. I
4. G7
to to to to to to to to to to to to to to
G11
Gm
to to to to to to to to to to to to to.

I Don't Know Where I Stand

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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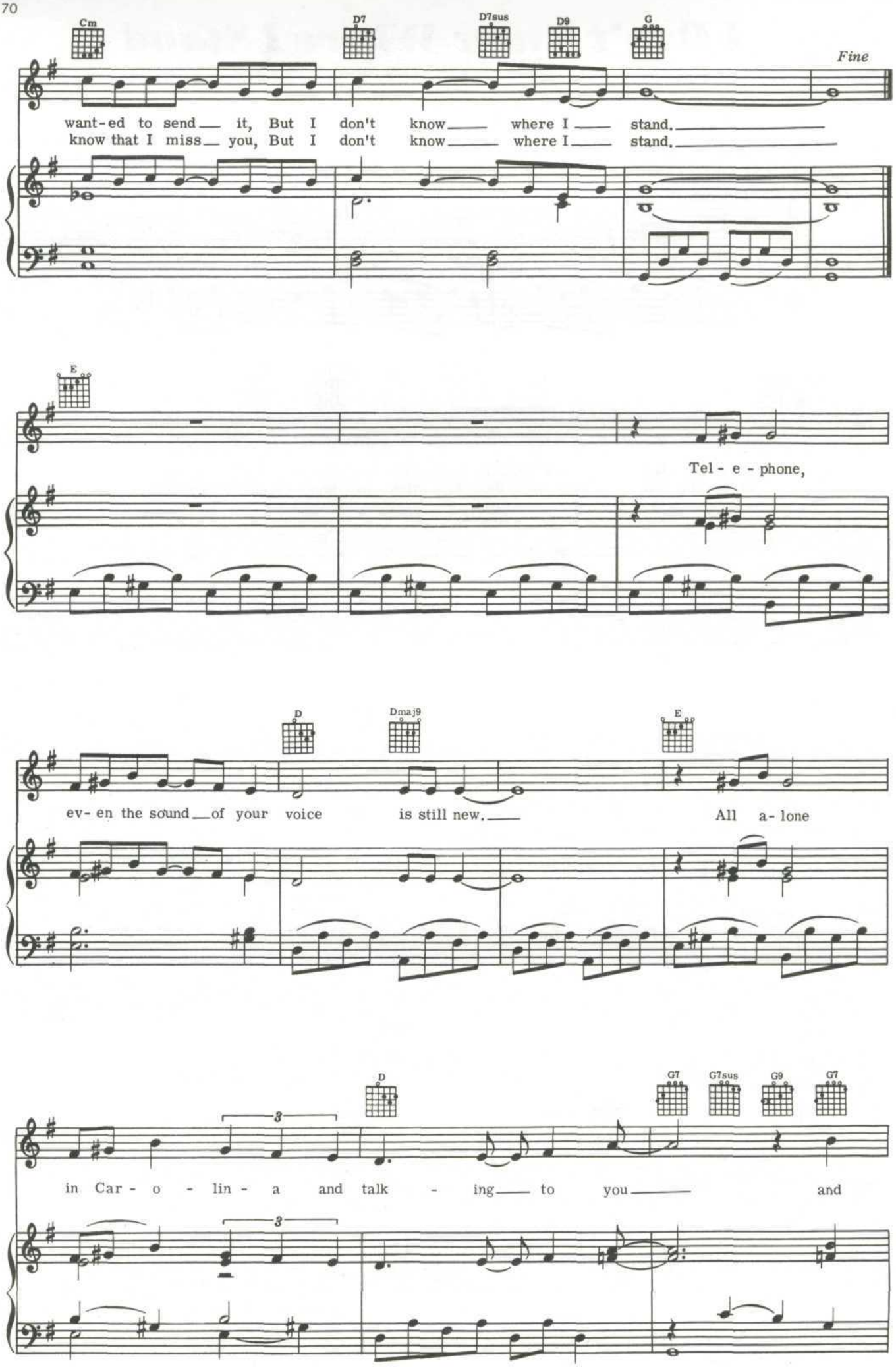
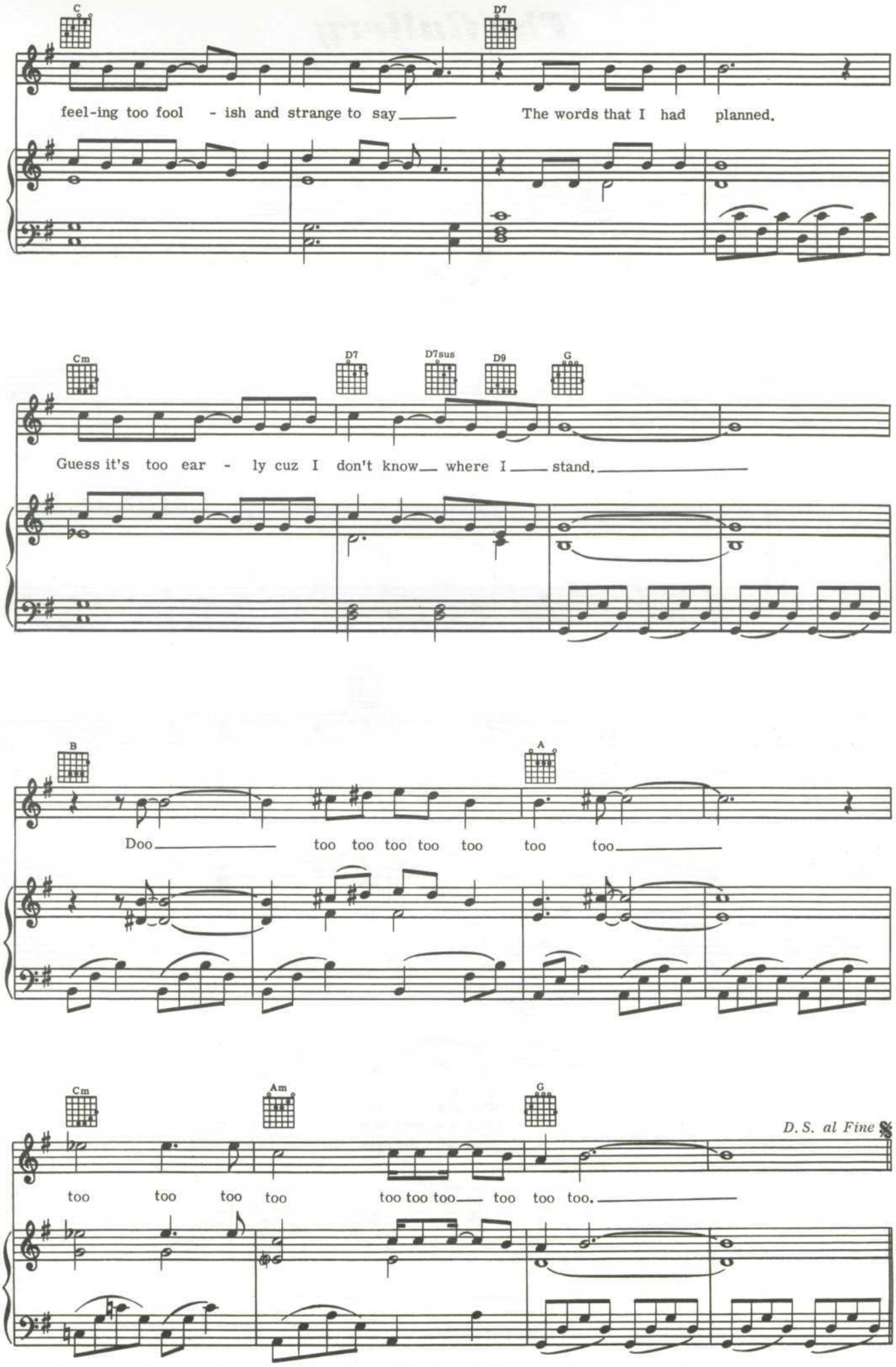
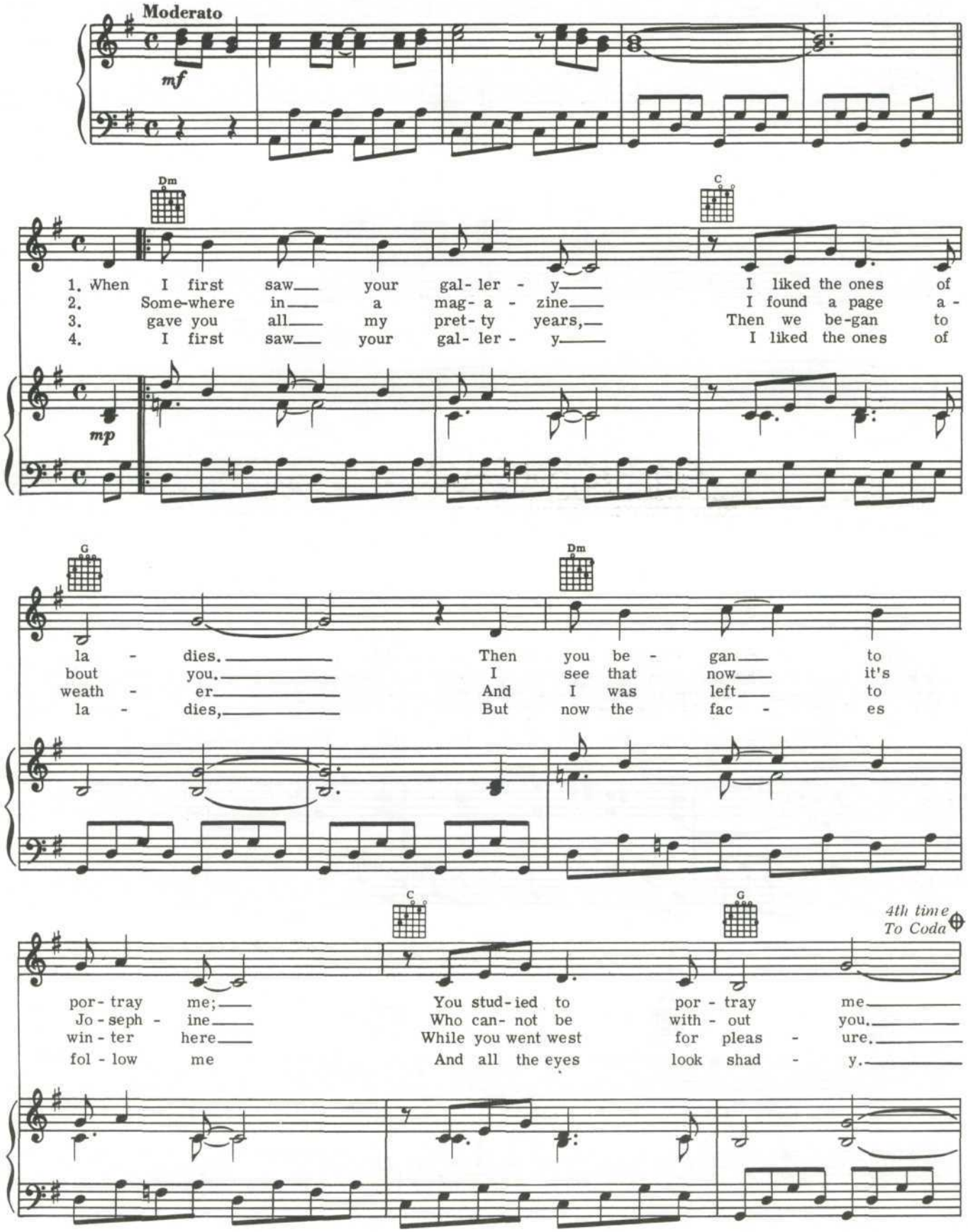

Cm
D7
D7sus
D9
G
Fine
want-ed to send it, But I don't know where I stand.
know that I miss you, But I don't know where I stand.
E
Tel - e - phone,
D
Dmaj9
E
ev- en the sound of your voice is still new.
All a- lone
D
G7
G7sus
G9
G7
3
3
in Car - o - lin - a and talk - ing to you and


C
D7
feel-ing too fool - ish and strange to say The words that I had planned.
Cm
D7
D7sus
D9
G
Guess it's too ear - ly cuz I don't know where I stand.
B
A
Doo too too too too too too too
Cm
Am
G
D. S. al Fine
too too too too too too too too too.

The Gallery

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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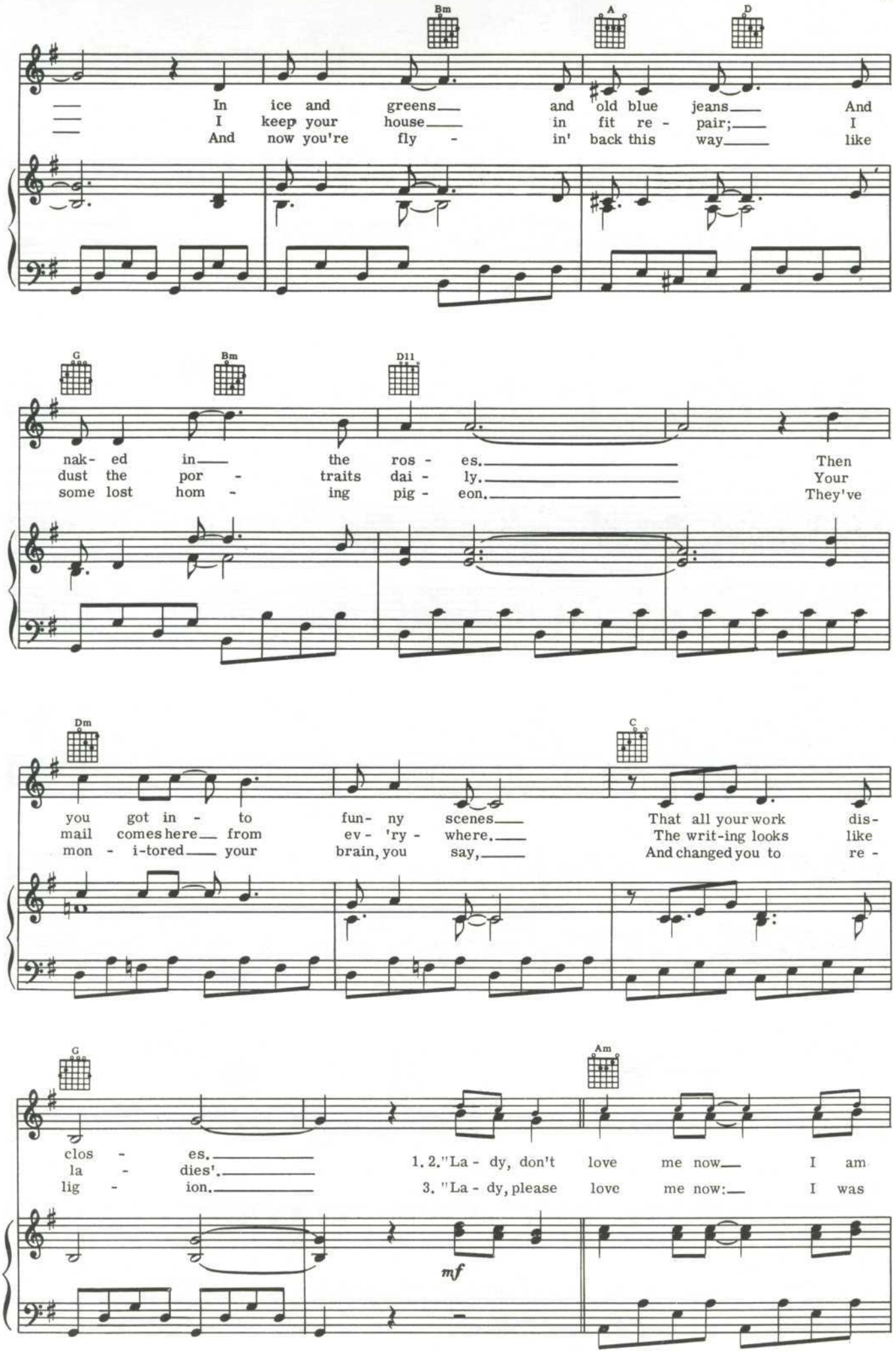
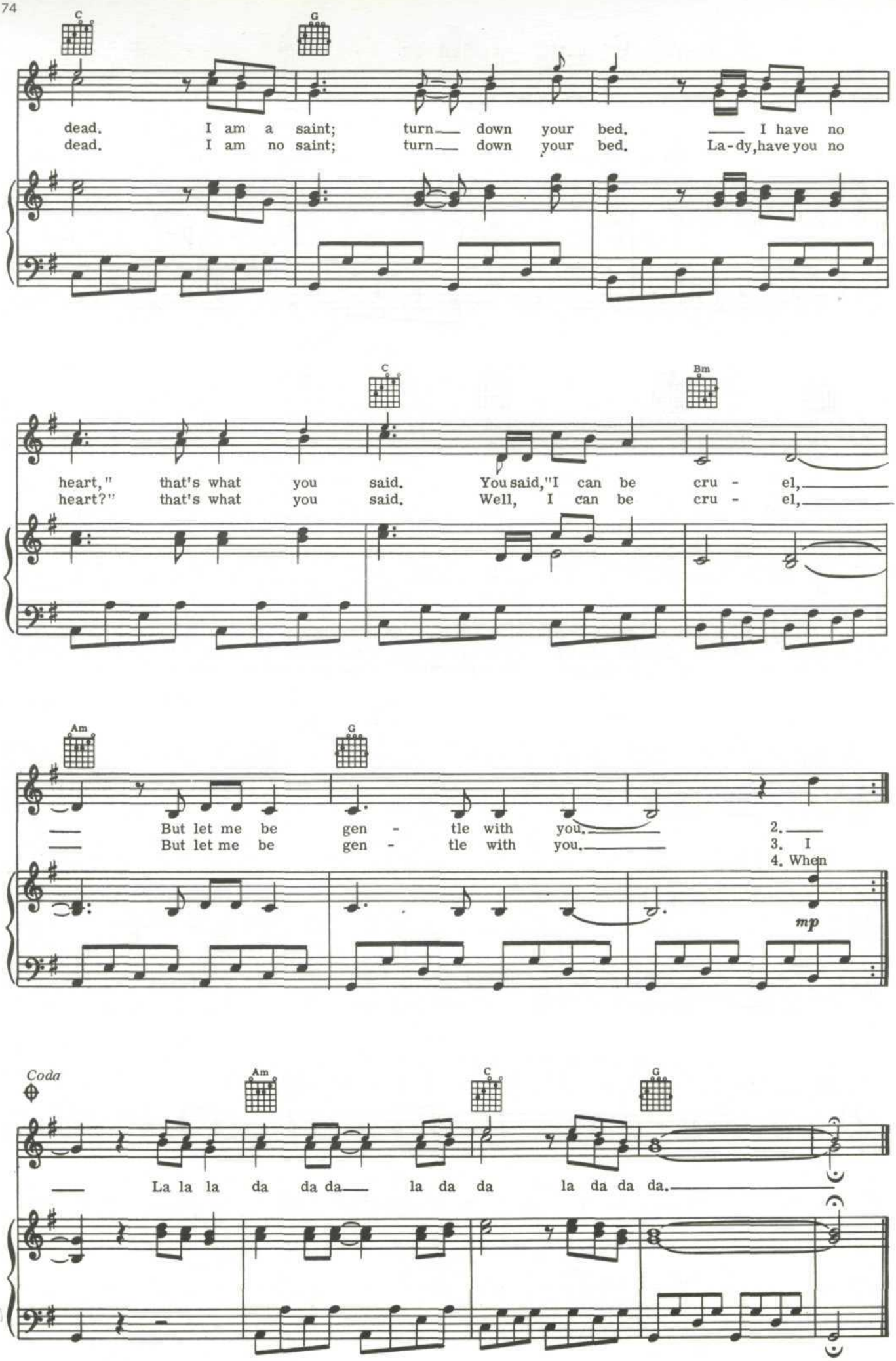
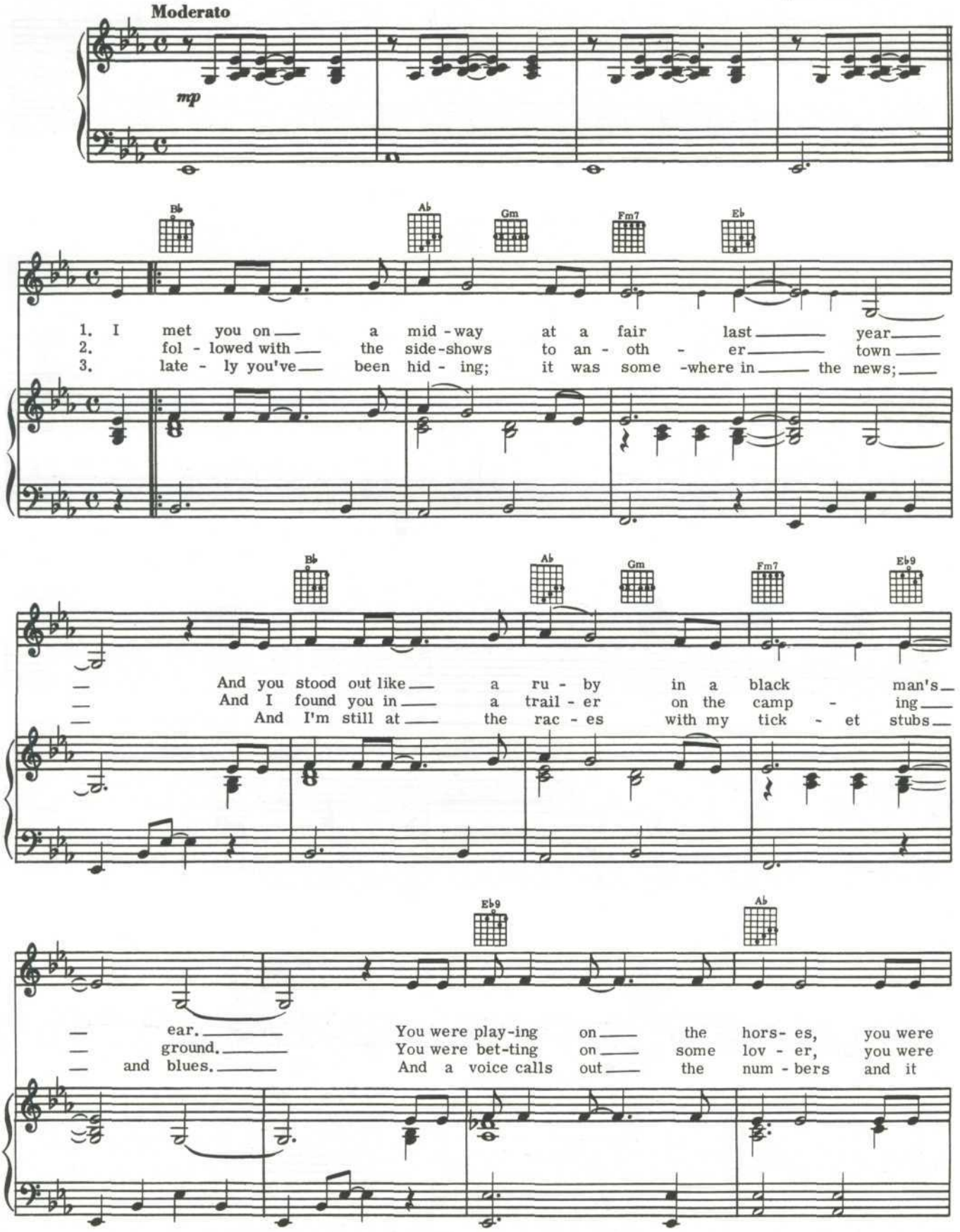

Bm A D
In ice and greens and old blue jeans And
I keep your house in fit re - pair; I
And now you're fly - in' back this way like
G Bm D11
nak- ed in the ros - es. Then
dust the por - traits dai - ly. Your
some lost hom - ing pig - eon. They've
Dm C
you got in - to fun- ny scenes That all your work dis-
mail comes here from ev - 'ry - where. The writ-ing looks like
mon - i-tored your brain, you say, And changed you to re -
G Am
clos - es. 1. 2. "La - dy, don't love me now I am
la - dies'.
lig - ion. 3. "La - dy, please love me now: I was
mf


C
G
dead. I am a saint; turn down your bed. I have no
dead. I am no saint; turn down your bed. La-dy, have you no
C
Bm
heart," that's what you said. You said, "I can be cru - el,
heart?" that's what you said. Well, I can be cru - el,
Am
G
But let me be gen - tle with you.
But let me be gen - tle with you.
2.
3. I
4. When
mp
Coda
Am
C
G
La la la da da da la da da la da da da.

That Song About the Midway

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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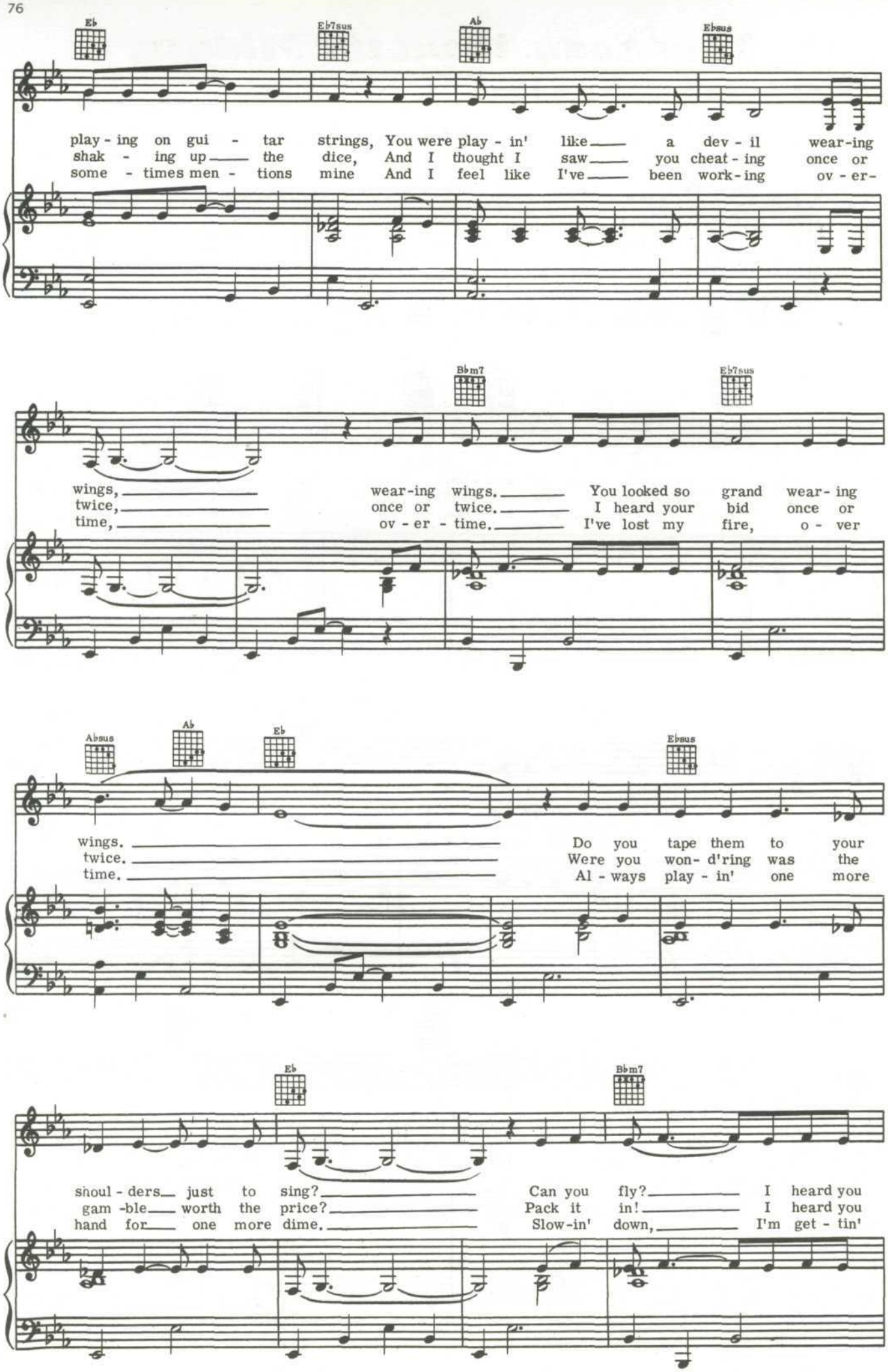
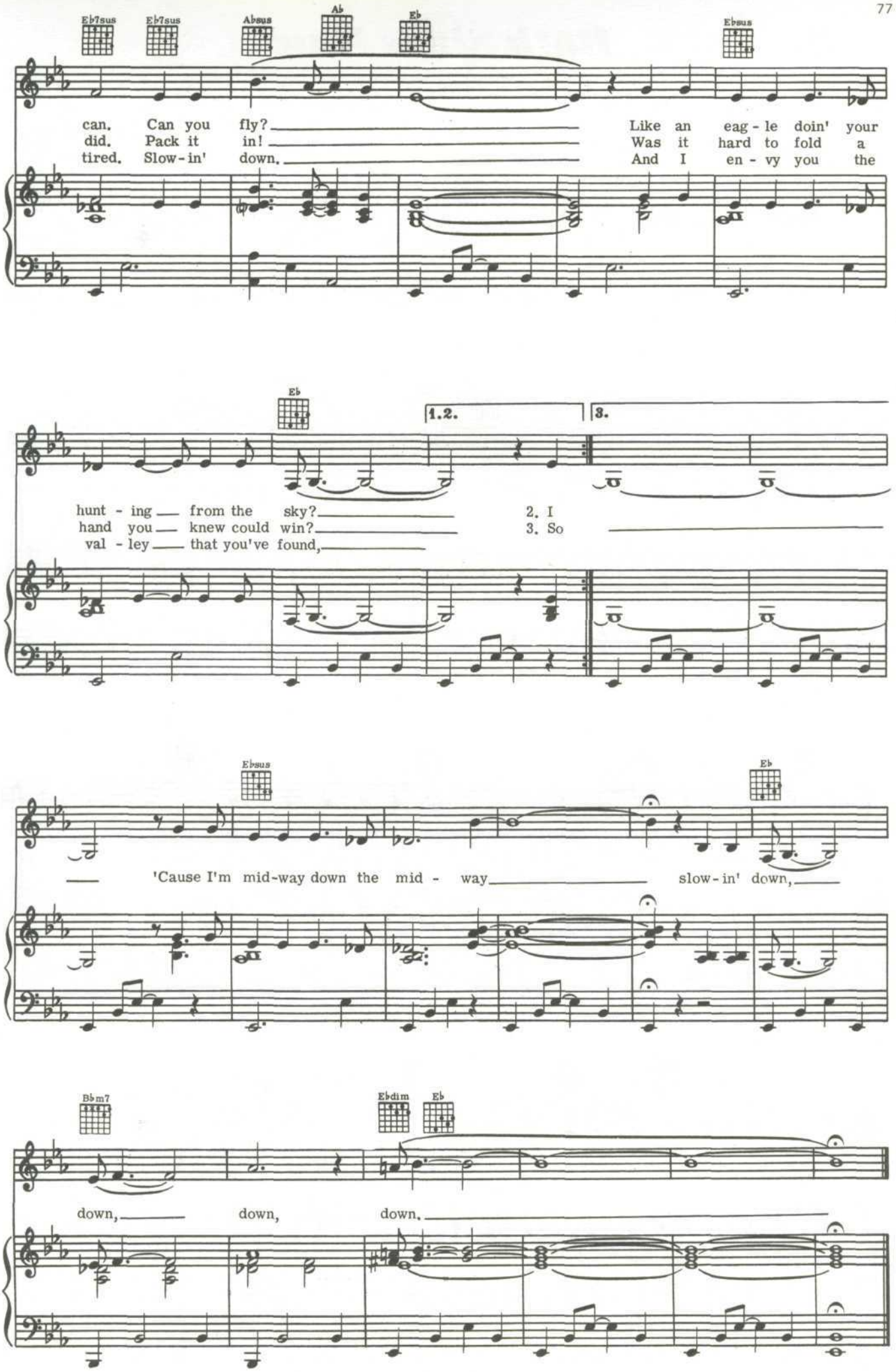
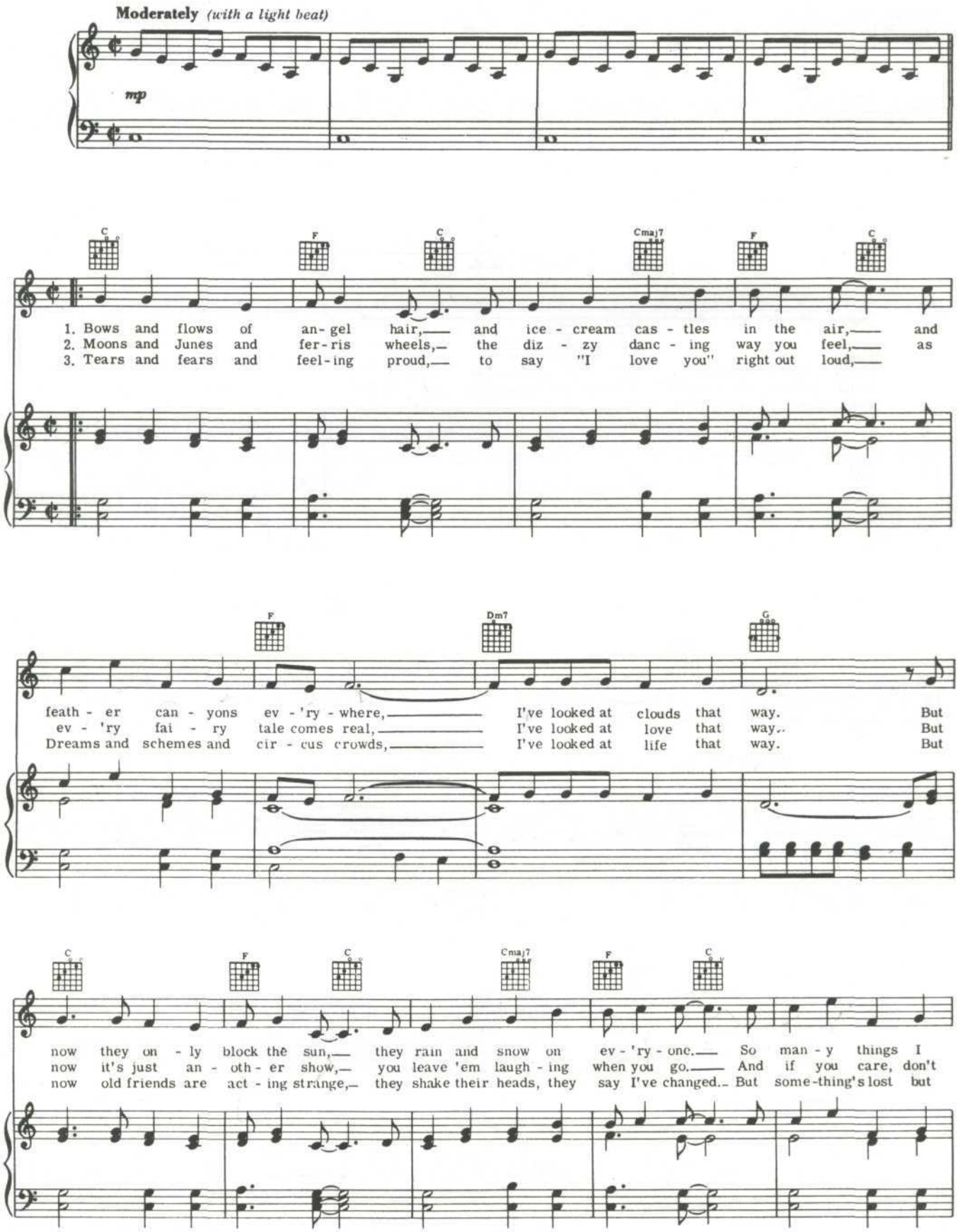

Eb
Eb7sus
Ab
Ebsus
play - ing on gui - tar strings, You were play - in' like a dev - il wear-ing
shak - ing up the dice, And I thought I saw you cheat - ing once or
some - times men - tions mine And I feel like I've been work-ing ov - er-
Bbm7
Eb7sus
wings, wear-ing wings. You looked so grand wear- ing
twice, once or twice. I heard your bid once or
time, ov - er - time. I've lost my fire, o - ver
Absus
Ab
Eb
Ebsus
wings. Do you tape them to your
twice. Were you won- d'ring was the
time. Al - ways play - in' one more
Eb
Bbm7
shoul - ders just to sing? Can you fly? I heard you
gam -ble worth the price? Pack it in! I heard you
hand for one more dime. Slow-in' down, I'm get - tin'


Eb7sus
Eb7sus
Absus
Ab
Eb
Ebsus
can. Can you fly? Like an eag - le doin' your
did. Pack it in! Was it hard to fold a
tired. Slow - in' down. And I en - vy you the
Eb
1.2.
3.
hunt - ing from the sky?
hand you knew could win?
val - ley that you've found,
2. I
3. So
Ebsus
Eb
'Cause I'm mid-way down the mid - way slow - in' down,
Bbm7
Ebdim
Eb
down, down, down.

Both Sides Now

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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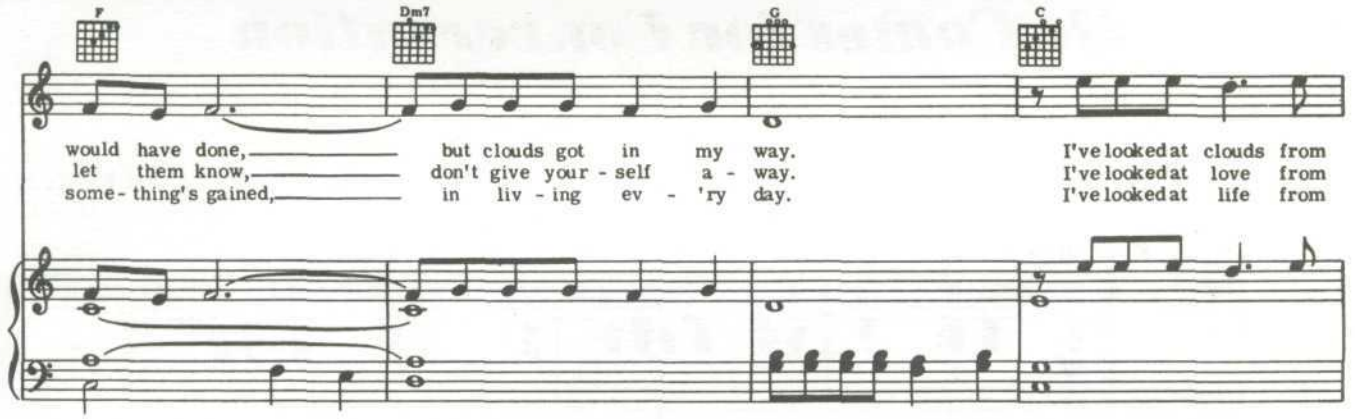
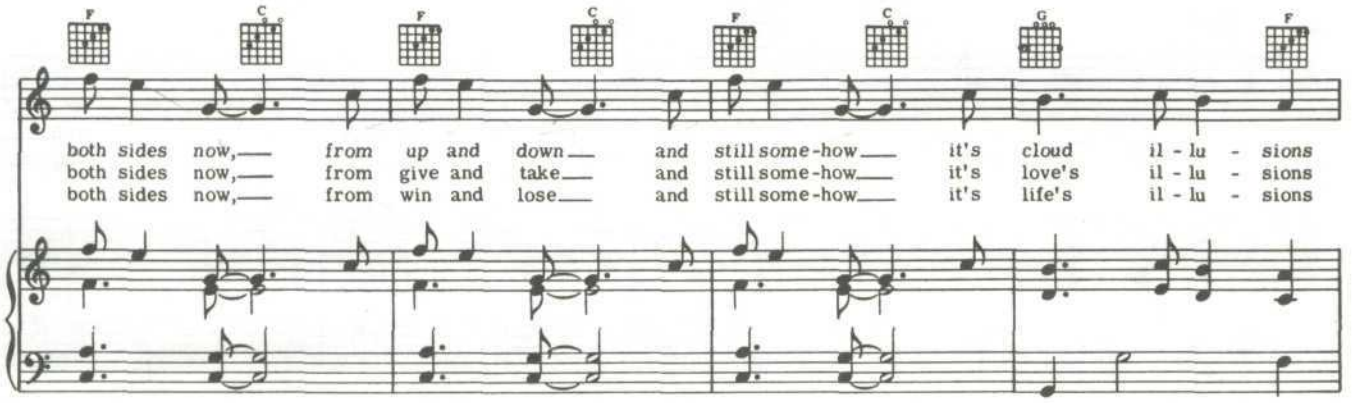
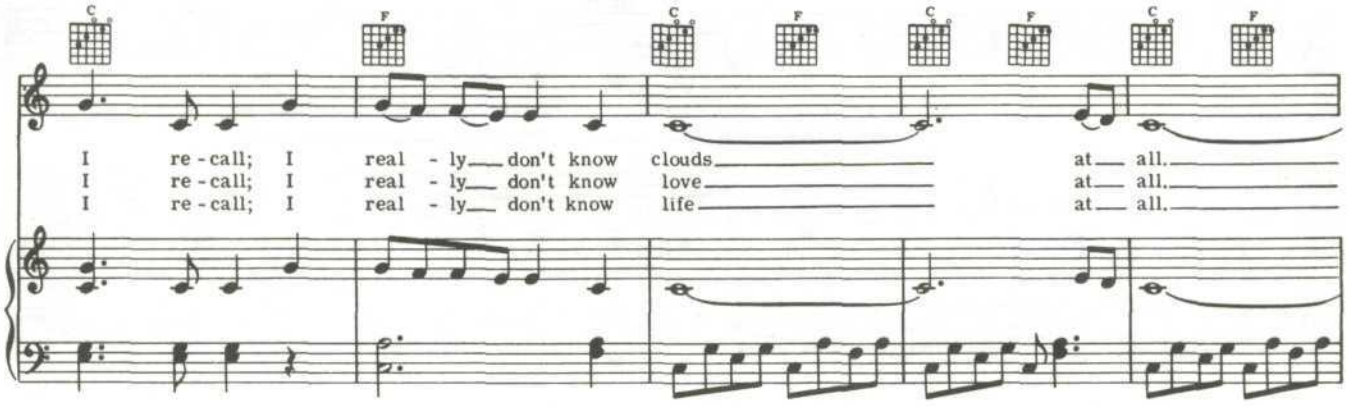
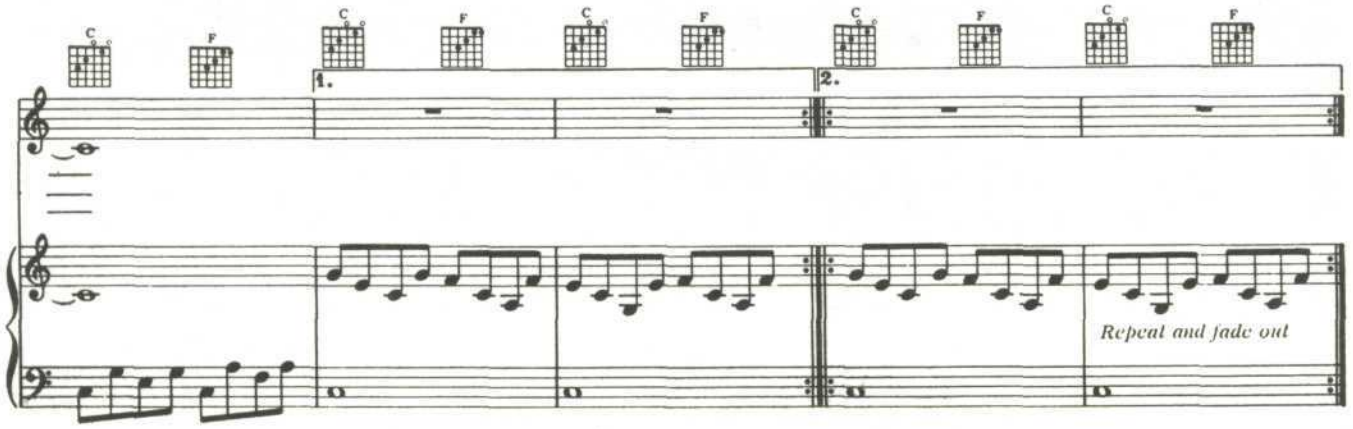

F
Dm7
G
C
would have done, but clouds got in my way. I've looked at clouds from
let them know, don't give your - self a - way. I've looked at love from
some - thing's gained, in liv - ing ev - 'ry day. I've looked at life from

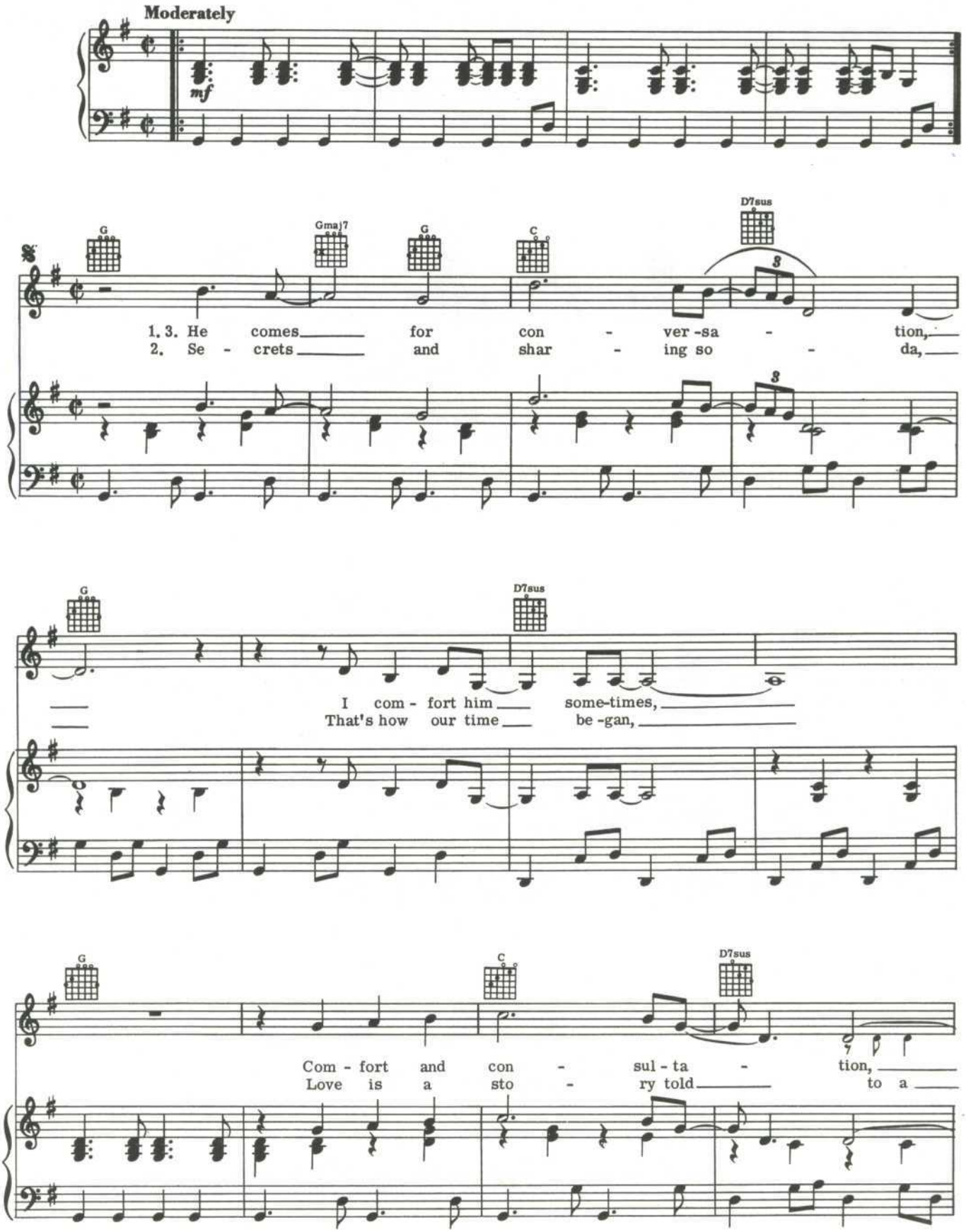

F
C
F
C
F
C
G
F
both sides now, from up and down and still some-how it's cloud il - lu - sions
both sides now, from give and take and still some-how it's love's il - lu - sions
both sides now, from win and lose and still some-how it's life's il - lu - sions


C
F
C
F
C
F
C
F
I re - call; I real - ly don't know clouds at all.
I re - call; I real - ly don't know love at all.
I re - call; I real - ly don't know life at all.


C
F
C
F
C
F
C
F
1.
2.
Repeat and fade out

He Comes for Conversation

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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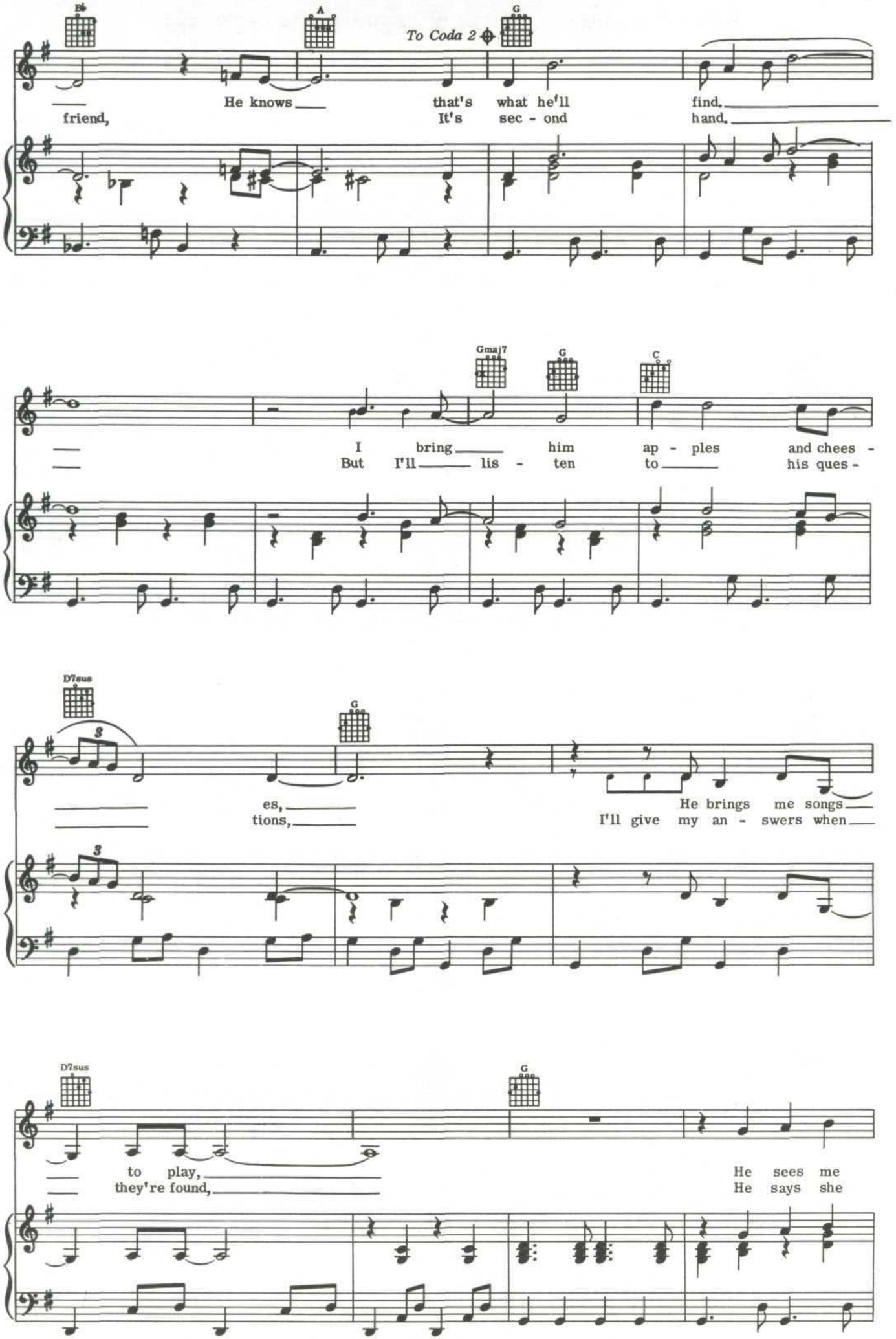
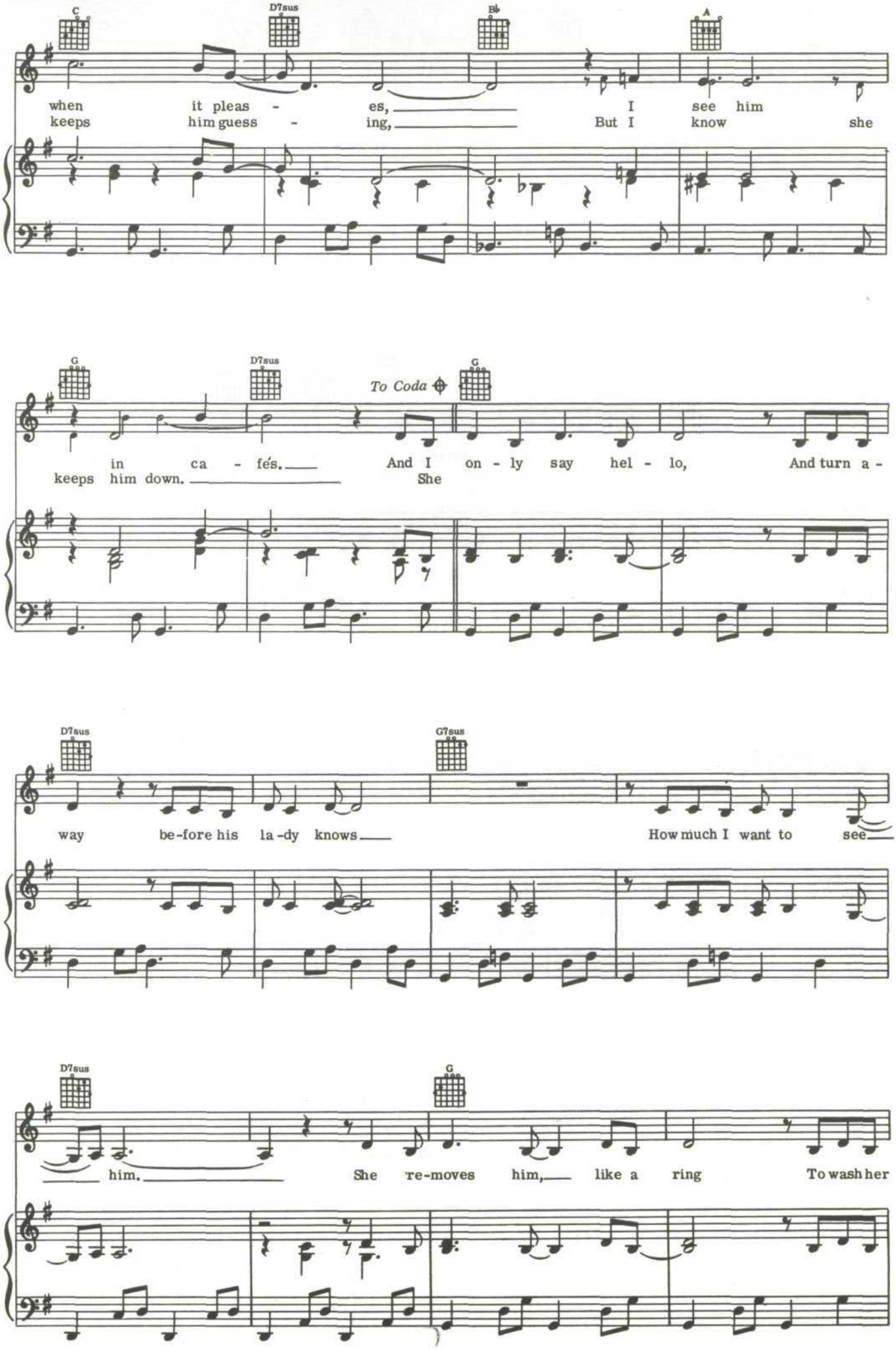
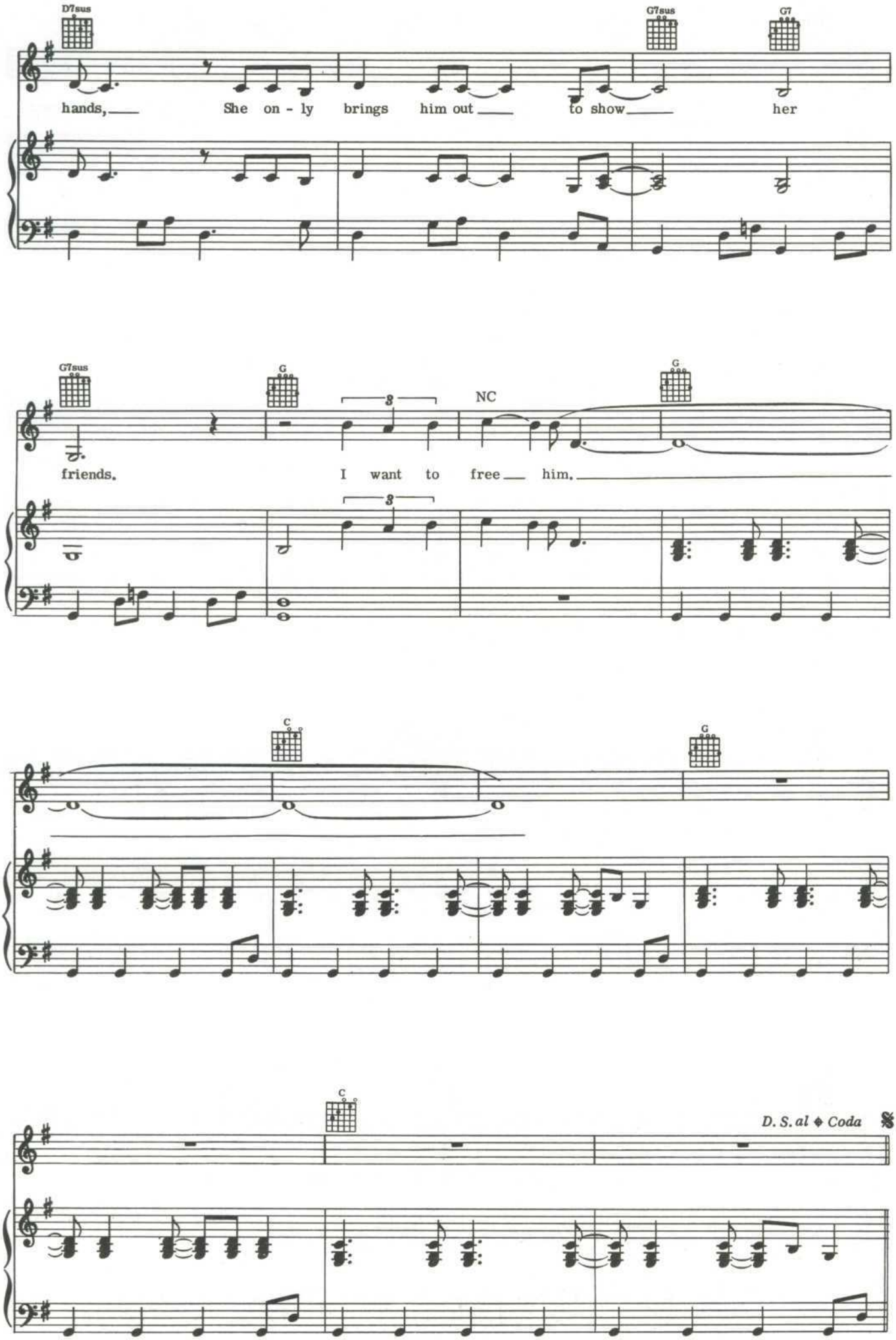
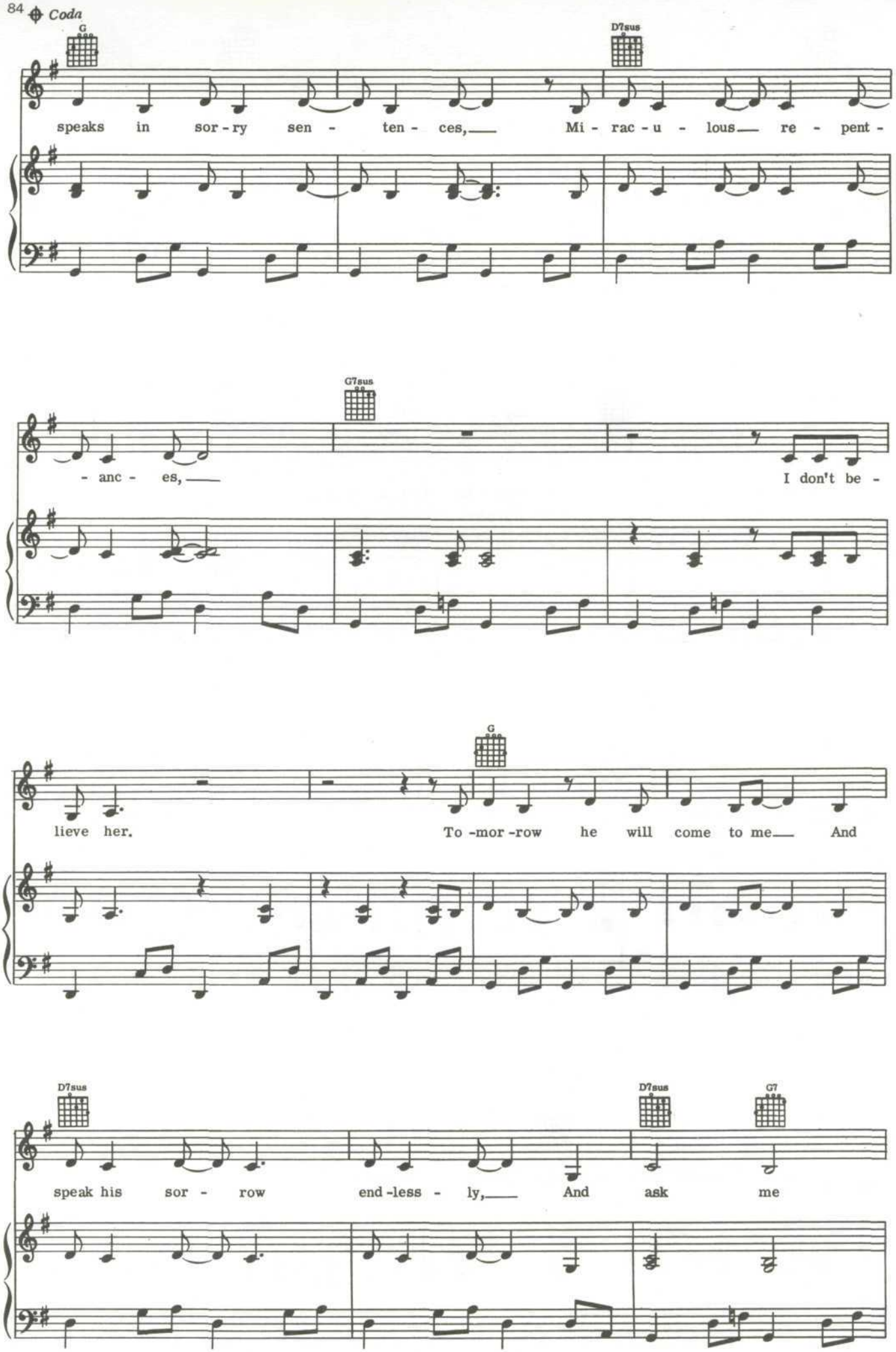
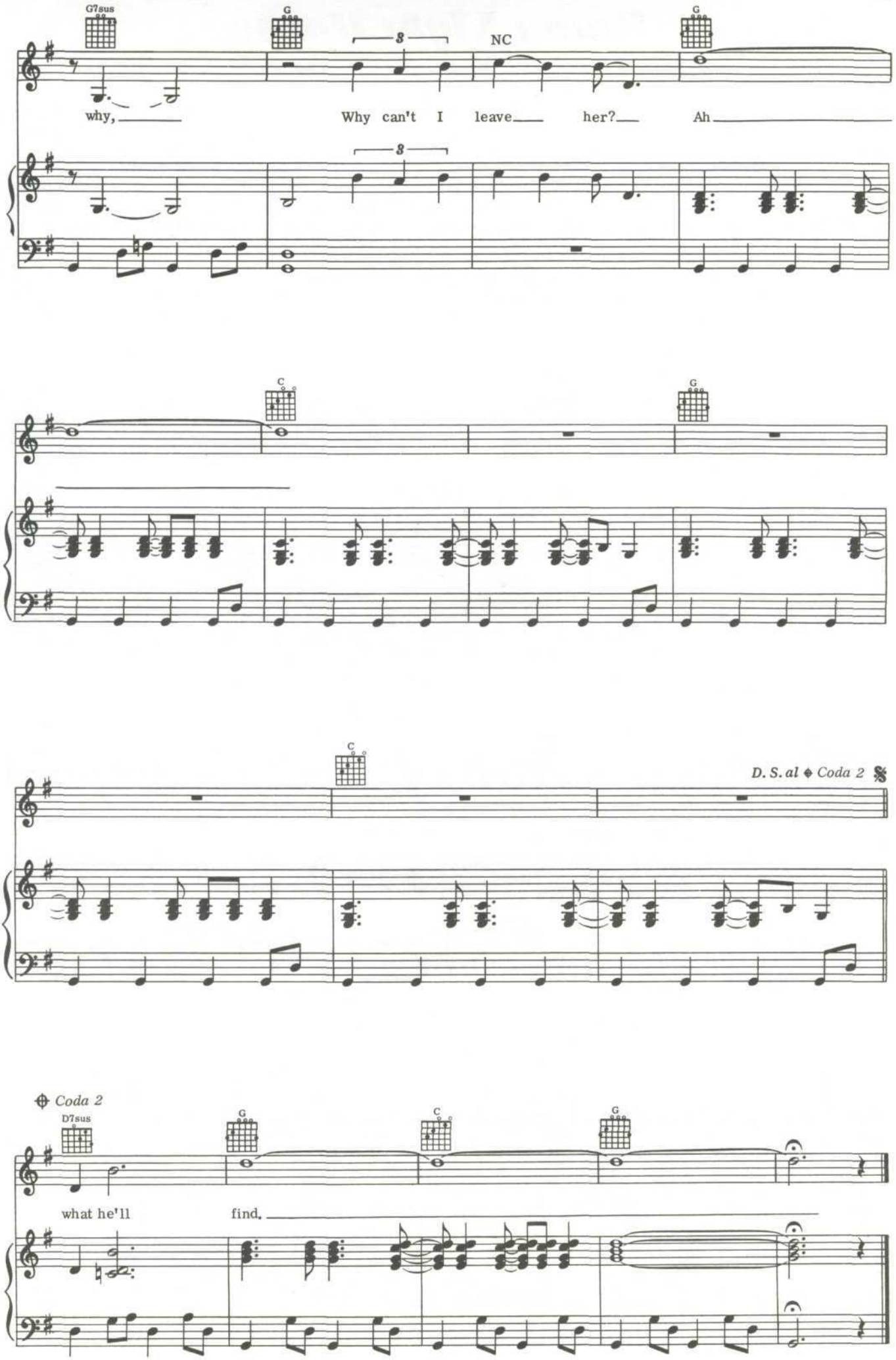

B♭
A
G
To Coda 2
friend, He knows that's what he'll find.
It's sec - ond hand.
Gmaj7
G
C
I bring him ap - ples and chees -
But I'll lis - ten to his ques -
D7sus
G
es,
tions,
He brings me songs
I'll give my an - swers when
D7sus
G
to play,
they're found,
He sees me
He says she


C
D7sus
B♭
A
when it pleas - es, I see him
keeps him guess - ing, But I know she
G
D7sus
To Coda
G
in ca - fés. And I on - ly say hel - lo, And turn a -
keeps him down. She
D7sus
G7sus
way be-fore his la-dy knows How much I want to see
D7sus
G
him. She re-moves him, like a ring To wash her

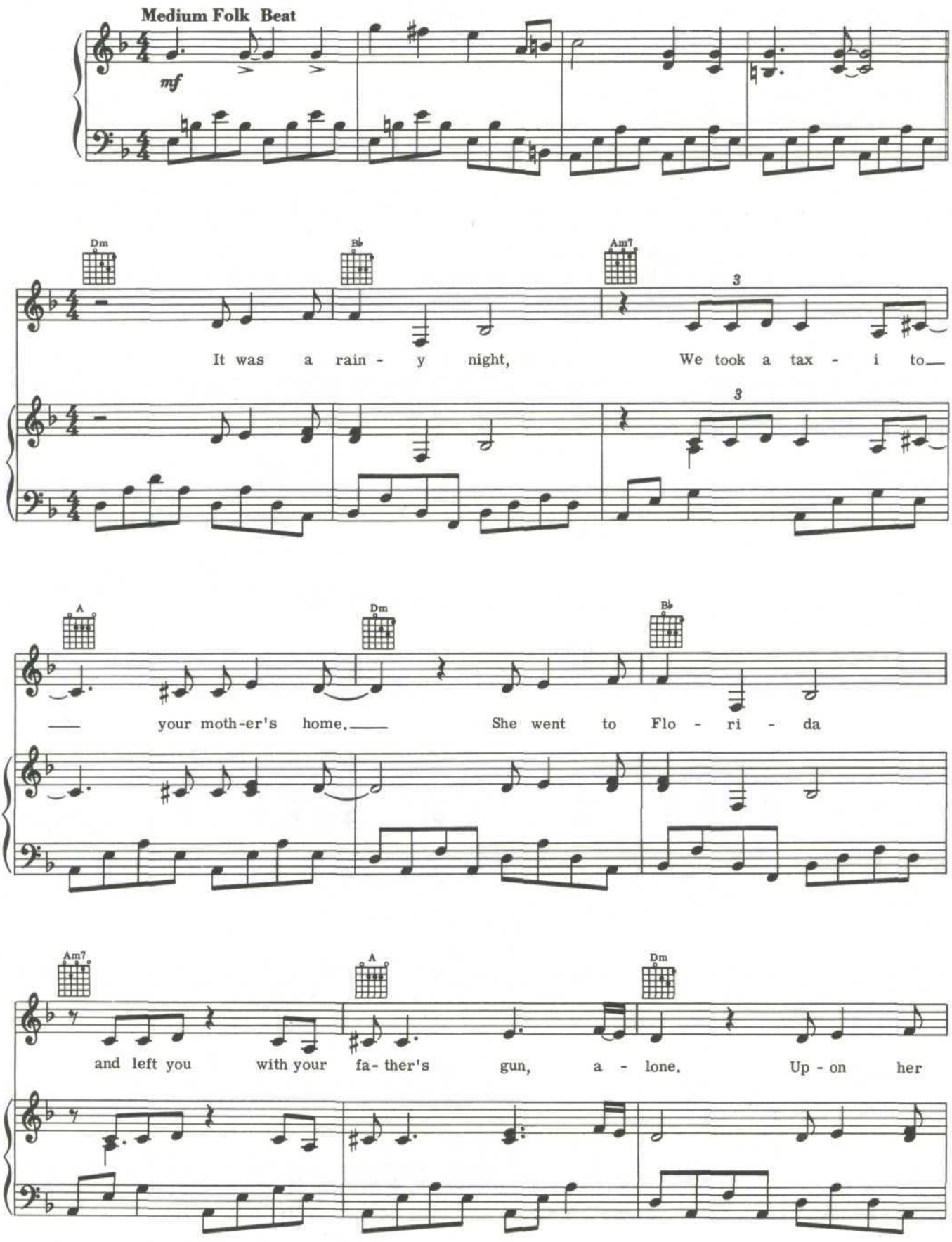

D7sus
G7sus
G7
hands, She on - ly brings him out to show her
G7sus
G
NC
G
friends. I want to free him.
C
G
C
D. S. al ♦ Coda


Coda
G
D7sus
speaks in sor - ry sen - ten - ces, Mi - rac - u - lous re - pent -
G7sus
- anc - es, I don't be -
G
lieve her. To - mor - row he will come to me And
D7sus
D7sus
G7
speak his sor - row end - less - ly, And ask me


G7sus
G
NC
G
why,
Why can't I leave her?
Ah
C
G
C
D. S. al ⌖ Coda 2
⌖ Coda 2
D7sus
G
C
G
what he'll
find.

Rainy Night House

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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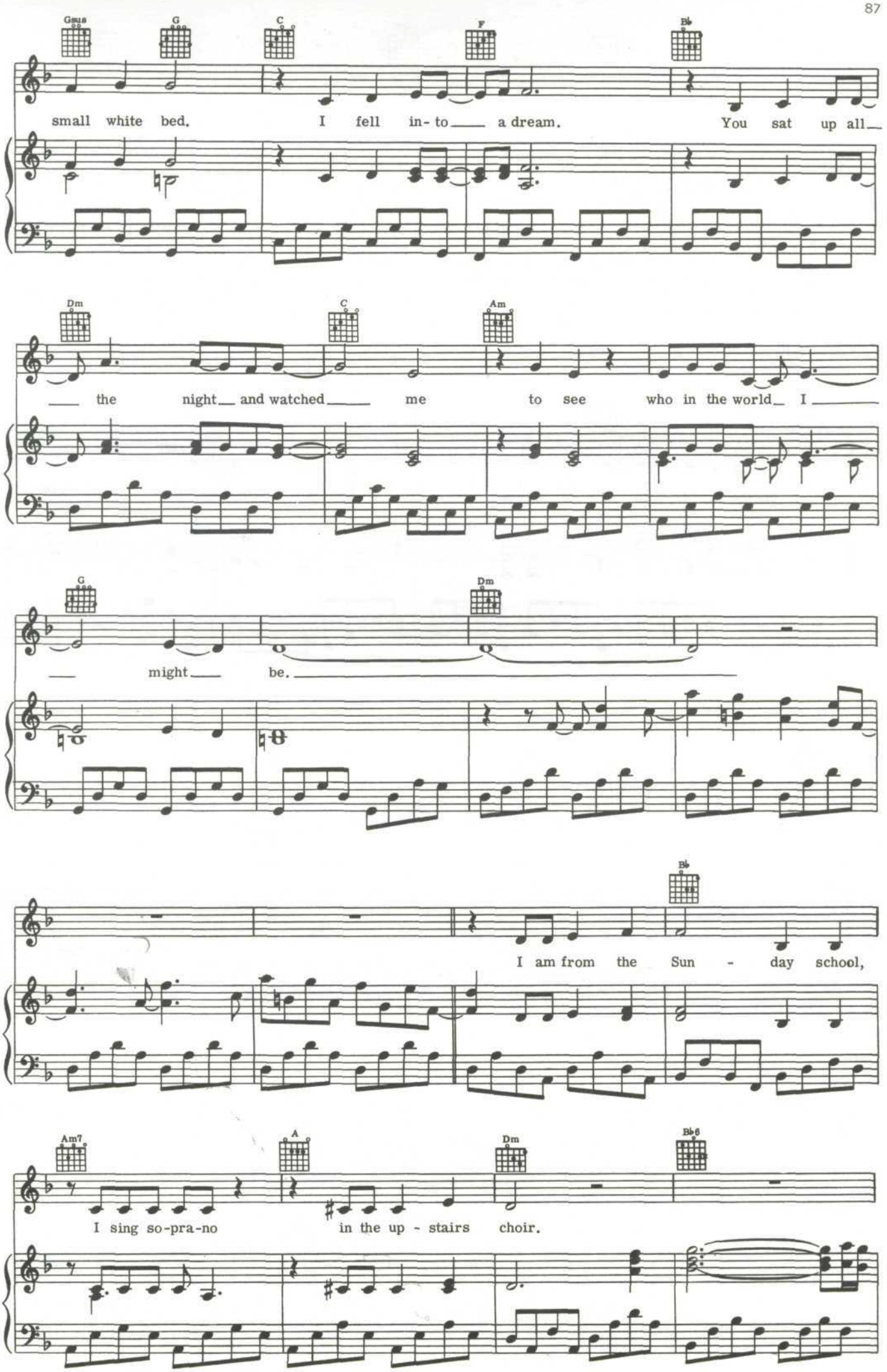
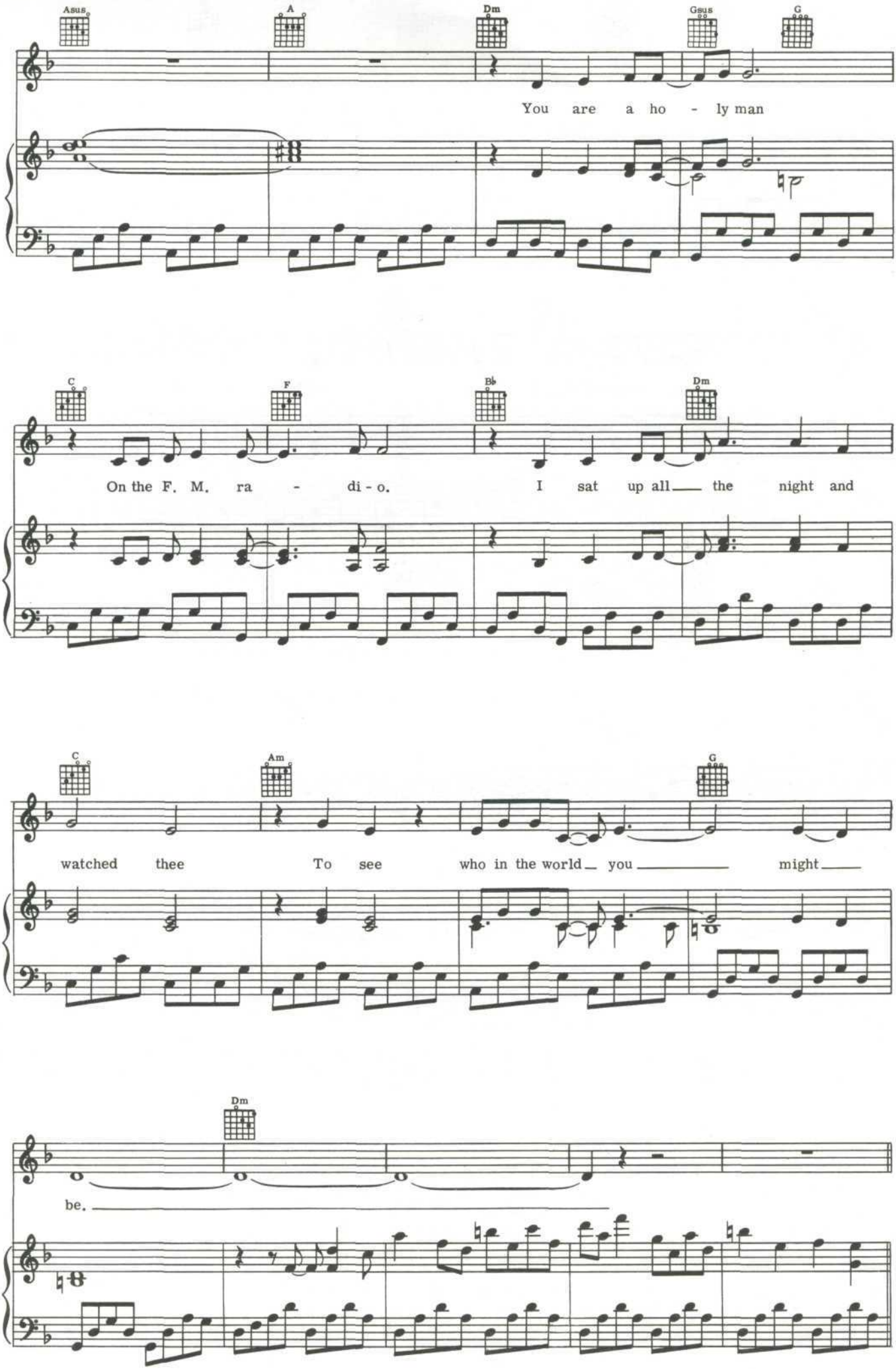
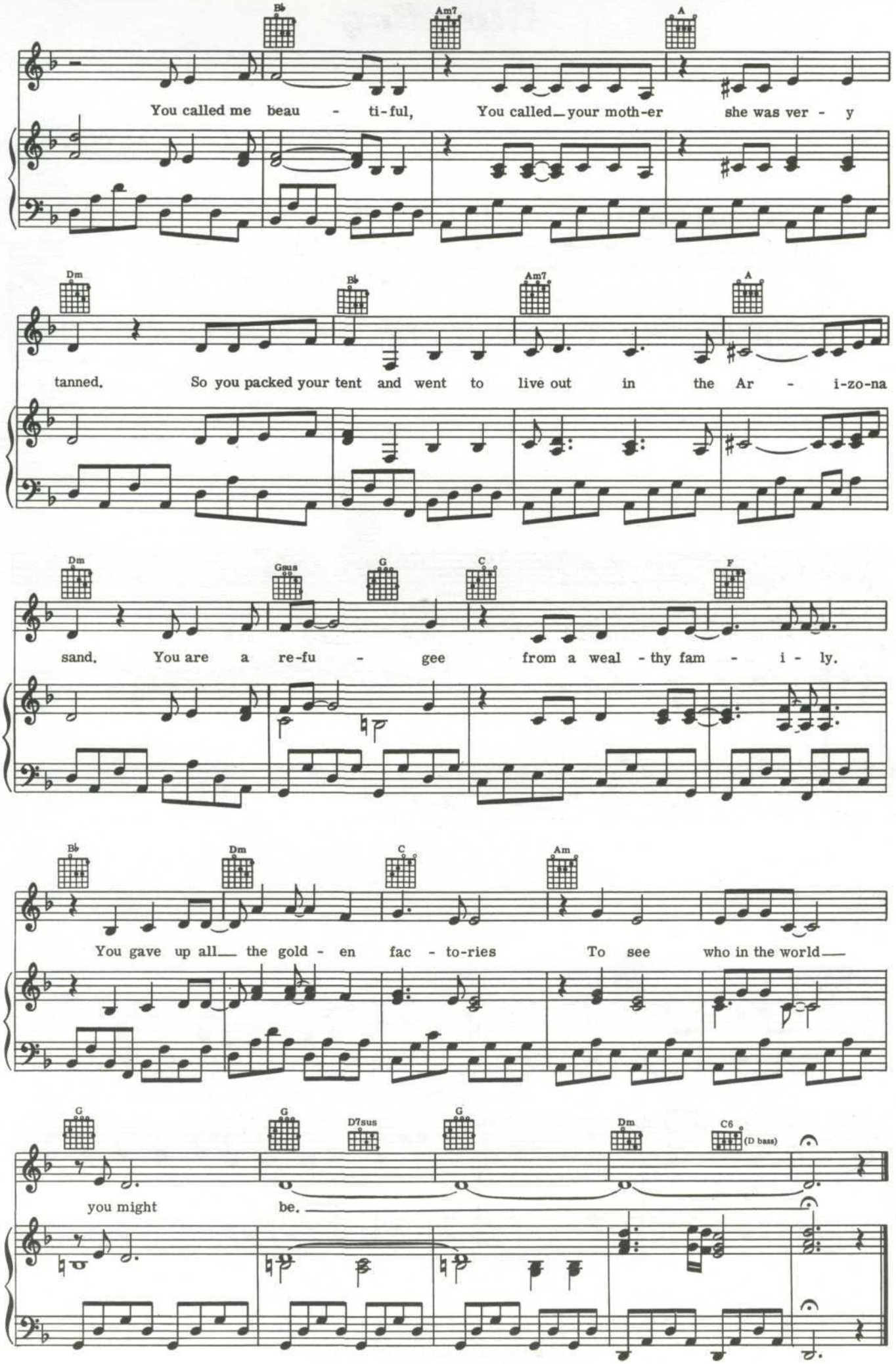
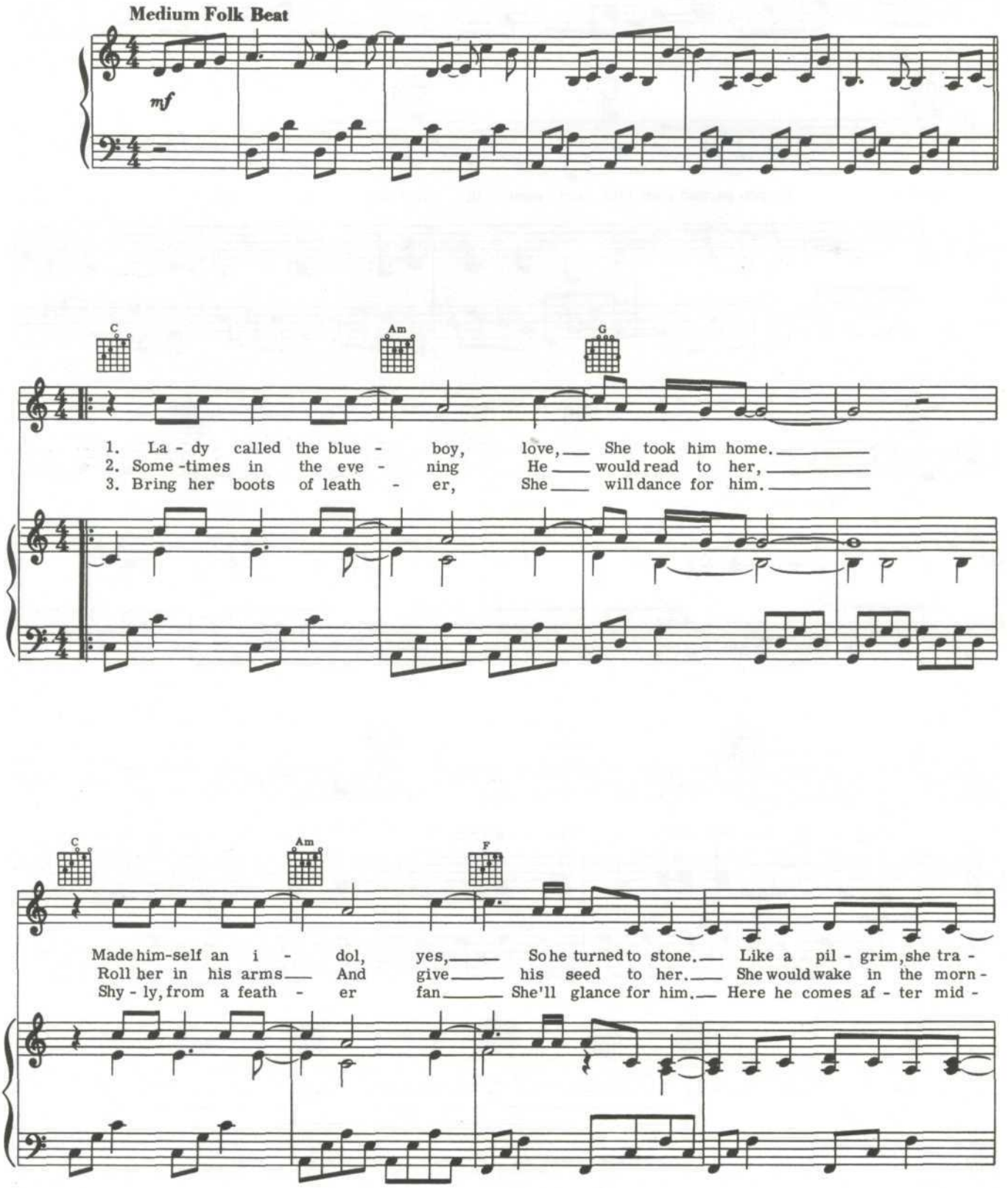

Gsus
G
C
F
B♭
small white bed. I fell in- to a dream. You sat up all
Dm
C
Am
the night and watched me to see who in the world I
G
Dm
might be.
B♭
I am from the Sun - day school,
Am7
A
Dm
B♭6
I sing so-pra-no in the up - stairs choir.


Asus
A
Dm
Gsus
G
You are a ho - ly man
C
F
B♭
Dm
On the F. M. ra - di - o. I sat up all the night and
C
Am
G
watched thee To see who in the world you might
Dm
be.


B♭ Am7 A
You called me beau - ti-ful, You called your moth-er she was ver - y
Dm B♭ Am7 A
tanned. So you packed your tent and went to live out in the Ar - i-zo-na
Dm Gsus G C F
sand. You are a re-fu - gee from a weal - thy fam - i - ly.
B♭ Dm C Am
You gave up all the gold - en fac - to-ries To see who in the world
G G D7sus G Dm C6 (D bass)
you might be.

Blue Boy

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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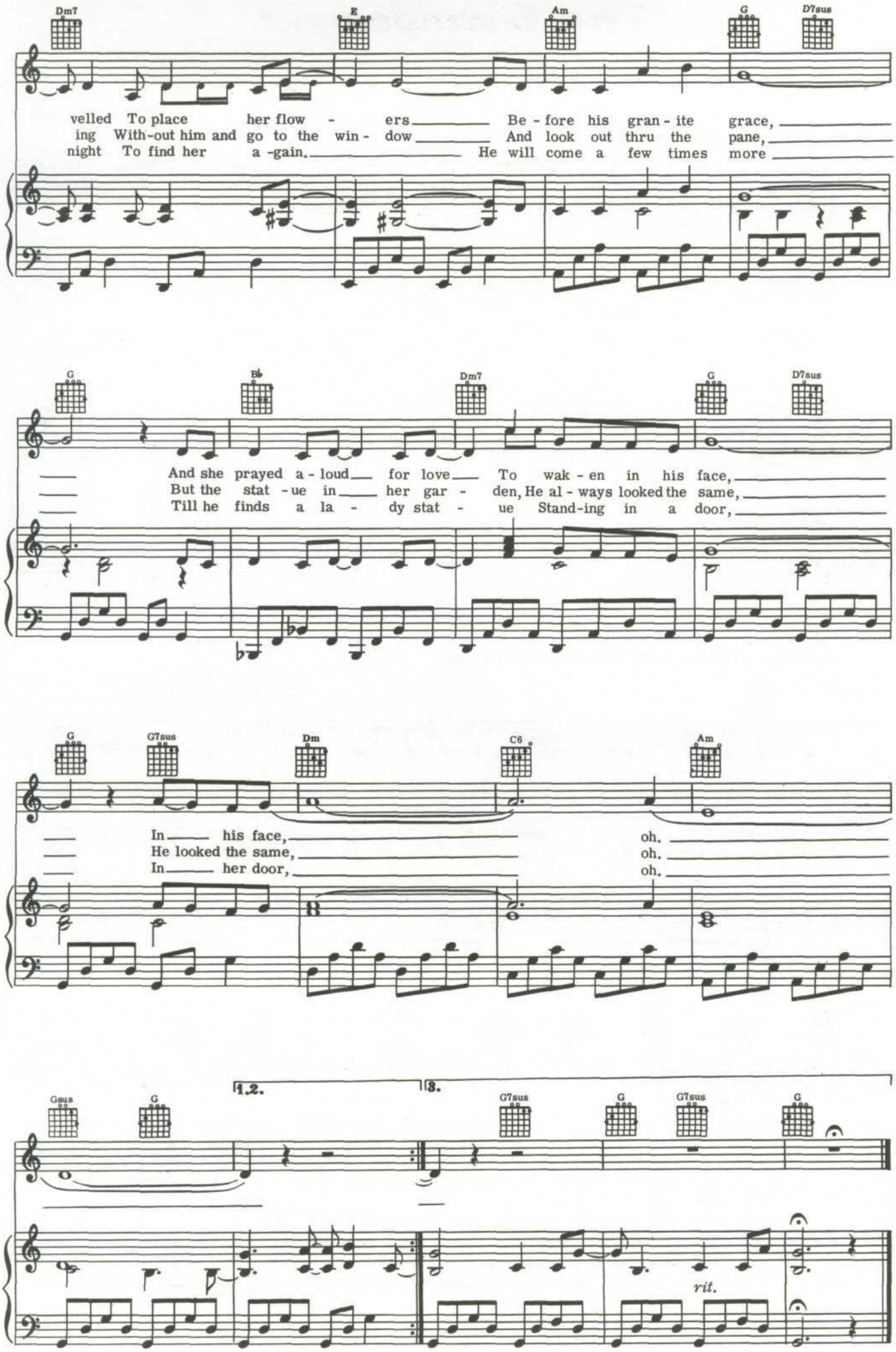
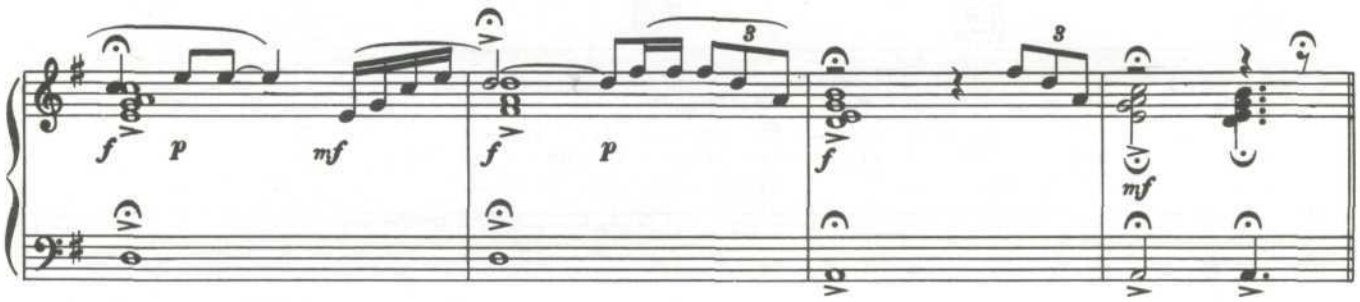

Dm7 E Am G D7sus
velled To place her flow - ers Be - fore his gran - ite grace,
ing With-out him and go to the win - dow And look out thru the pane,
night To find her a -gain. He will come a few times more
G B♭ Dm7 G D7sus
And she prayed a - loud for love To wak - en in his face,
But the stat - ue in her gar - den, He al - ways looked the same,
Till he finds a la - dy stat - ue Stand-ing in a door,
G G7sus Dm C6 Am
In his face, oh.
He looked the same, oh.
In her door, oh.
Gsus G 1.2. 3. G7sus G G7sus G
rit.

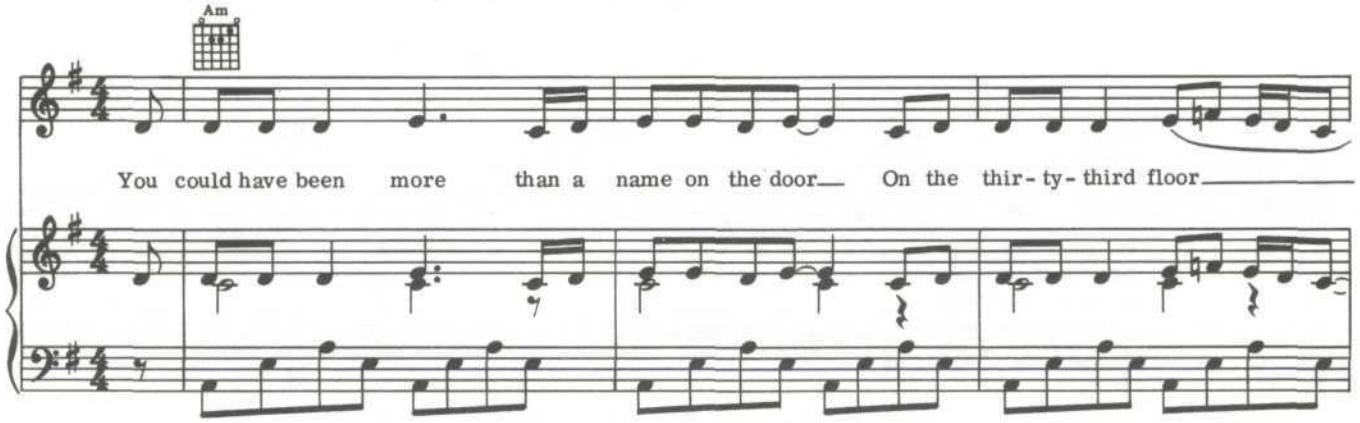
The Arrangement

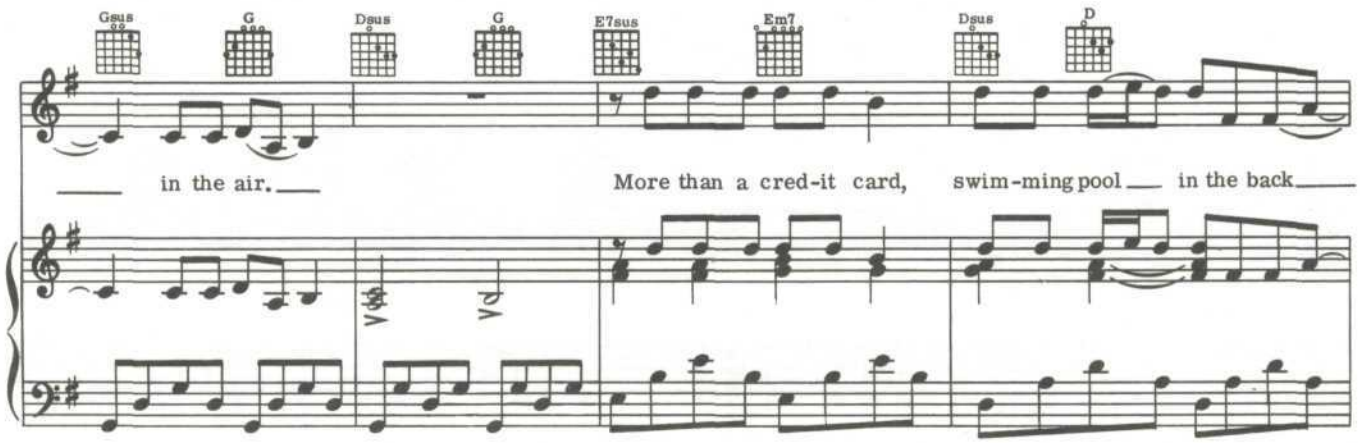
Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL

Very Slowly and Freely



In Tempo-Medium Folk Style *(with much feeling)*





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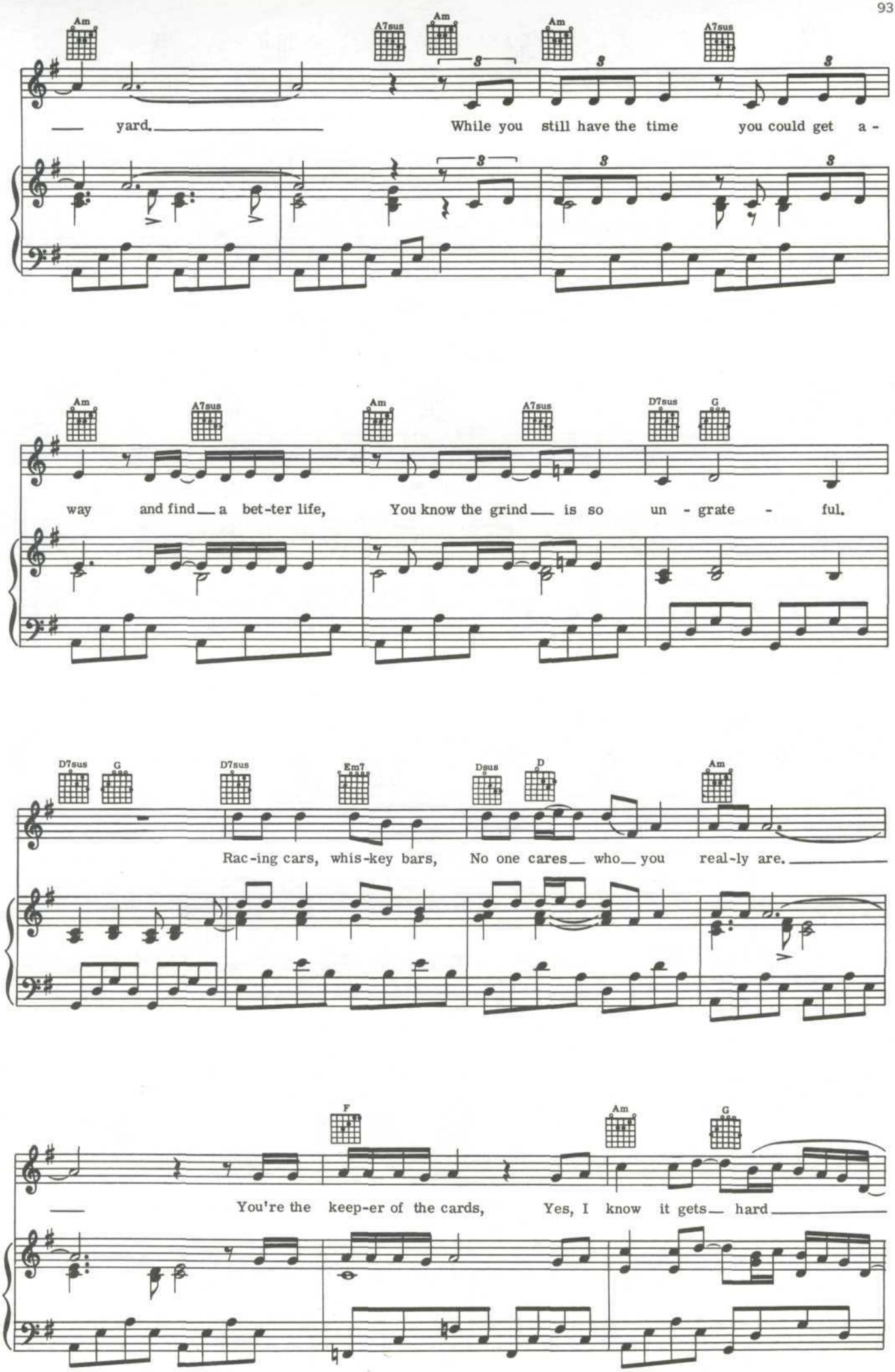
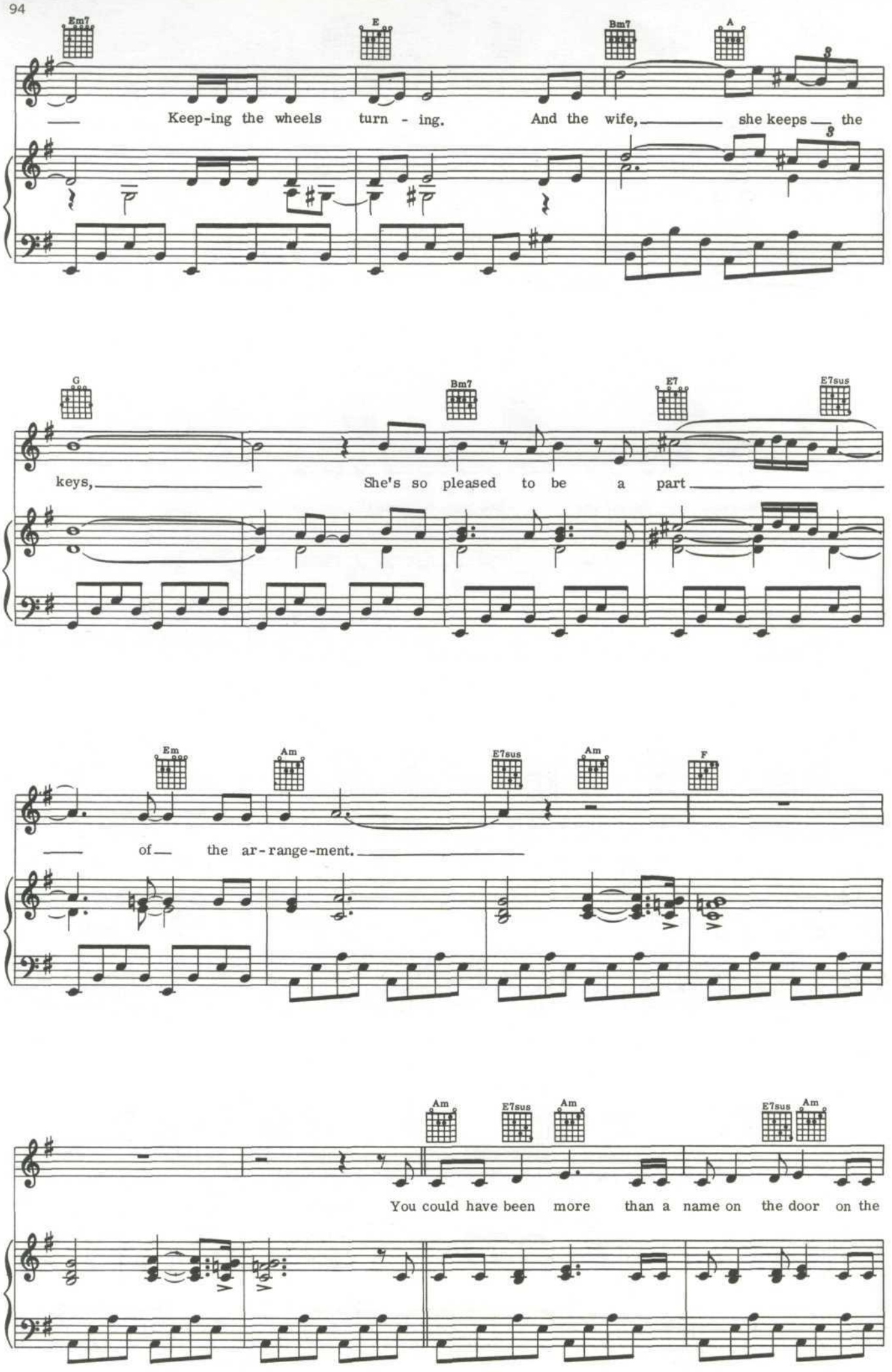
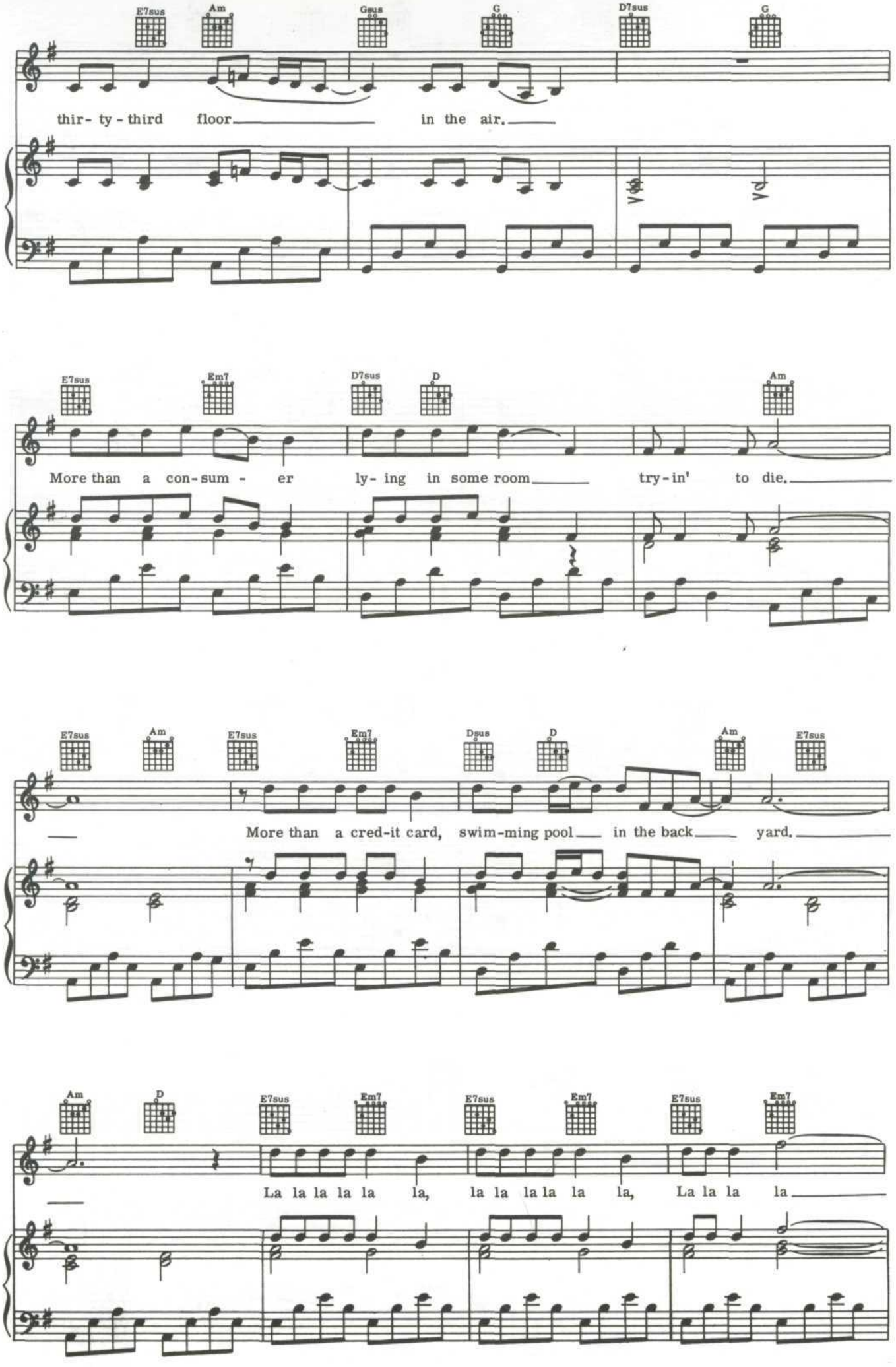
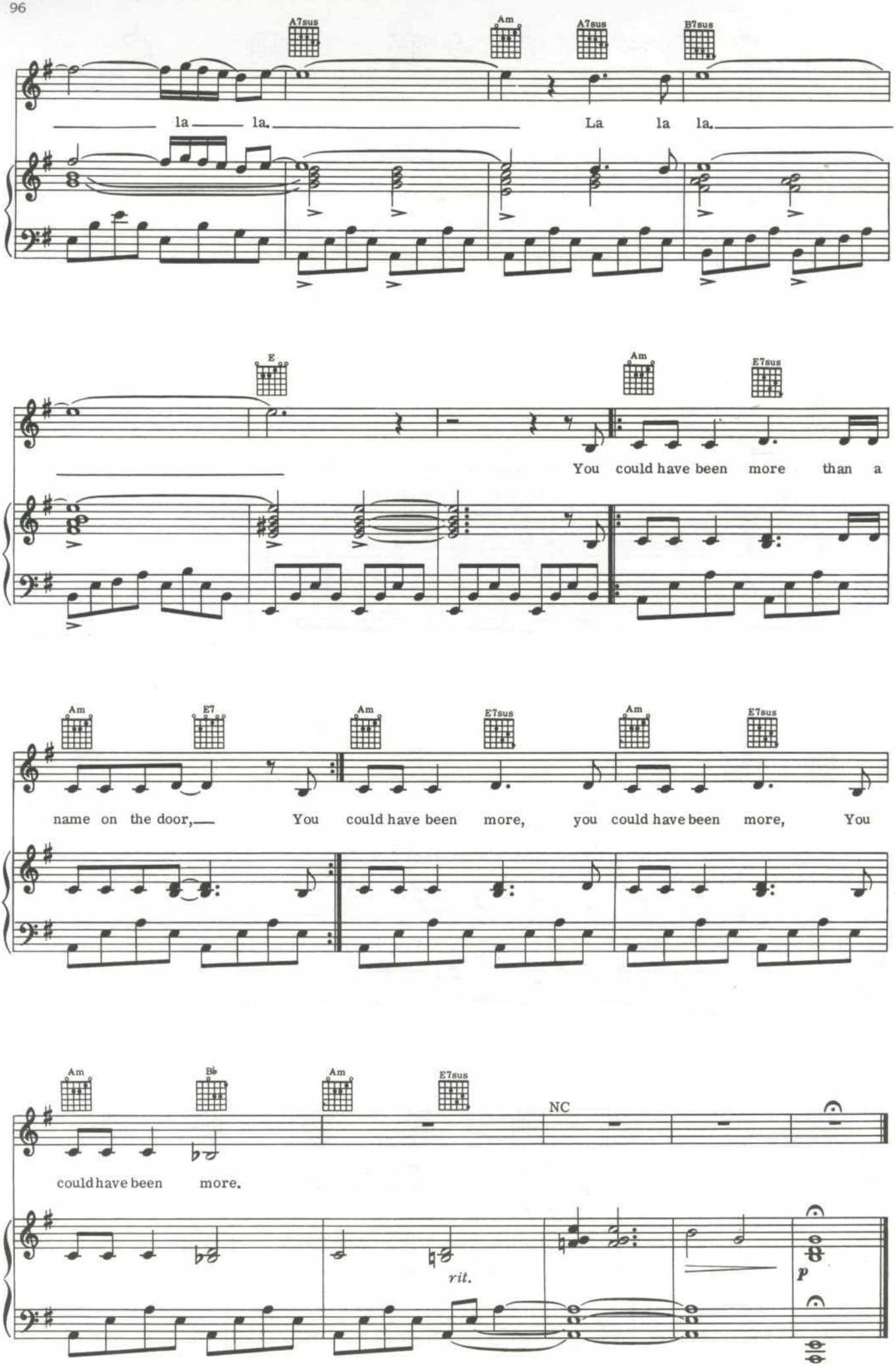

Am
A7sus
Am
Am
A7sus
yard.
While you still have the time you could get a -
Am
A7sus
Am
A7sus
D7sus
G
way and find a bet-ter life,
You know the grind is so un - grate - ful.
D7sus
G
D7sus
Em7
Dsus
D
Am
Rac-ing cars, whis-key bars,
No one cares who you real-ly are.
F
Am
G
You're the keep-er of the cards,
Yes, I know it gets hard

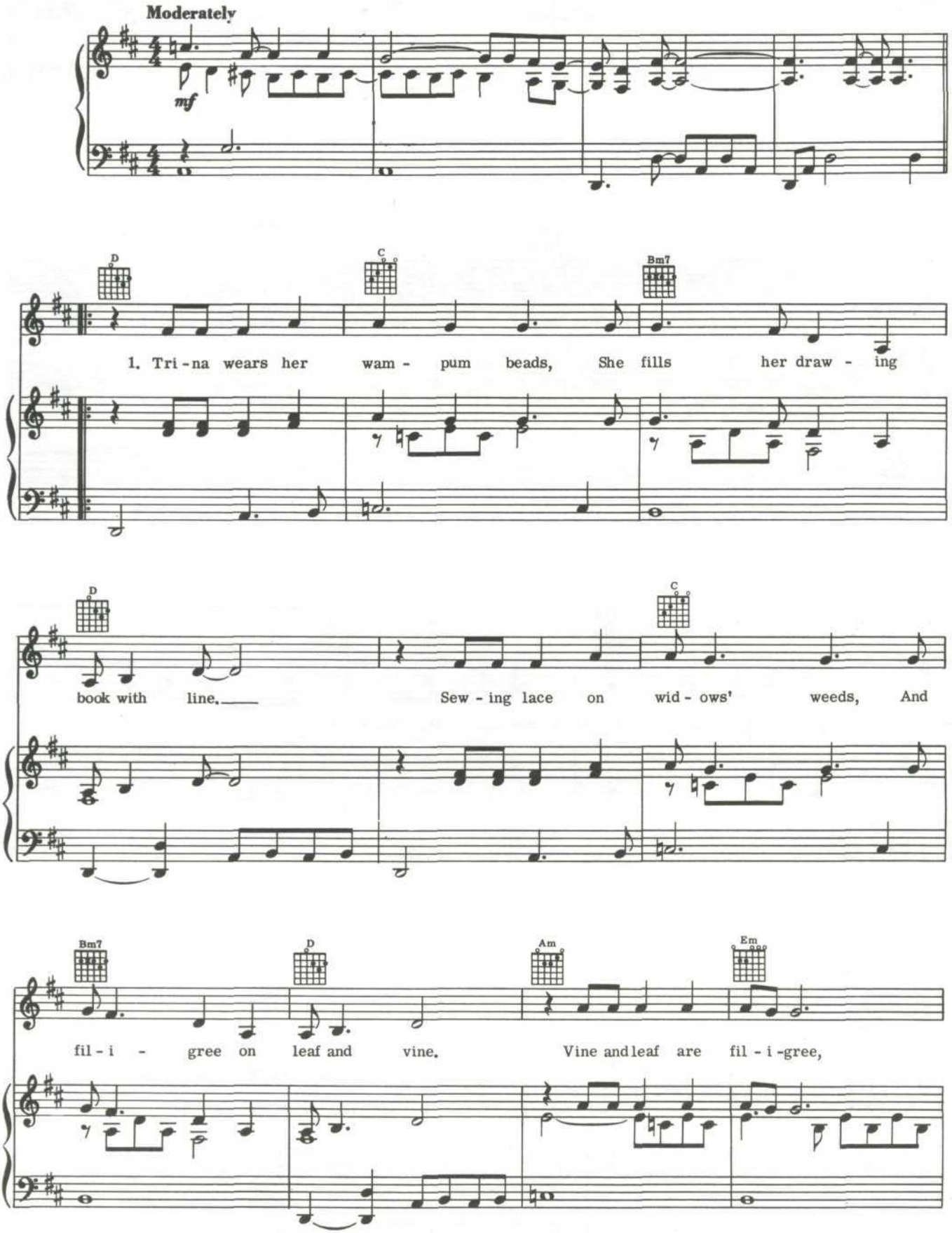

Em7
E
Bm7
A
Keep-ing the wheels turn - ing. And the wife, she keeps the
G
Bm7
E7
E7sus
keys, She's so pleased to be a part
Em
Am
E7sus
Am
F
of the ar-range-ment.
Am
E7sus
Am
E7sus
Am
You could have been more than a name on the door on the


E7sus
Am
Gsus
G
D7sus
G
thir- ty - third floor in the air.
E7sus
Em7
D7sus
D
Am
More than a con-sum - er ly- ing in some room try-in' to die.
E7sus
Am
E7sus
Em7
Dsus
D
Am
E7sus
More than a cred-it card, swim-ming pool in the back yard.
Am
D
E7sus
Em7
E7sus
Em7
E7sus
Em7
La la la la la la, la la la la la la, La la la la


A7sus
Am
A7sus
B7sus
la la. La la la.
E
Am
E7sus
You could have been more than a
Am
E7
Am
E7sus
Am
E7sus
name on the door, You could have been more, you could have been more, You
Am
B♭
Am
E7sus
NC
could have been more.
rit.
p

Ladies of the Canyon

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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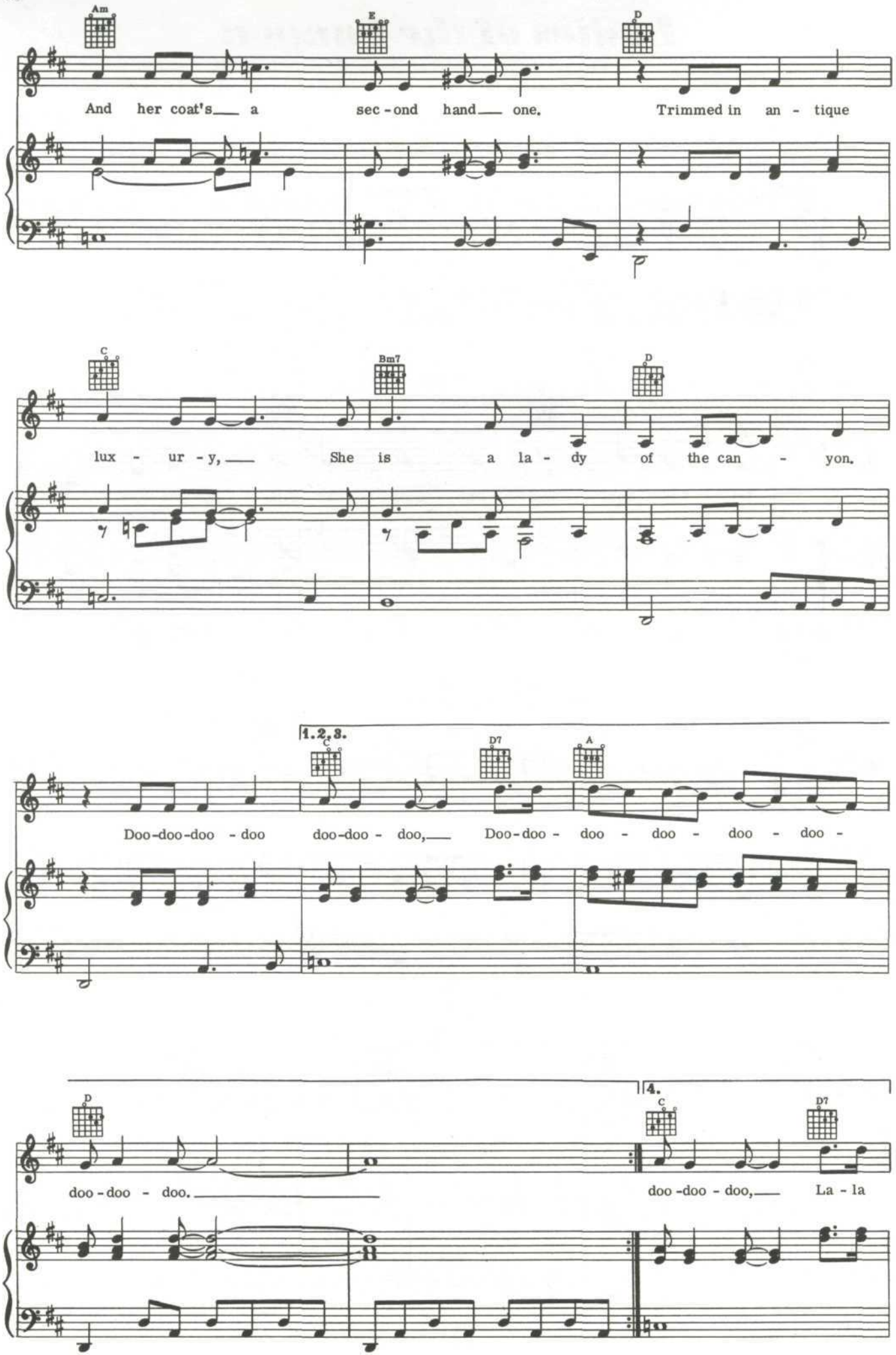
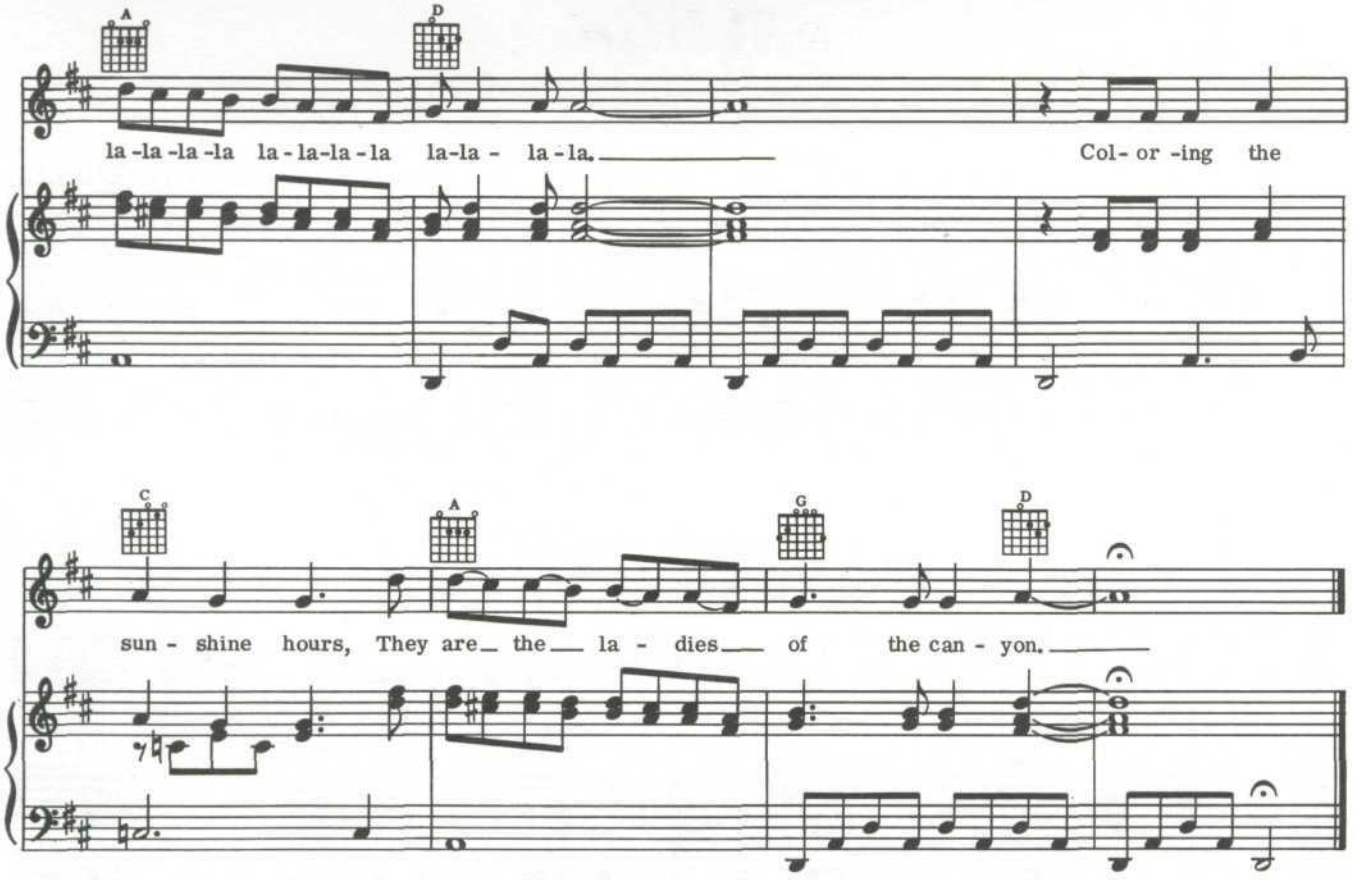

Am
E
D
And her coat's a sec - ond hand one. Trimmed in an - tique
C
Bm7
D
lux - ur - y, She is a la - dy of the can - yon.
1.2.3.
C
D7
A
Doo-doo-doo - doo doo-doo - doo, Doo-doo - doo - doo - doo - doo -
D
4.
C
D7
doo - doo - doo.
doo -doo - doo, La - la



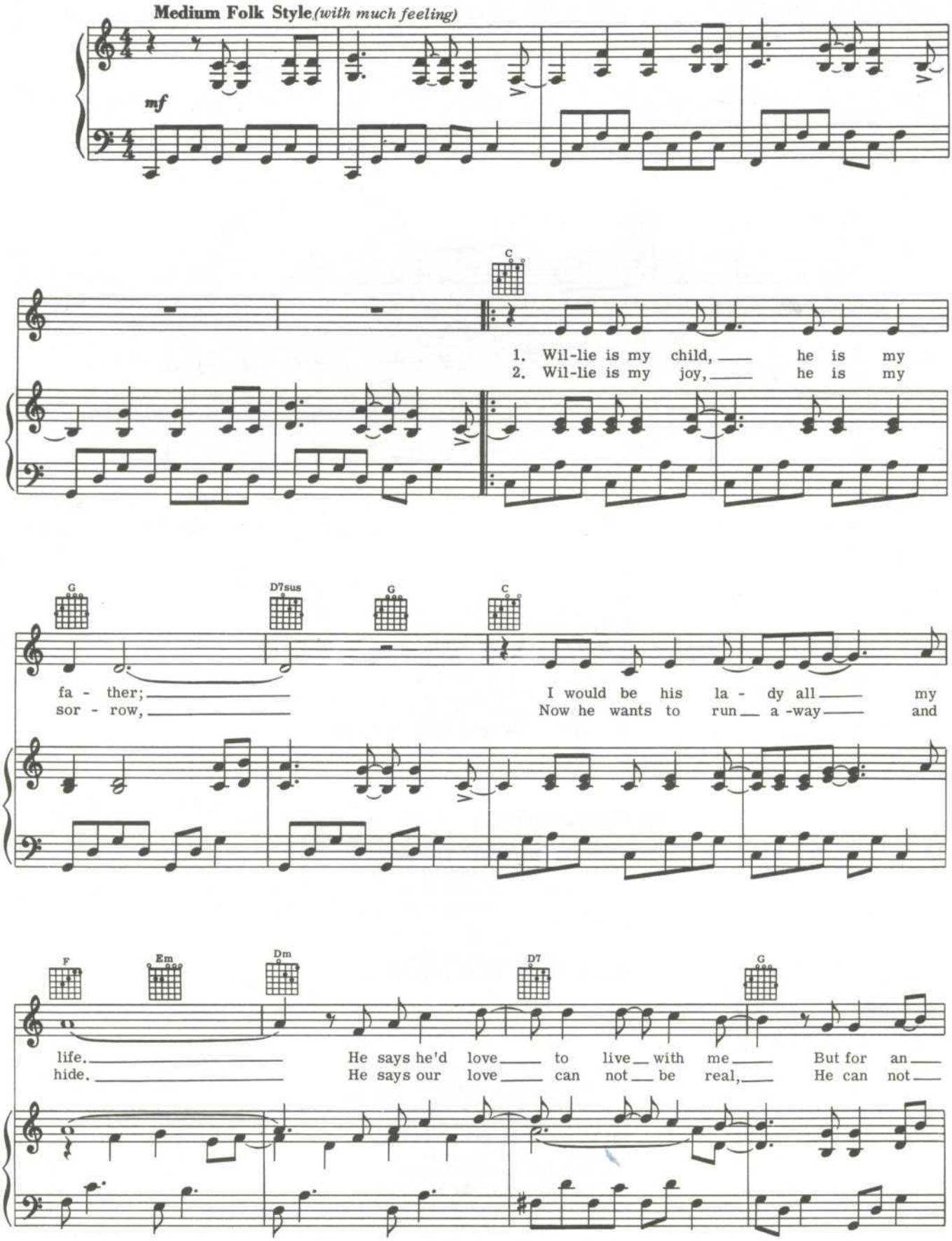
2. Annie sits you down to eat.
She always makes you welcome in.
Cats and babies 'round her feet,
And all are fat and none are thin.
None are thin and all are fat:
She may bake some brownies today.
Saying you are welcome back.
She is another canyon lady.
Doo-doo-doo-doo doo-doo-doo,
La-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la.

3. Estrella, circus girl,
Comes wrapped in songs and gypsy shawls.
Songs like tiny hammers hurled
At bevelled mirrors in empty halls.
Empty halls and bevelled mirrors,
Sailing seas and climbing banyans.
Come out for a visit here
To be a lady of the canyon.
Doo-doo-doo-doo doo-doo-doo,
Doo-doo doo doo doo doo doo-doo-doo.

4. Trina takes her paints and her threads
And weaves a pattern all her own.
Annie bakes her cakes and her breads
And gathers flowers for her home.
For her home she gathers flowers,
And Estrella, dear companion,
Colors up the sunshine hours,
Pouring music down the canyon.
Doo-doo-doo-doo doo-doo-doo,
La-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la la-la-la-la.
Coloring the sunshine hours,
They are the ladies of the canyon.

Willie

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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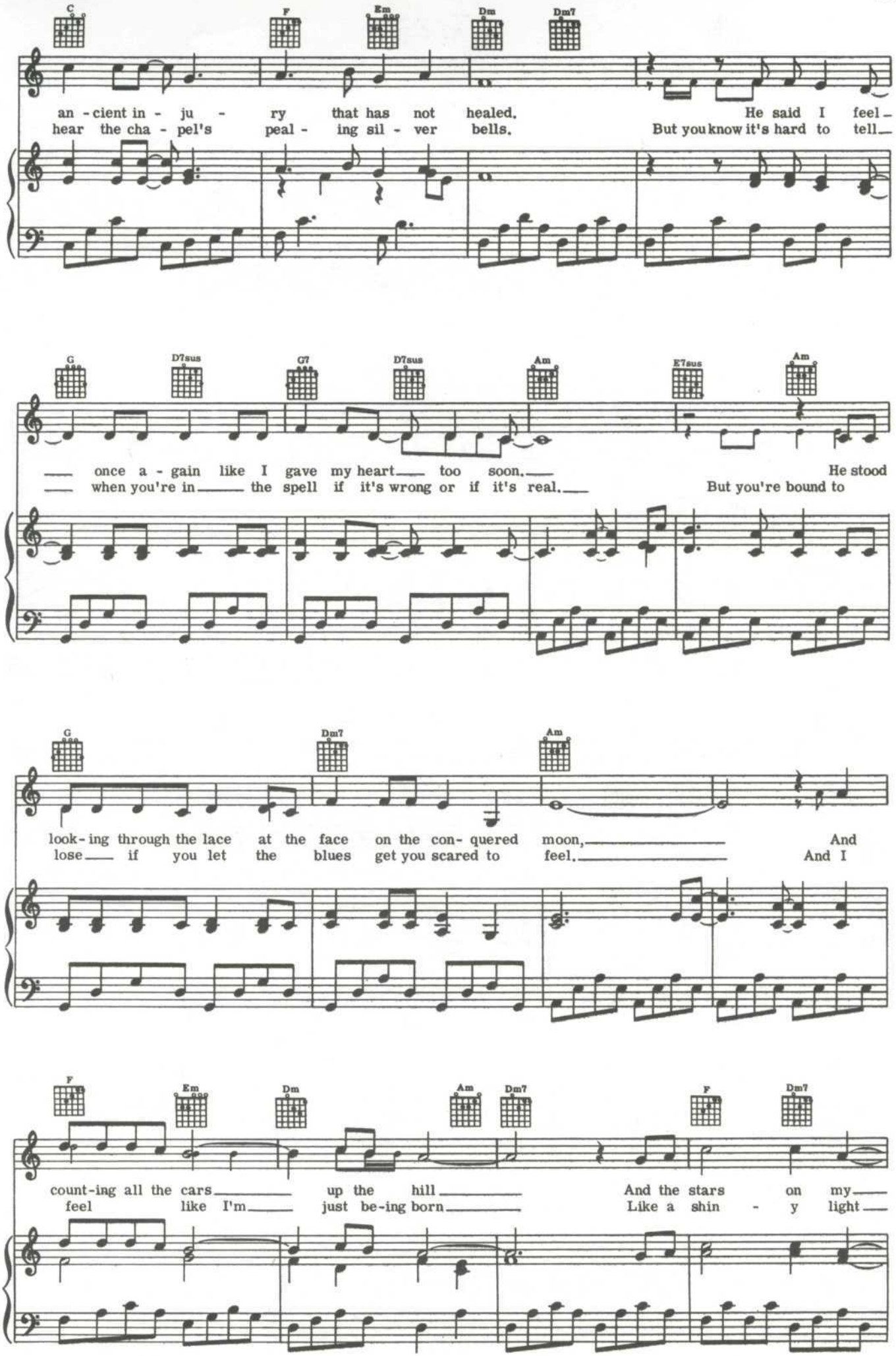
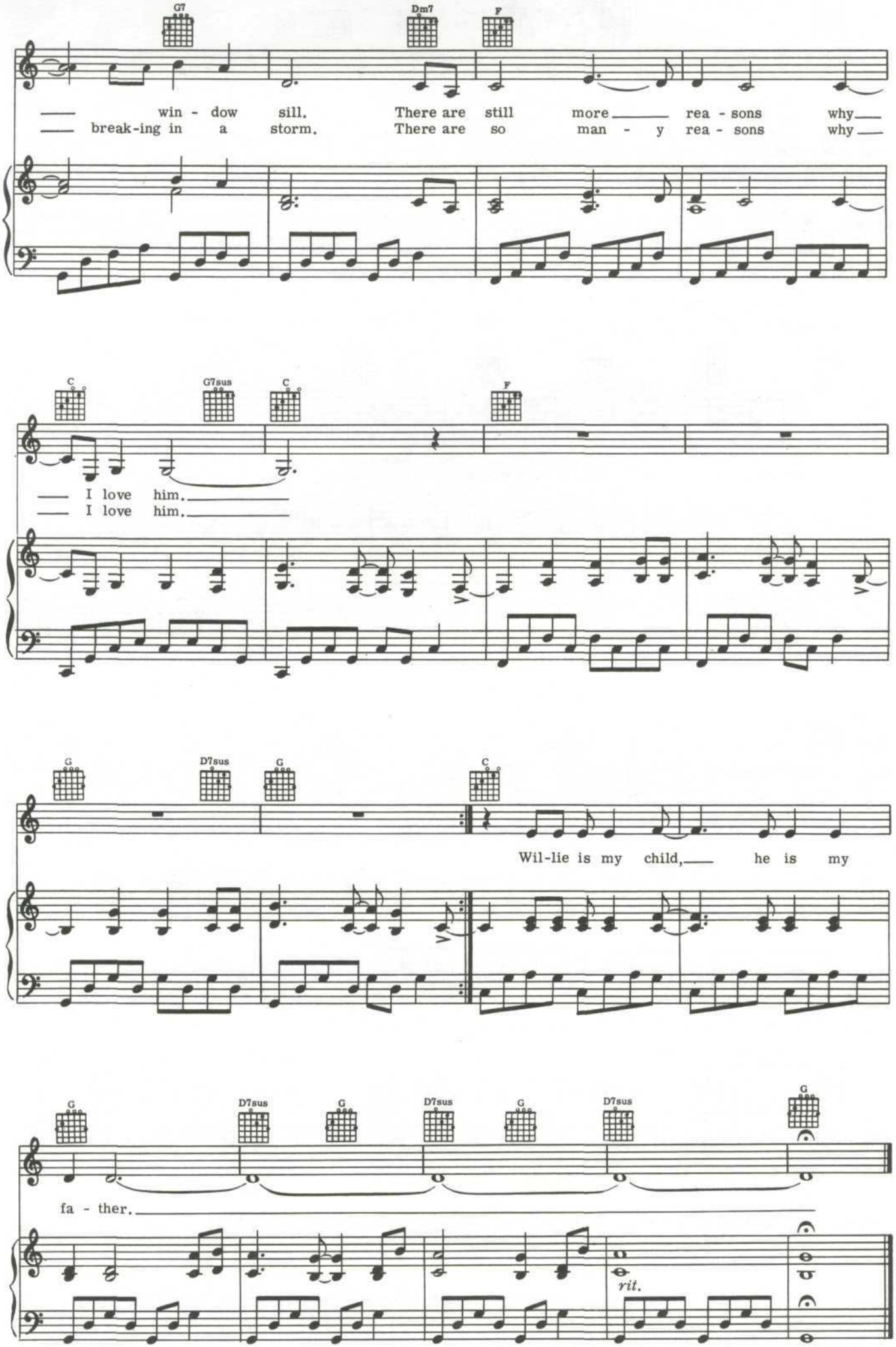
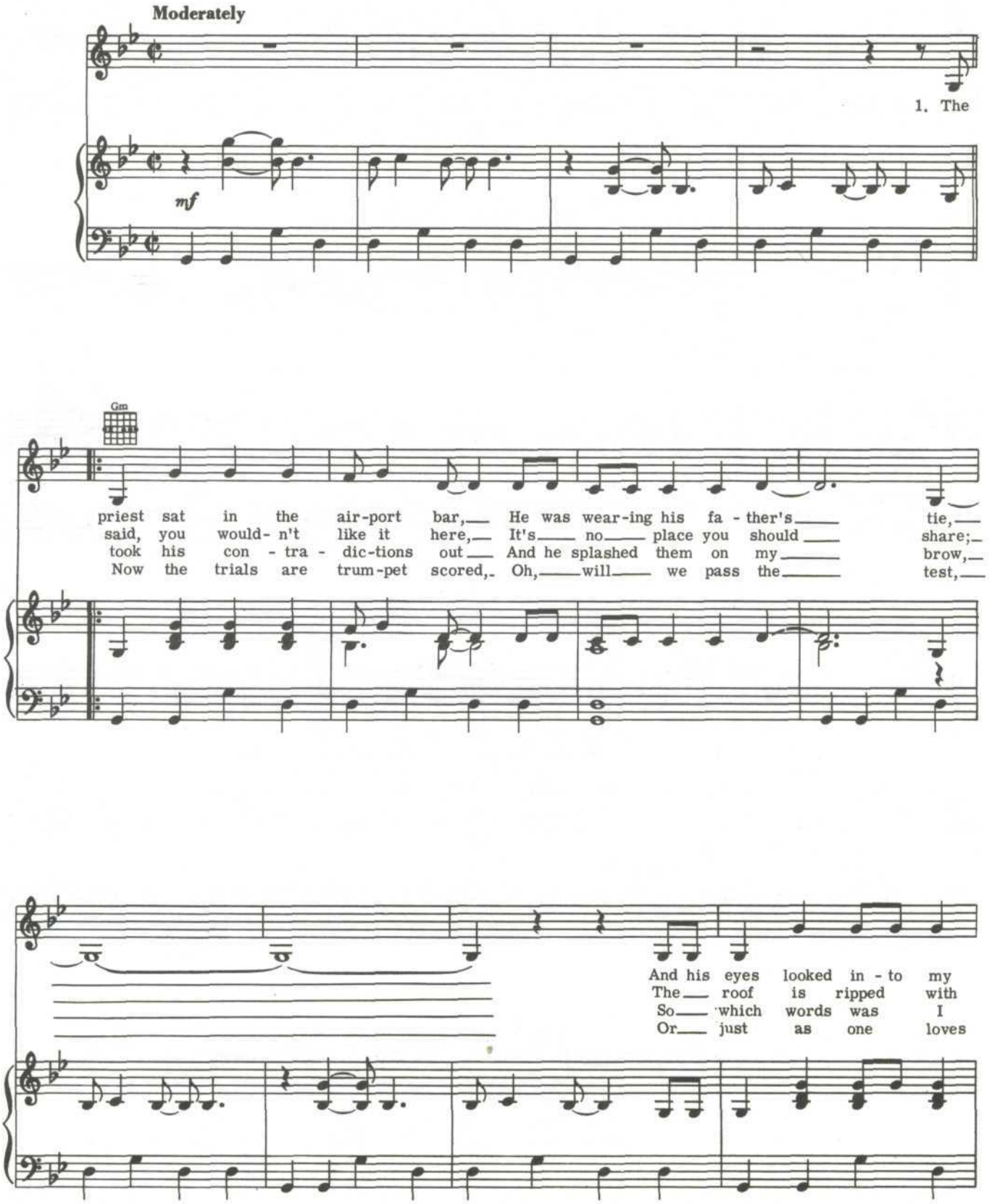

C
F
Em
Dm
Dm7
an - cient in - ju - ry that has not healed. He said I feel -
hear the cha - pel's peal - ing sil - ver bells. But you know it's hard to tell -
G
D7sus
G7
D7sus
Am
E7sus
Am
— once a - gain like I gave my heart — too soon. — He stood
— when you're in — the spell if it's wrong or if it's real. — But you're bound to
G
Dm7
Am
look - ing through the lace at the face on the con - quered moon, — And
lose — if you let the blues get you scared to feel. — And I
F
Em
Dm
Am
Dm7
F
Dm7
count - ing all the cars — up the hill — And the stars on my —
feel like I'm — just be - ing born — Like a shin - y light —


G7
Dm7
F
win - dow sill. There are still more rea - sons why
break-ing in a storm. There are so man - y rea - sons why
C
G7sus
C
F
I love him.
I love him.
G
D7sus
G
C
Wil-lie is my child, he is my
G
D7sus
G
D7sus
G
D7sus
G
fa - ther.
rit.

The Priest Song

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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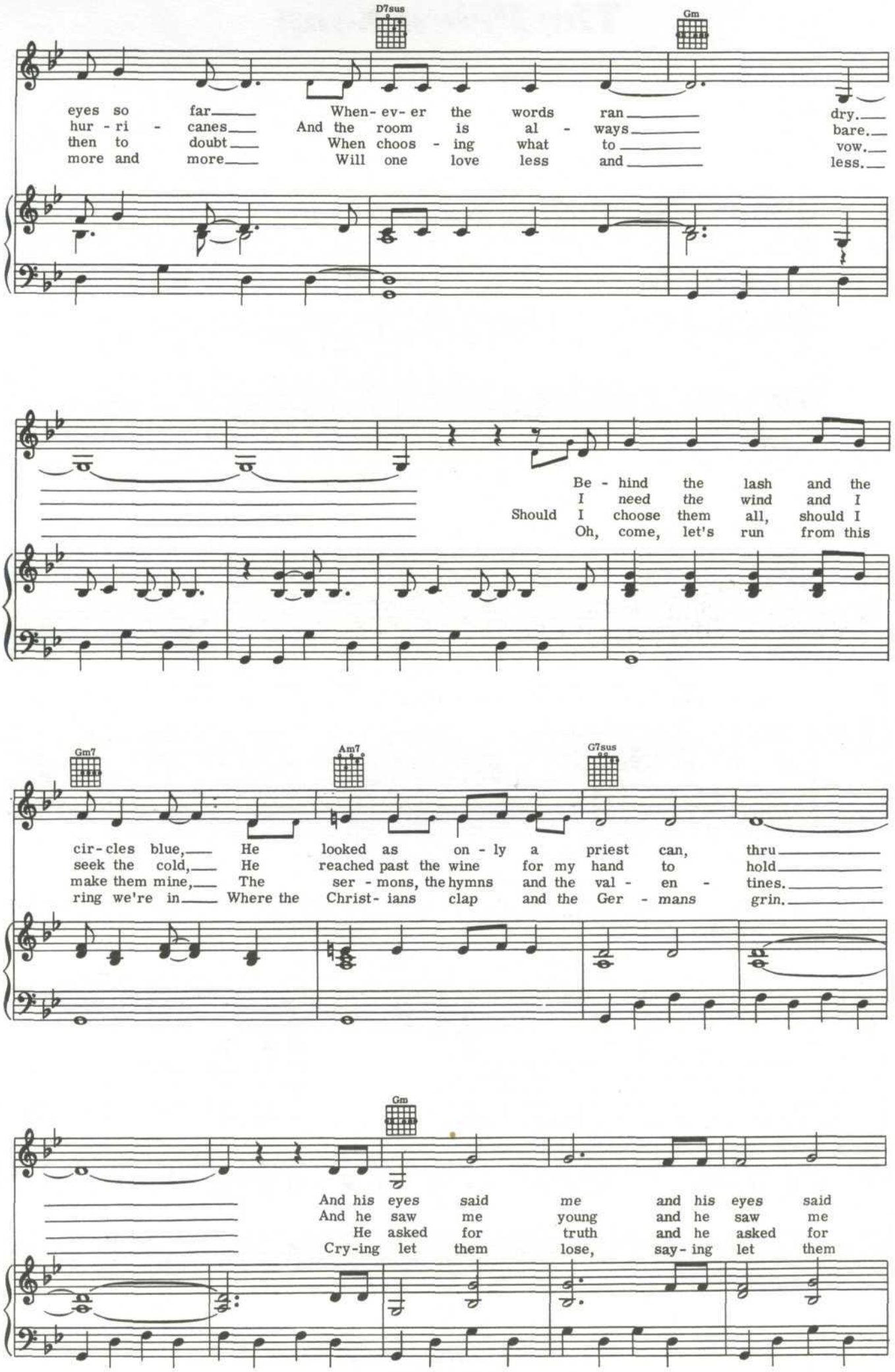
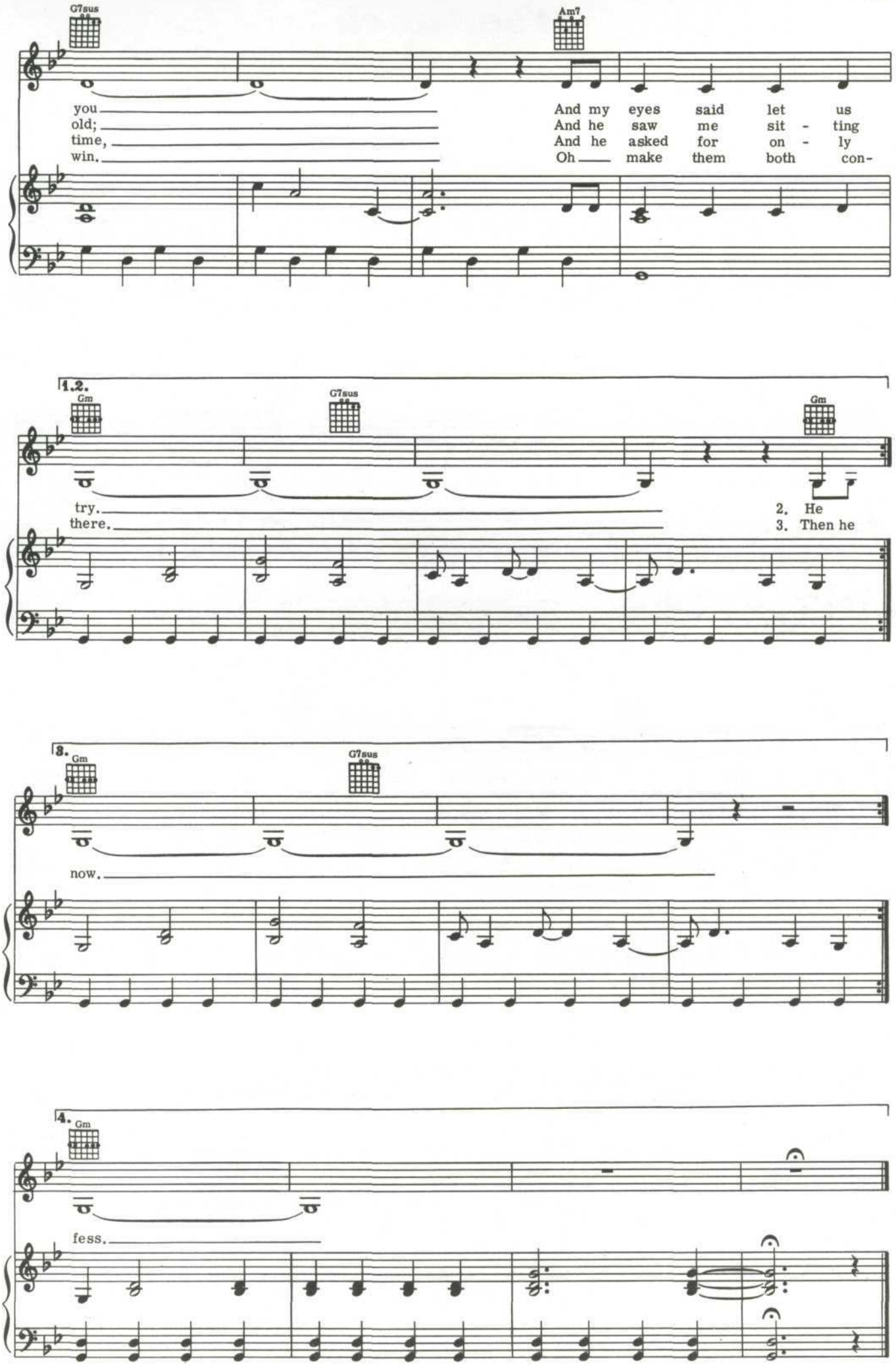
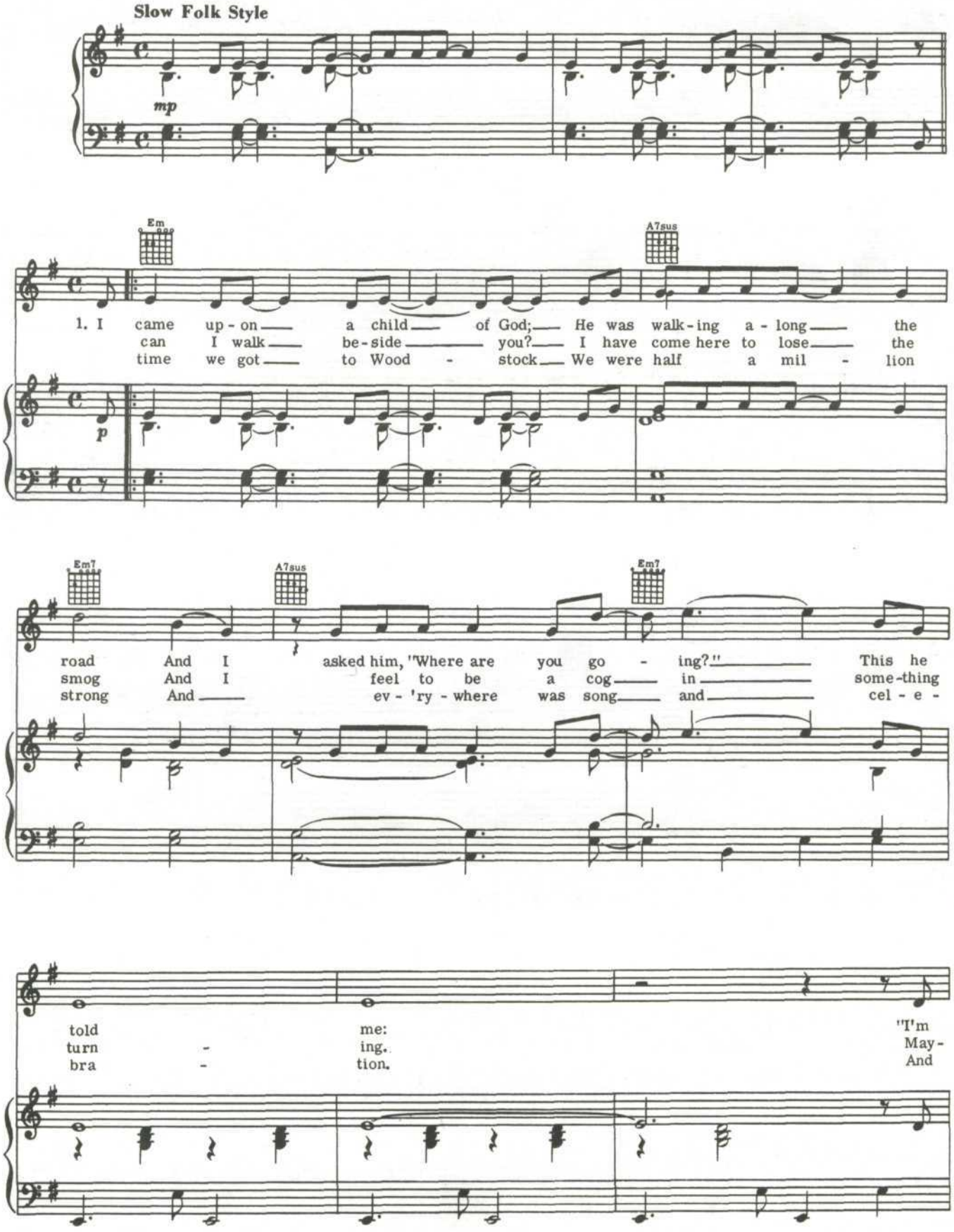

D7sus
Gm
eyes so far When-ev-er the words ran dry.
hur-ri-canes And the room is al-ways bare.
then to doubt When choos-ing what to vow.
more and more Will one love less and less.
Be-hind the lash and the
I need the wind and I
Should I choose them all, should I
Oh, come, let's run from this
Gm7
Am7
G7sus
cir-cles blue, He looked as on-ly a priest can, thru
seek the cold, He reached past the wine for my hand to hold
make them mine, The ser-mons, the hymns and the val-en-tines.
ring we're in Where the Christ-ians clap and the Ger-mans grin.
Gm
And his eyes said me and his eyes said
And he saw me young and he saw me
He asked for truth and he asked for
Cry-ing let them lose, say-ing let them


G7sus
Am7
you
old;
time,
win.
And my eyes said let us
And he saw me sit - ting
And he asked for on - ly
Oh make them both con-
1.2.
Gm
G7sus
Gm
try.
there.
2. He
3. Then he
3.
Gm
G7sus
now.
4.
Gm
fess.

Woodstock

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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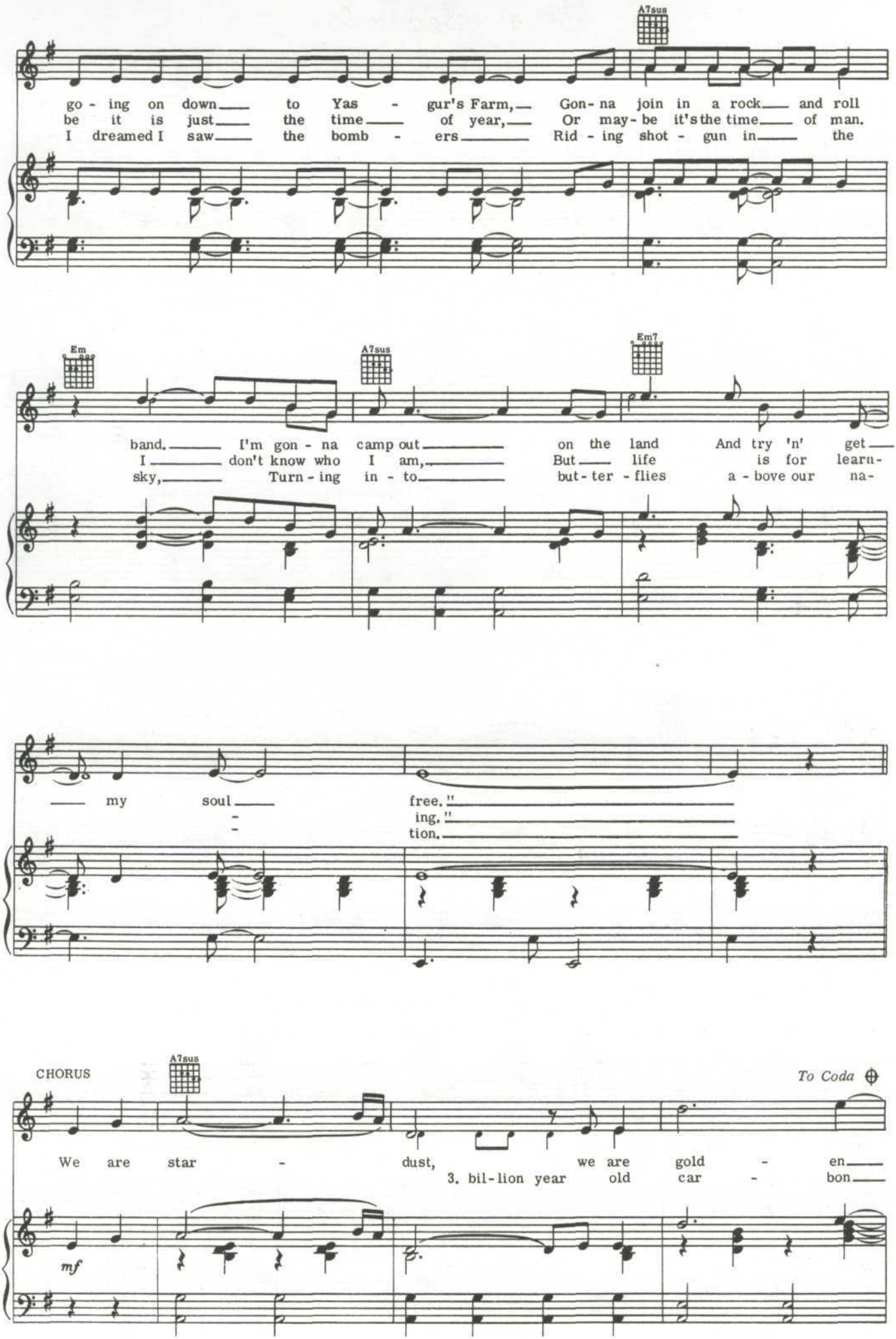
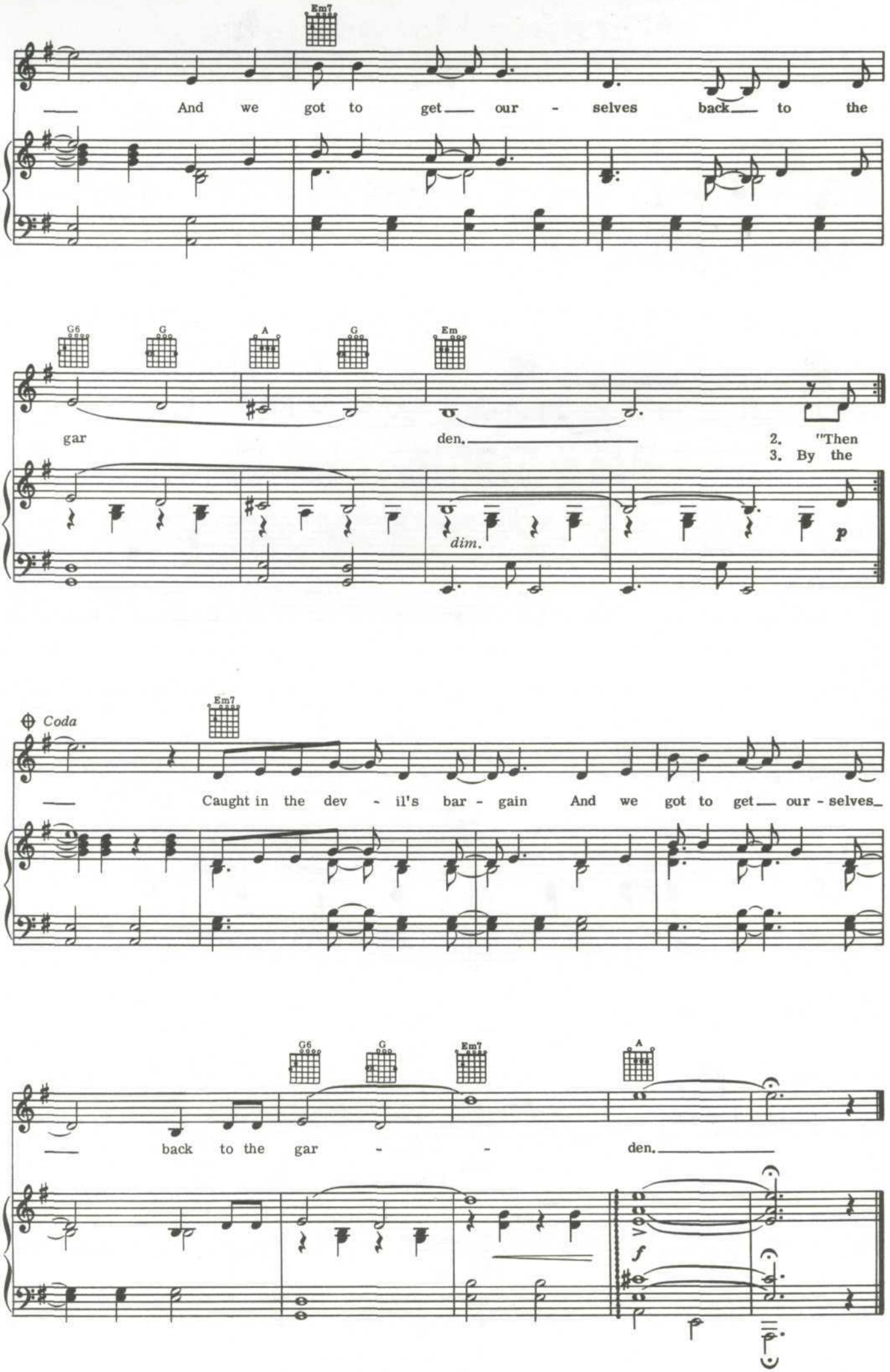
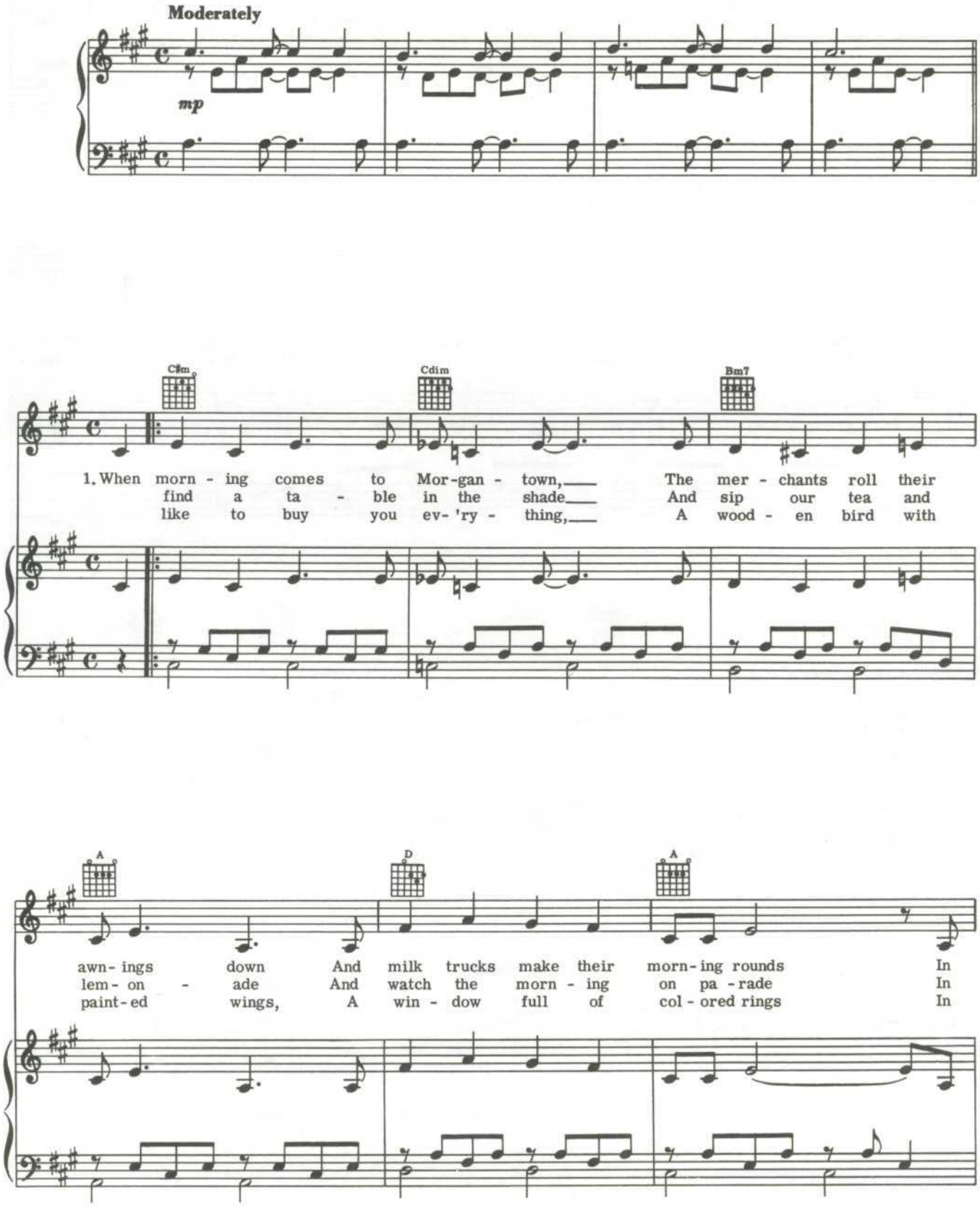

A7sus
go - ing on down to Yas - gur's Farm, Gon - na join in a rock and roll
be it is just the time of year, Or may - be it's the time of man.
I dreamed I saw the bomb - ers Rid - ing shot - gun in the
Em
A7sus
Em7
band. I'm gon - na camp out on the land And try 'n' get
I don't know who I am, But life is for learn -
sky, Turn - ing in - to but - ter - flies a - bove our na -
my soul
free."
ing."
tion.
CHORUS
A7sus
To Coda
We are star - dust, we are gold - en
3. bil - lion year old car - bon
mf


Em7
And we got to get our - selves back to the
G6
G
A
G
Em
gar
den.
2. "Then
3. By the
dim.
p
Coda
Em7
Caught in the dev - il's bar - gain And we got to get our - selves
G6
G
Em7
A
back to the gar - - den.
f

Morning Morgantown

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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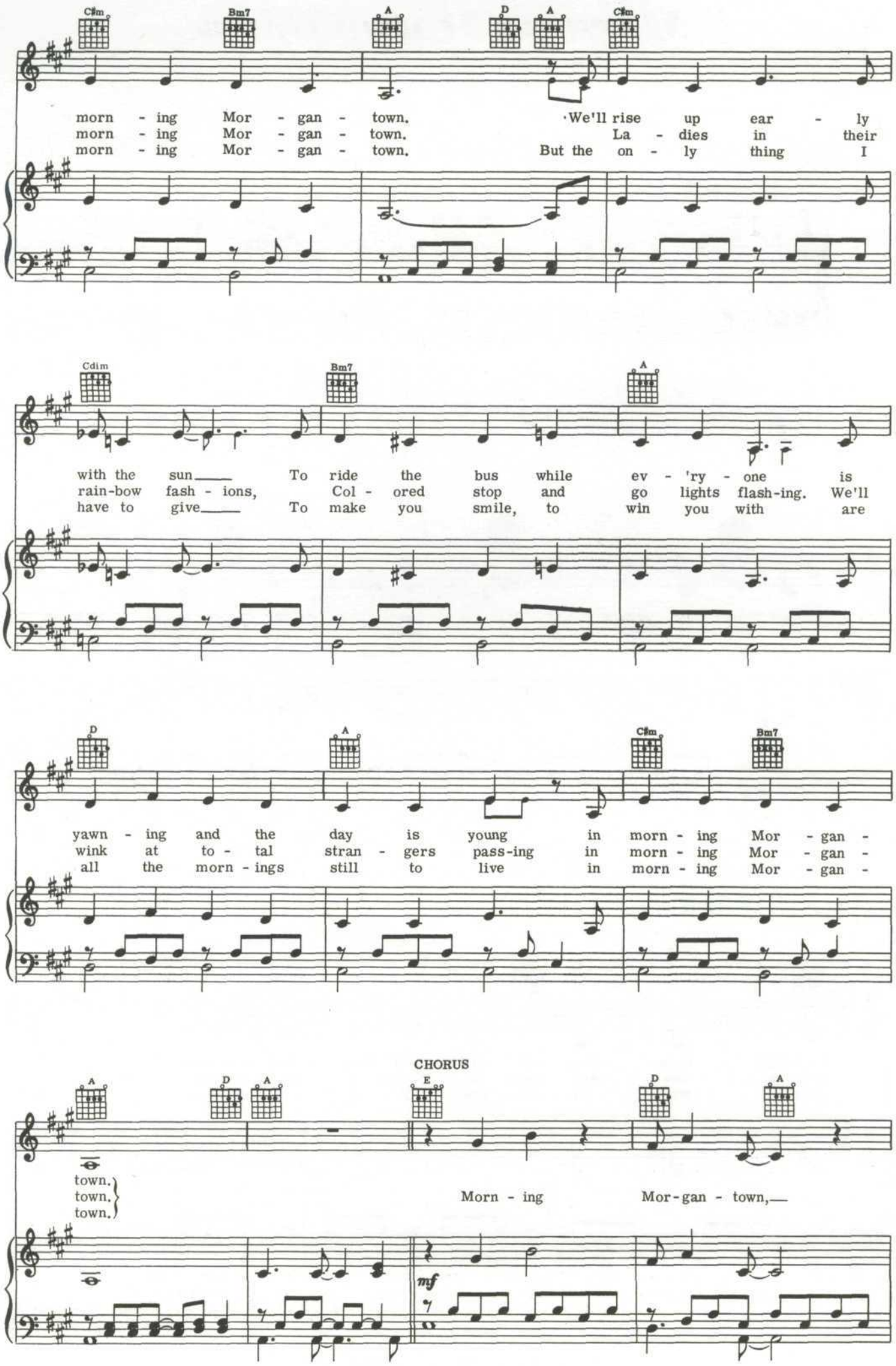
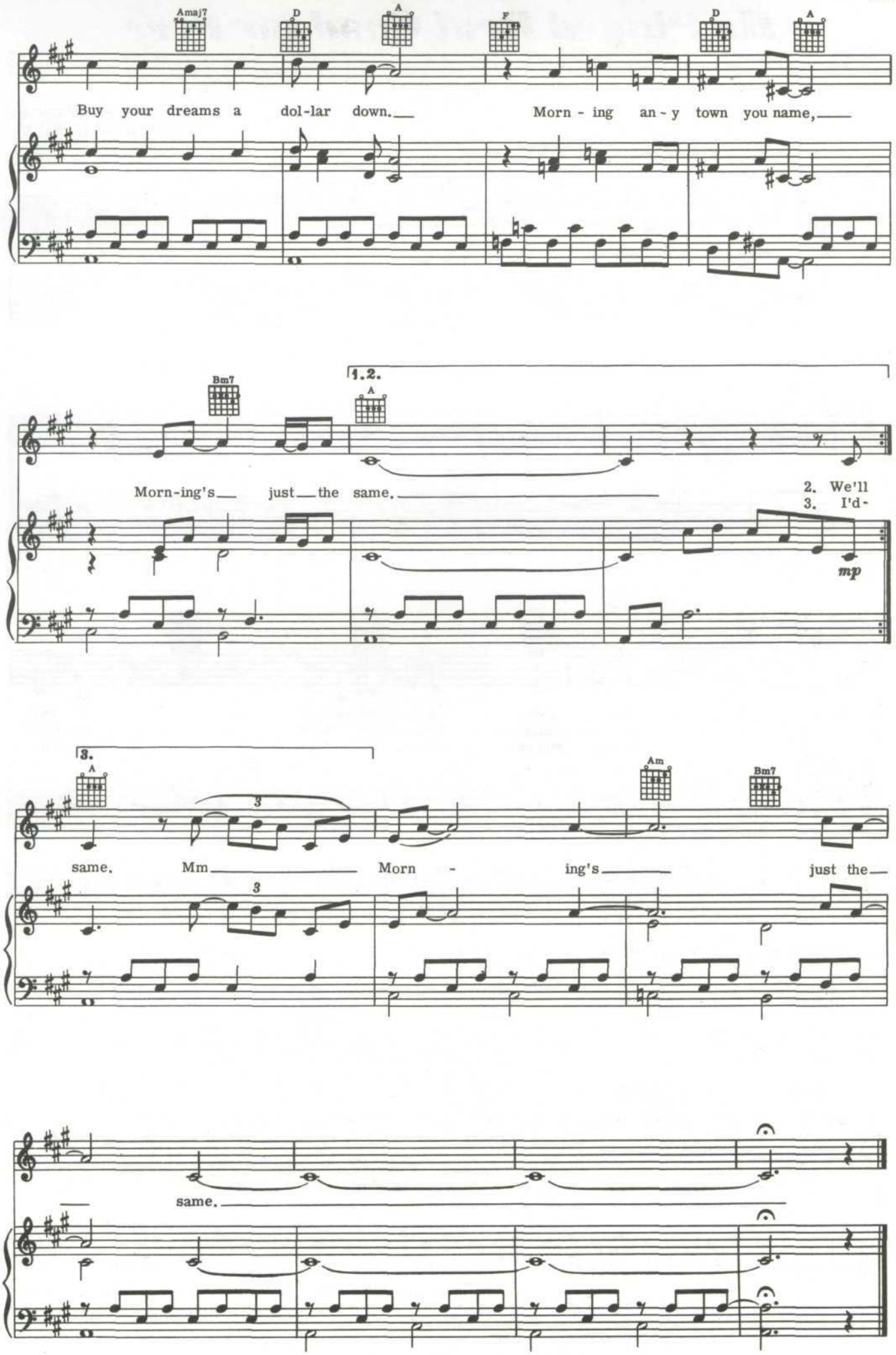
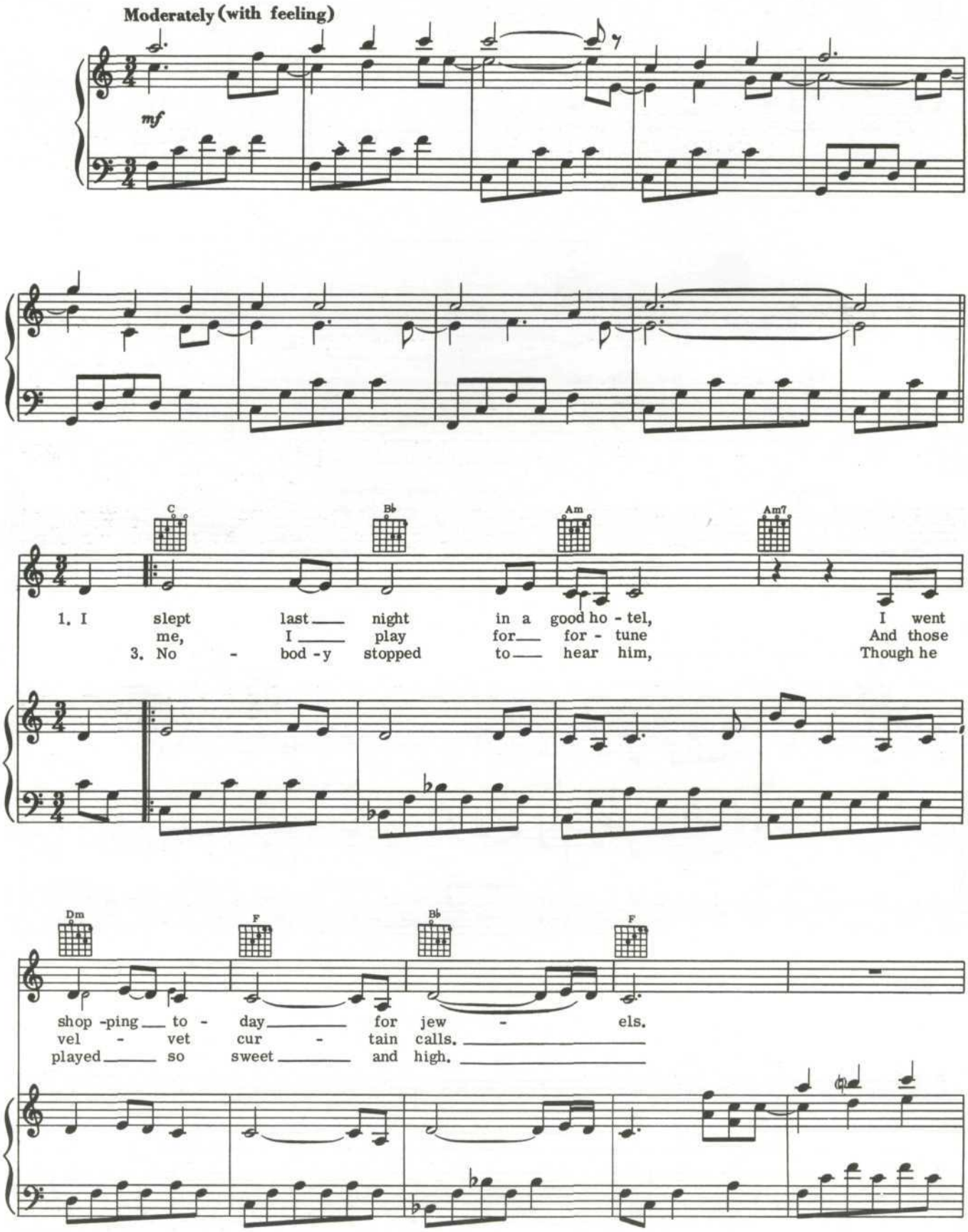

C♯m Bm7 A D A C♯m
morn - ing Mor - gan - town. We'll rise up ear - ly
morn - ing Mor - gan - town. La - dies in their
morn - ing Mor - gan - town. But the on - ly thing I
Cdim Bm7 A
with the sun To ride the bus while ev - 'ry - one is
rain-bow fash - ions, Col - ored stop and go lights flash-ing. We'll
have to give To make you smile, to win you with are
D A C♯m Bm7
yawn - ing and the day is young in morn - ing Mor - gan -
wink at to - tal stran - gers pass-ing in morn - ing Mor - gan -
all the morn - ings still to live in morn - ing Mor - gan -
CHORUS
A D A E D A
town.
town.
town.
Morn - ing Mor-gan - town,
mf


Amaj7
D
A
F
D
A
Buy your dreams a dol-lar down.
Morn - ing an ~ y town you name,
Bm7
1.2.
A
Morn-ing's just the same.
2. We'll
3. I'd -
mp
3.
A
same. Mm
Morn - ing's
Am
Bm7
just the
same.

He Played Real Good for Free

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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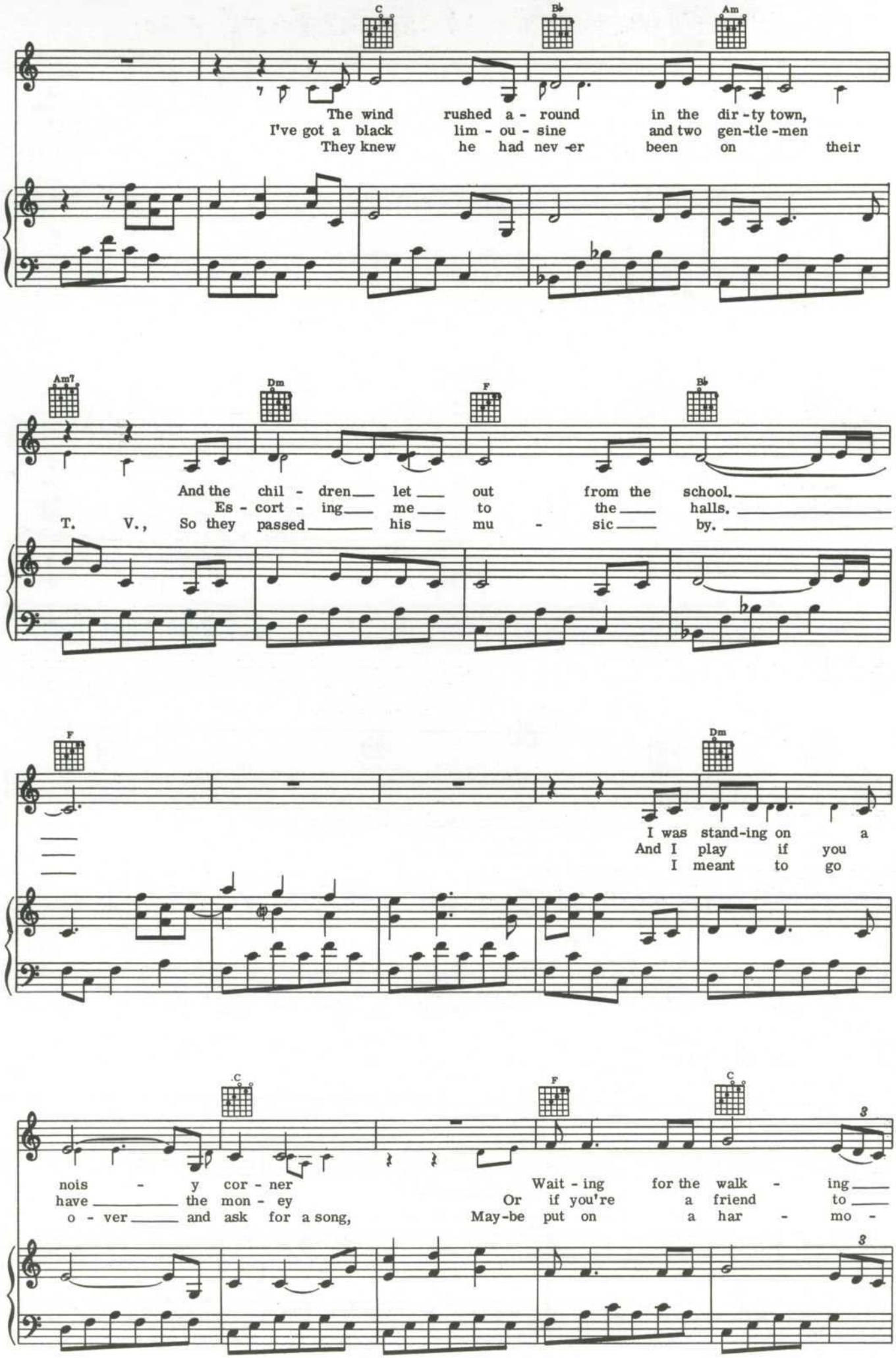
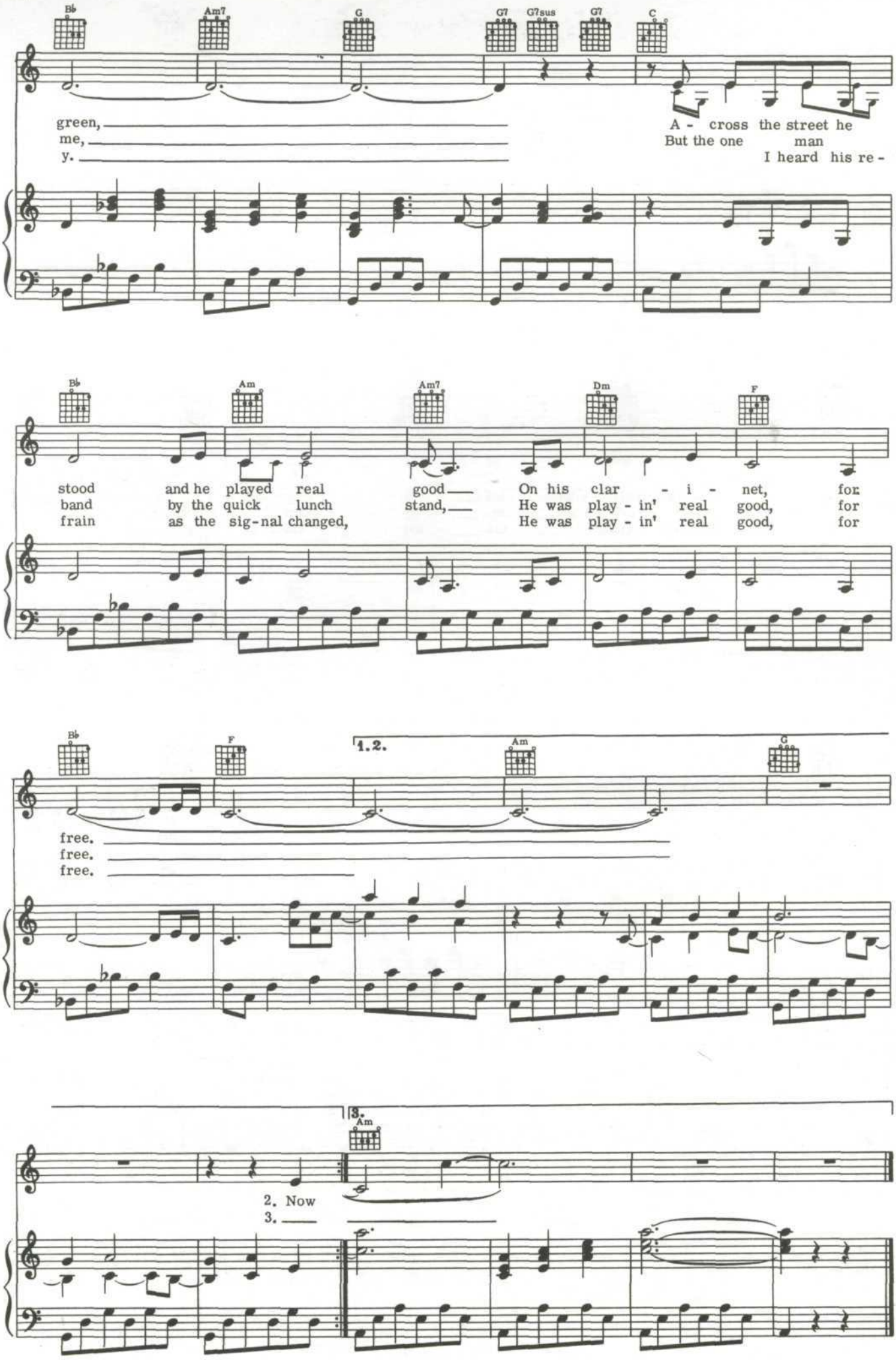
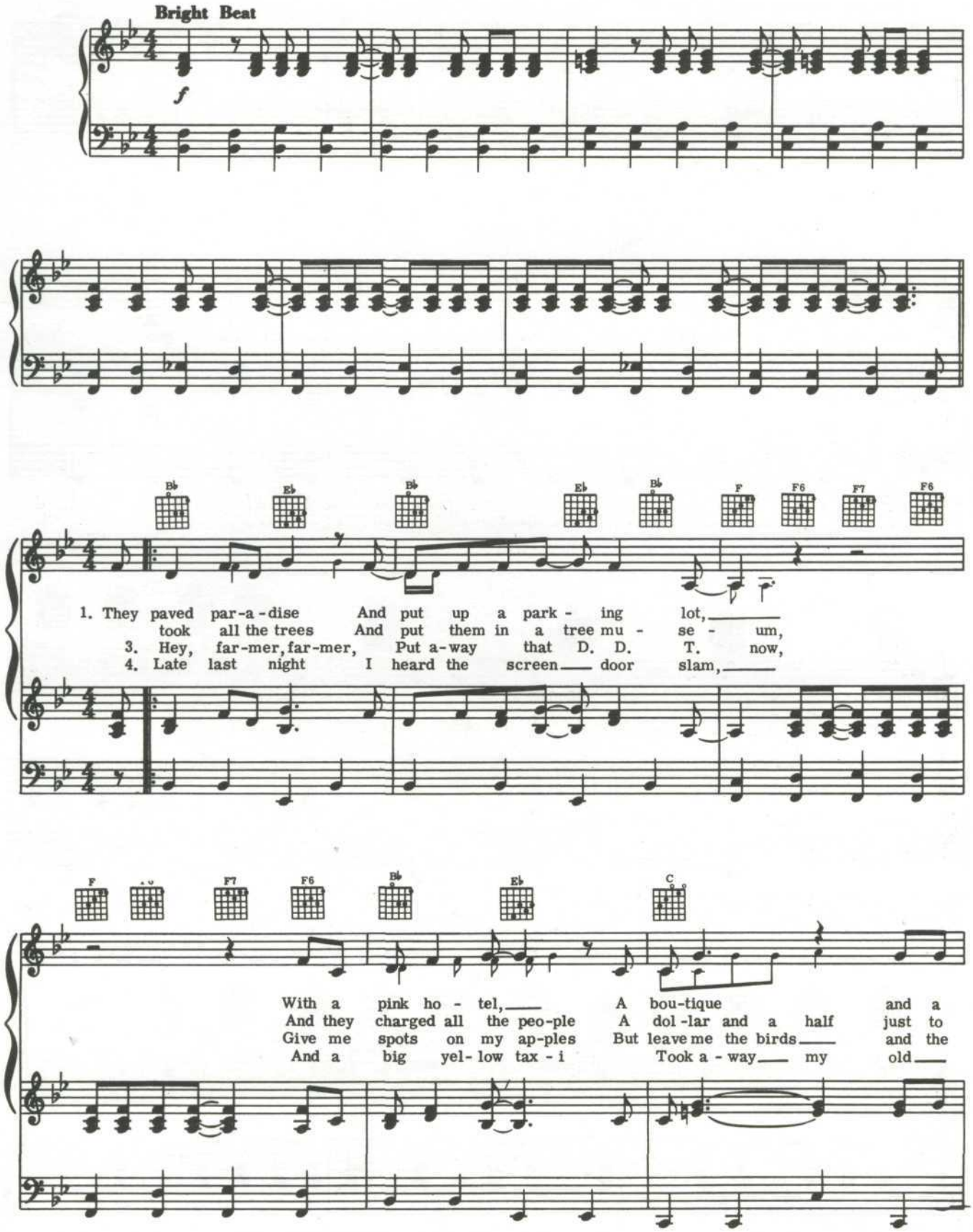

C
B♭
Am
The wind rushed a - round in the dir - ty town,
I've got a black lim - ou - sine and two gen-tle-men
They knew he had nev -er been on their
Am7
Dm
F
B♭
And the chil - dren let out from the school.
Es - cort - ing me to the halls.
T. V., So they passed his mu - sic by.
F
Dm
I was stand-ing on a
And I play if you
I meant to go
C
F
C
nois - y cor - ner
have the mon - ey
o - ver and ask for a song,
Wait - ing for the walk - ing
Or if you're a friend to
May-be put on a har - mo -


B♭ Am7 G G7 G7sus G7 C
green,
me,
y.
A - cross the street he
But the one man
I heard his re -
B♭ Am Am7 Dm F
stood and he played real good On his clar - i - net, for
band by the quick lunch stand, He was play - in' real good, for
frain as the sig-nal changed, He was play - in' real good, for
B♭ F 1.2. Am G
free.
free.
free.
3. Am
2. Now
3.

Big Yellow Taxi

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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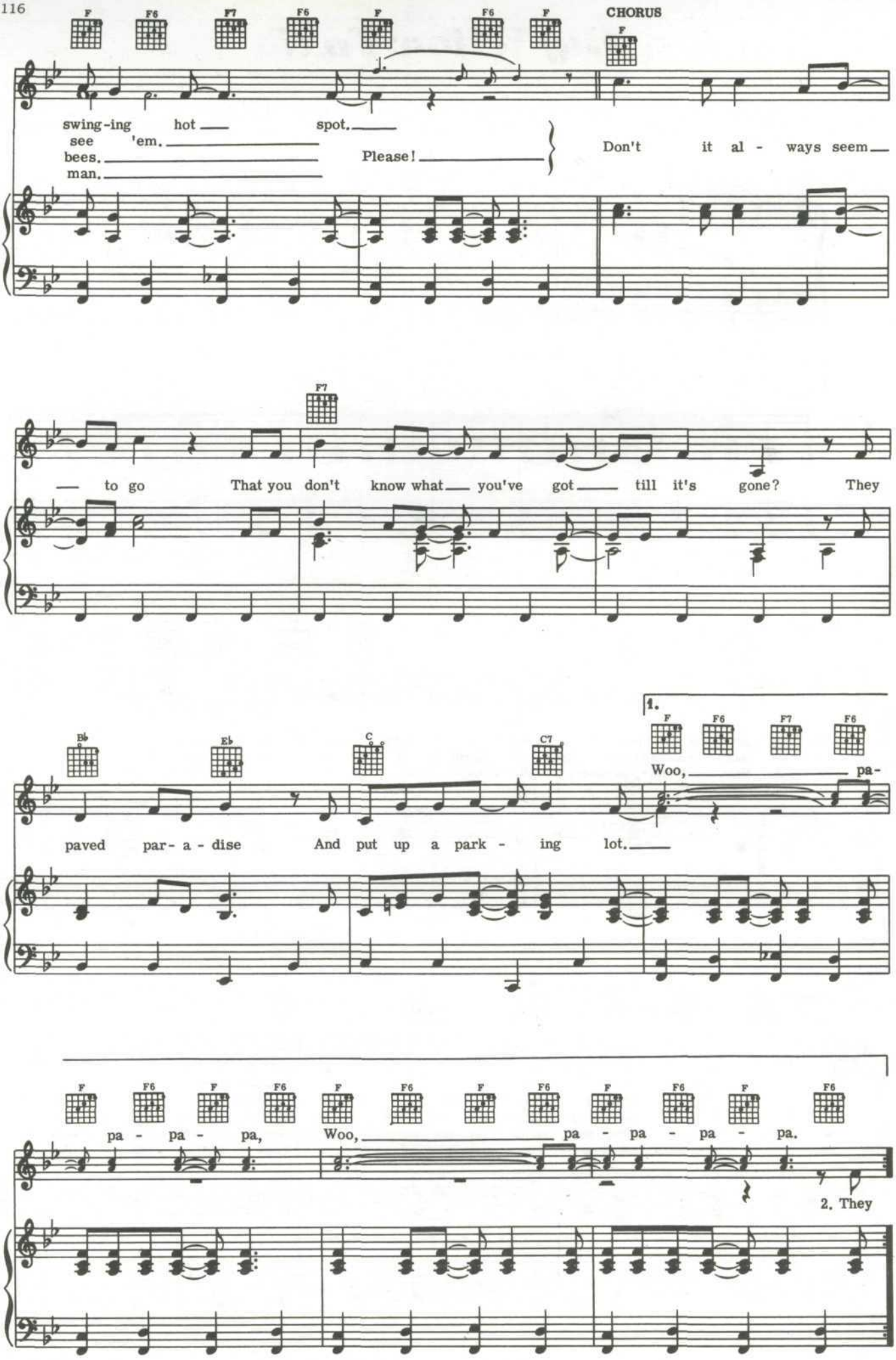
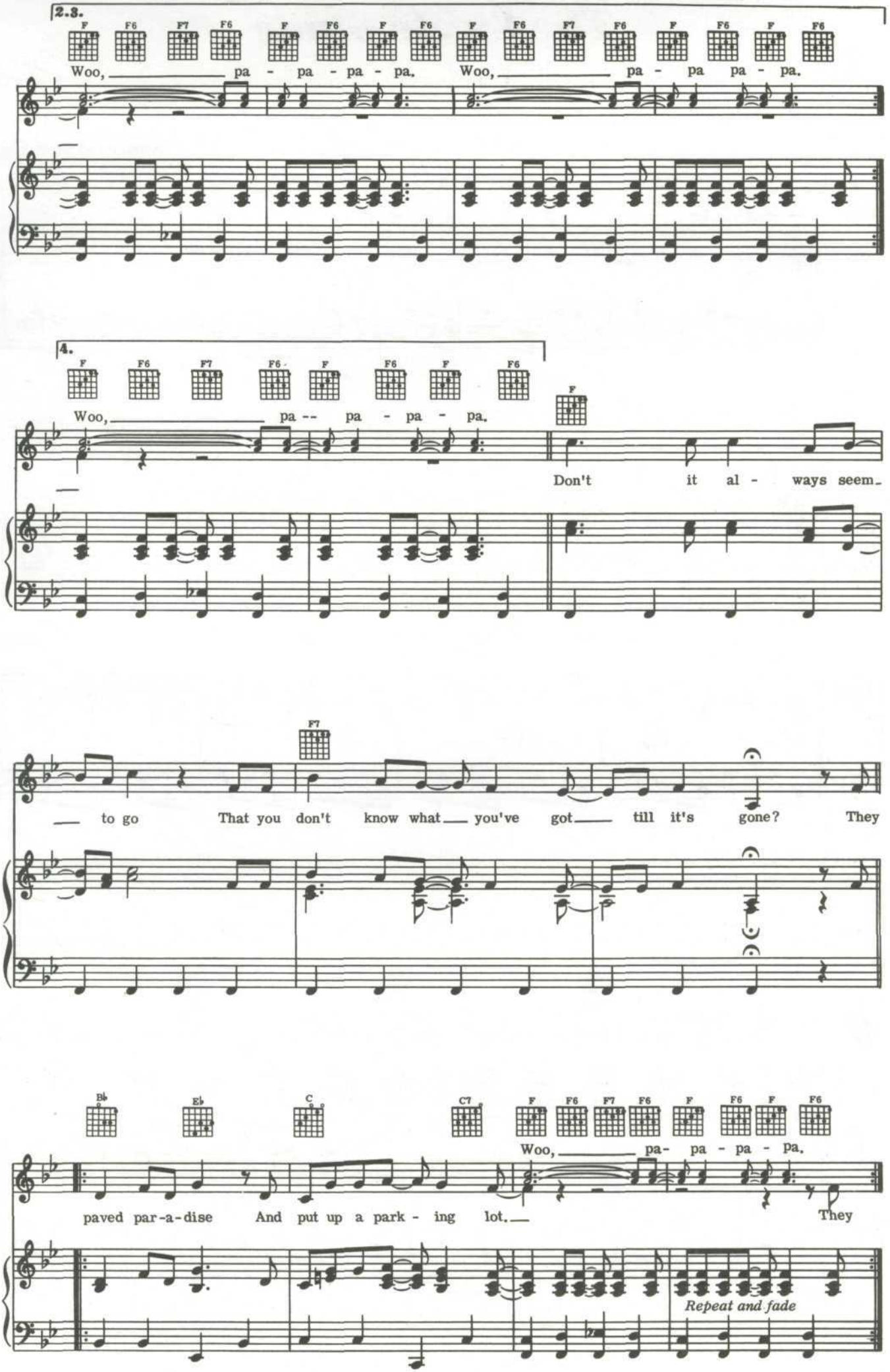
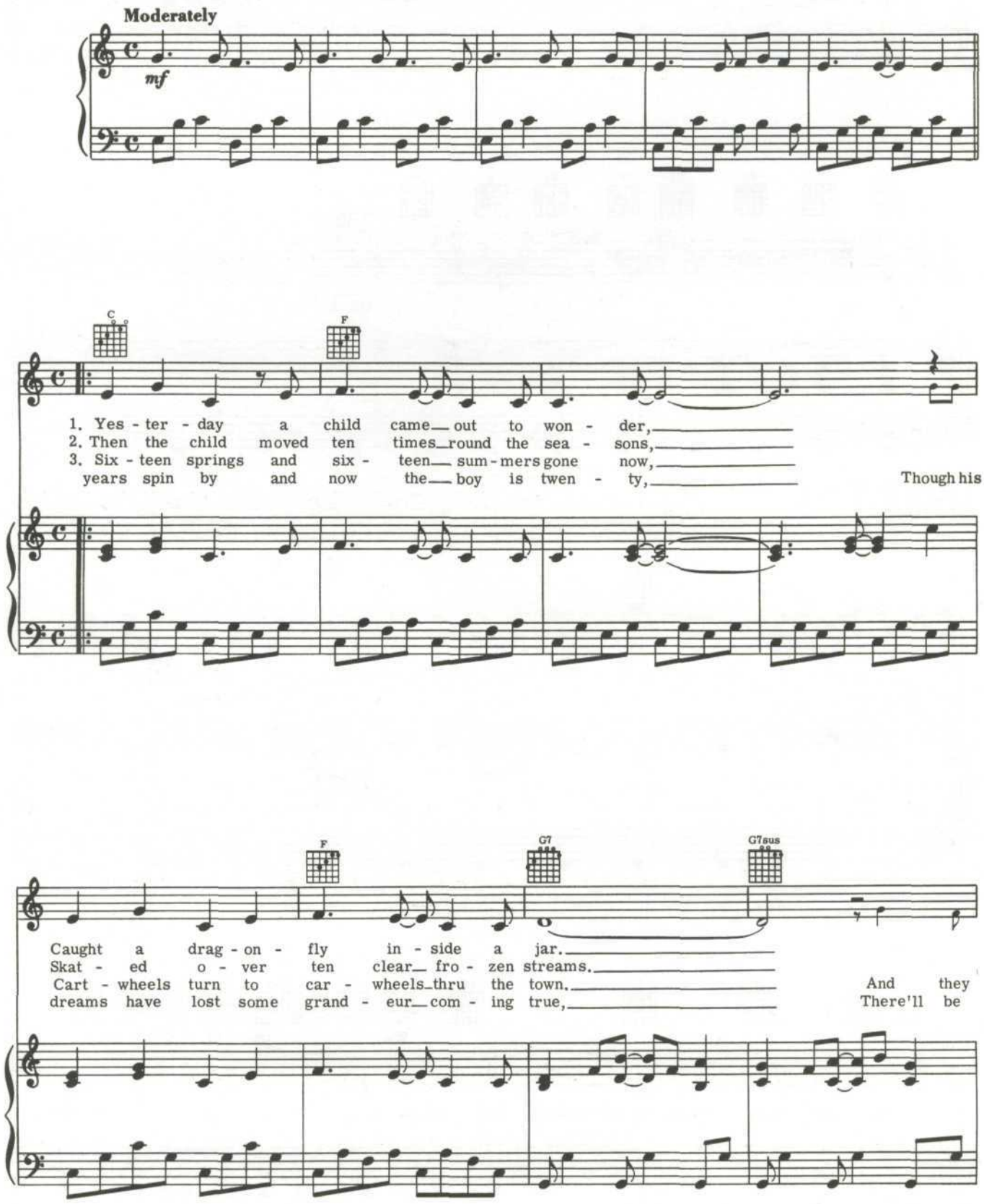

F F6 F7 F6 F F6 F
CHORUS
F
swing-ing hot spot.
see 'em.
bees.
man.
Please!
Don't it al - ways seem
F7
to go That you don't know what you've got till it's gone? They
B♭ E♭ C C7
1.
F F6 F7 F6
Woo, pa-
paved par- a - dise And put up a park - ing lot.
F F6 F F6 F F6 F F6 F F6 F F6
pa - pa - pa, Woo, pa - pa - pa - pa.
2. They


2.3.
F F6 F7 F6 F F6 F F6 F F6 F7 F6 F F6 F F6
Woo, pa - pa - pa - pa. Woo, pa - pa pa - pa.
4.
F F6 F7 F6 F F6 F F6
Woo, pa -- pa - pa - pa.
F
Don't it al - ways seem
F7
to go That you don't know what you've got till it's gone? They
Bb Eb C C7 F F6 F7 F6 F F6 F F6
Woo, pa- pa - pa - pa.
paved par-a-dise And put up a park - ing lot. They
Repeat and fade

The Circle Game

Words and Music by
JONI MITCHELL



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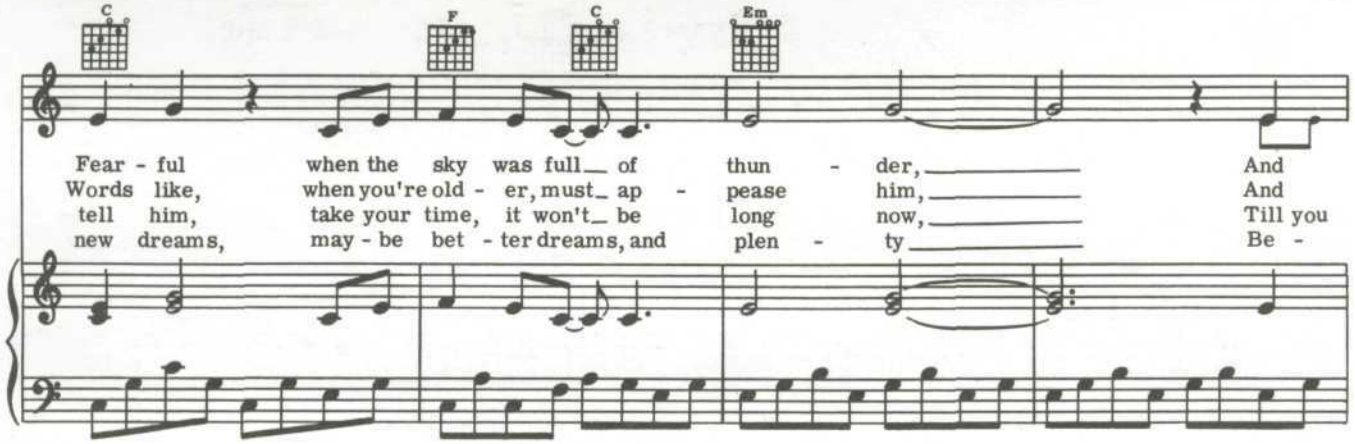
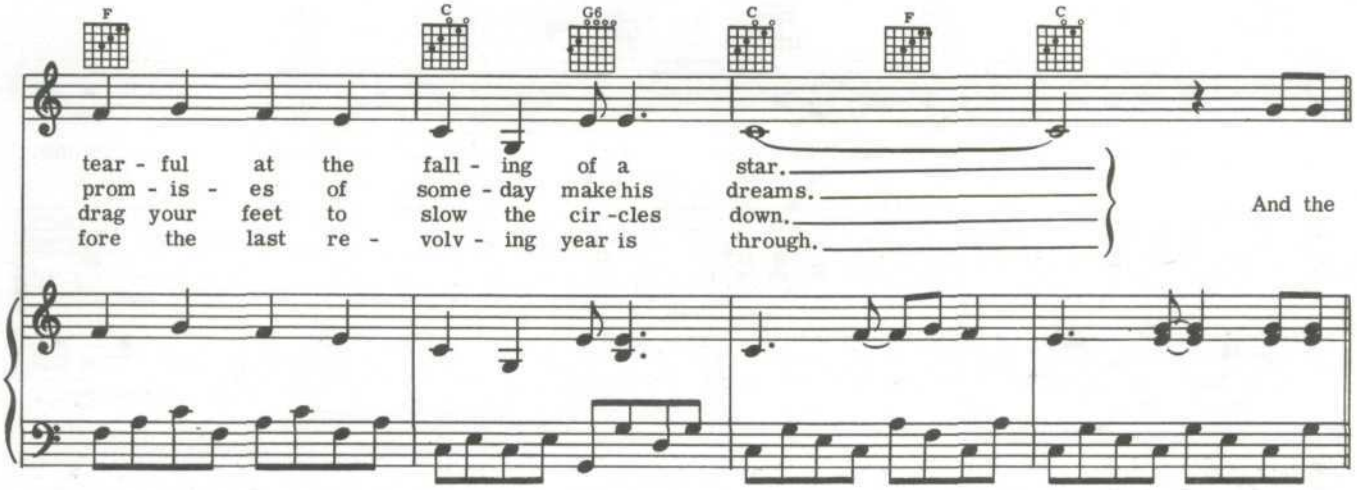
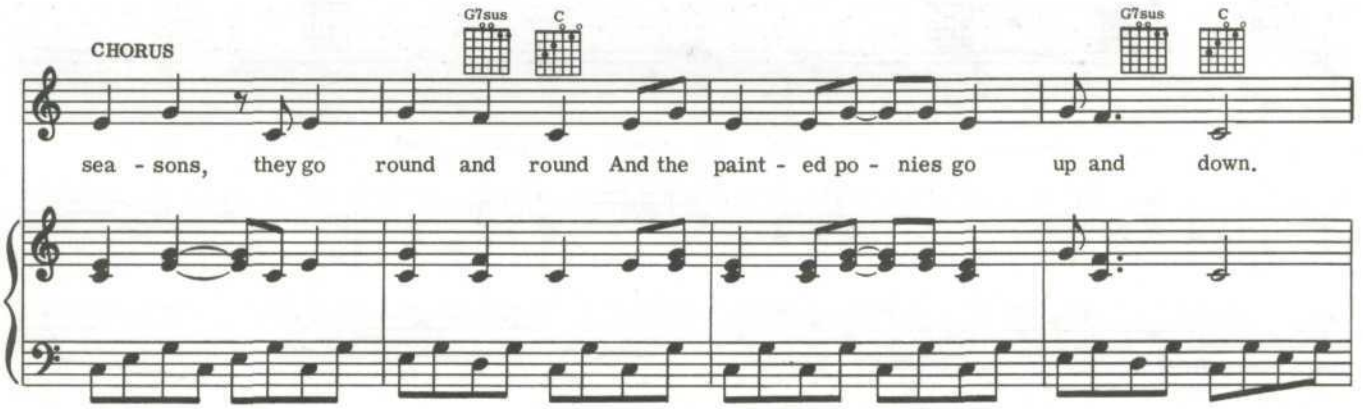
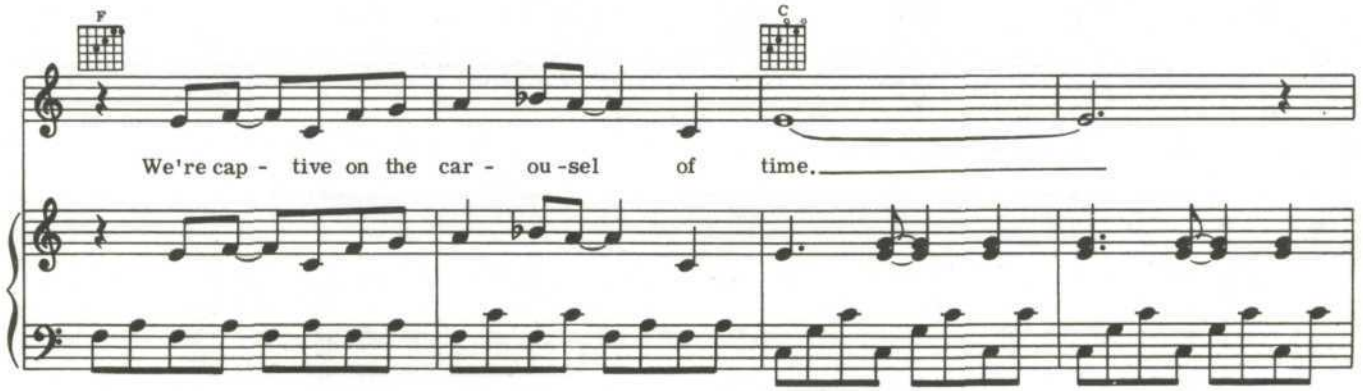
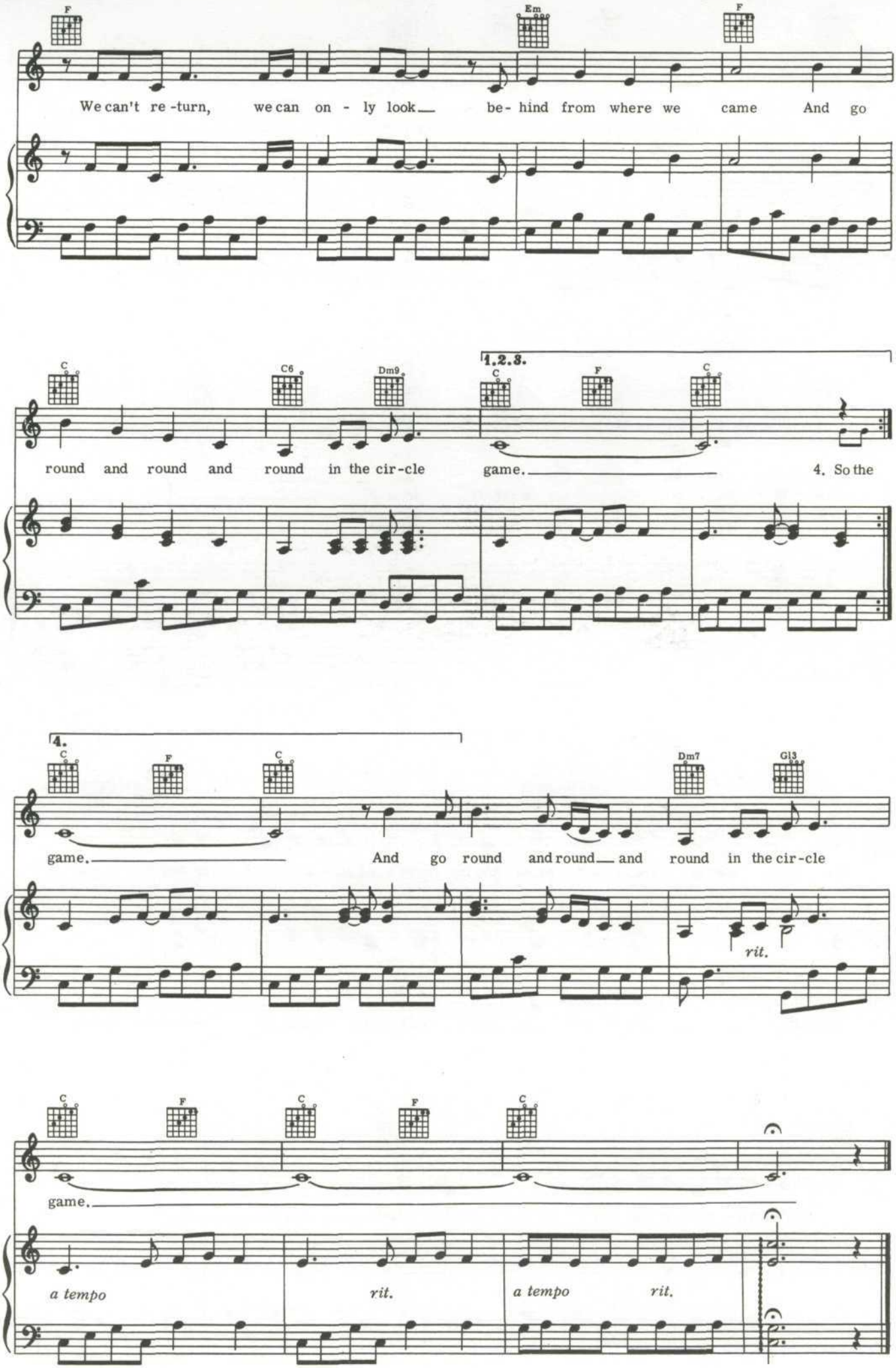

C
F
C
Em
Fear - ful when the sky was full_ of thun - der,_ And
Words like, when you're old - er, must_ ap - pease him,_ And
tell him, take your time, it won't_ be long now,_ Till you
new dreams, may - be bet - ter dreams, and plen - ty_ Be -


F
C
G6
C
F
C
tear - ful at the fall - ing of a star._
prom - is - es of some - day make his dreams._
drag your feet to slow the cir - cles down._
fore the last re - volv - ing year is through._
And the


CHORUS
G7sus
C
G7sus
C
sea - sons, they go round and round And the paint - ed po - nies go up and down.


F
C
We're cap - tive on the car - ou - sel of time._


F
Em
F
We can't re-turn, we can on - ly look be- hind from where we came And go
C
C6
Dm9
1.2.3.
C
F
C
round and round and round in the cir-cle game. 4. So the
4.
C
F
C
Dm7
G13
game. And go round and round and round in the cir-cle
rit.
C
F
C
F
C
game.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
rit.